M1503
.S949
P7
1911

THE LIBRARY OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF
NORTH CAROLINA
AT CHAPEL HILL

ENDOWED BY THE
DIALECTIC AND PHILANTHROPIC
SOCIETIES

MUSIC LIBRARY

M1503
.S949
P7
1911

UNIVERSITY OF N.C. AT CHAPEL HILL
00010982573

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

http://www.archive.org/details/vocalscoreofprin00sull

VOCAL SCORE

OF

MUSIC LIBRARY
UNC—CHAPEL HILL

PRINCESS IDA;

Or, CASTLE ADAMANT.

BY

W. S. GILBERT

AND

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Vocal Score (complete) ...	Price, net	8s. od.
Ditto. Cloth	do. „	10s. 6d.
Pianoforte Solo	do. „	4s. od.
Lyrics	„	1s. od.

CHAPPELL & CO., LTD., 50, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W. 1.
AND SYDNEY.

FOR THE COUNTRIES OF NORTH AMERICA:
CHAPPELL—HARMS Inc., 62, West 45th St., NEW YORK.

All Rights under the Copyright Act, 1911, and the International Copyright Conventions are reserved. Applications for the right of performing the above Opera, including the use of band parts, must be made to Rupert D'Oyly Carte, Savoy Hotel, London, W.C. 2.

PRINCESS IDA ; or, CASTLE ADAMANT.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

KING HILDEBRAND
HILARION (*his Son*)
CYRIL, FLORIAN } (*Hilarion's Friends*)
KING GAMA
ARAC, GURON, SCYNTHIUS } (*his Sons*)
PRINCESS IDA (*Gama's Daughter*)
LADY BLANCHE (*Professor of Abstract Science*)
LADY PSYCHE (*Professor of Humanities*)
MELISSA (*Lady Blanche's Daughter*)
SACHARISSA, CHLOE, ADA } (*Girl Graduates*)

Soldiers, Courtiers, "Girl Graduates," "Daughters of the Plough," &c.

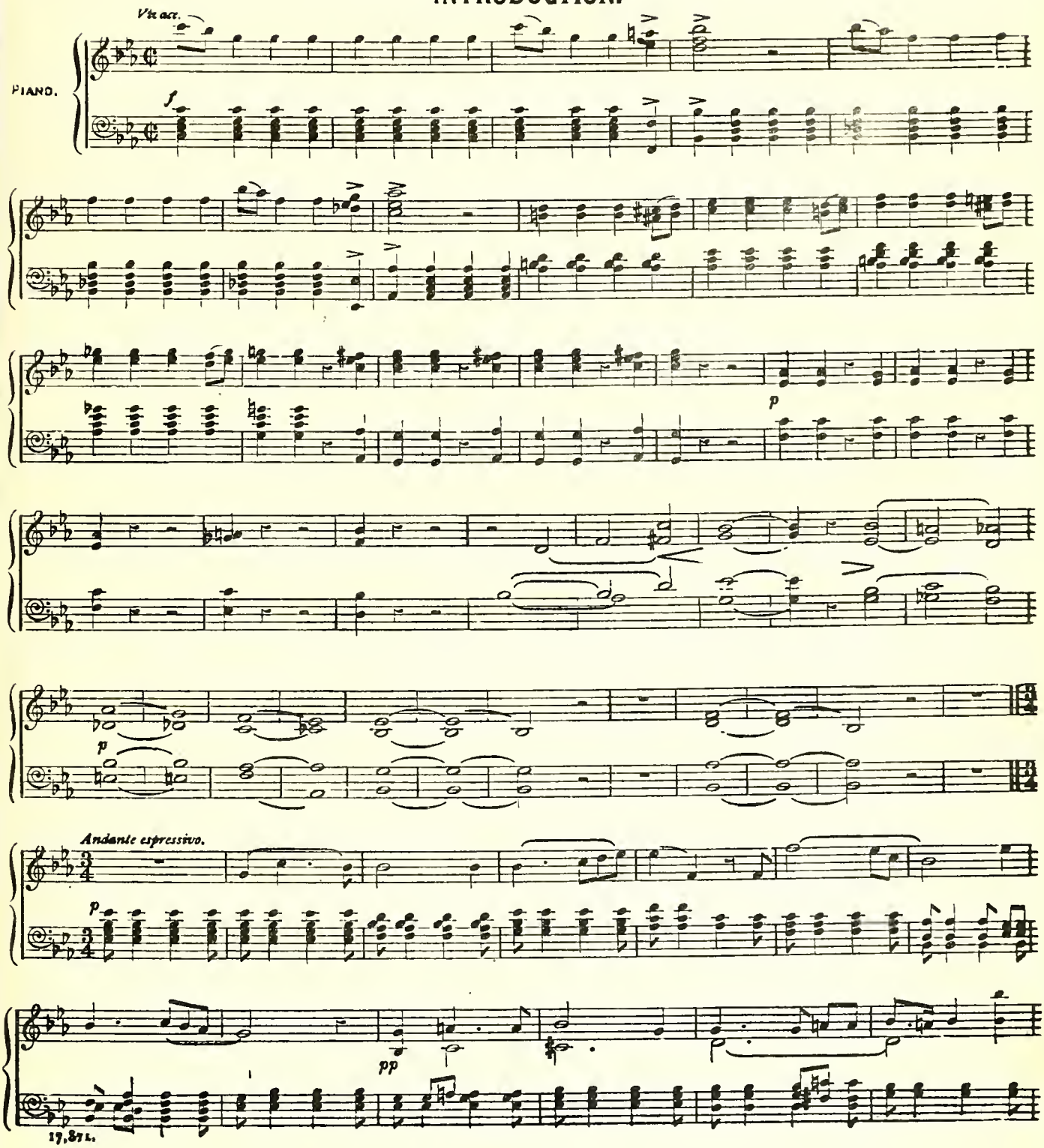
ACT I.—Pavilion in King Hildebrand's Palace.
ACT II.—Gardens of Castle Adamant.
ACT III.—Courtyard of Castle Adamant.

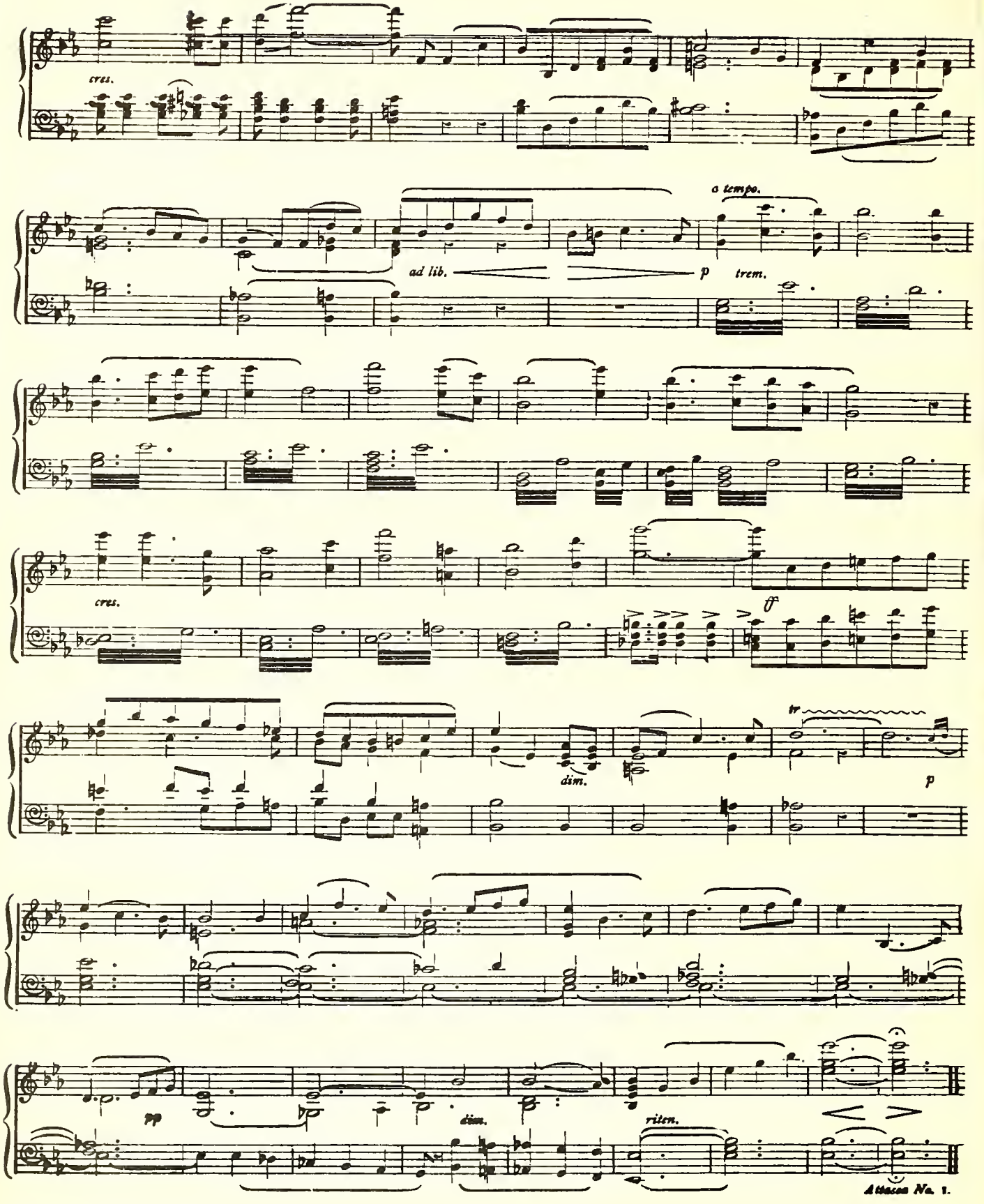
CONTENTS.

		PAGE
	INTRODUCTION	1
	Act I.	
1.	CHORUS AND SOLO (*Florian*)—Search throughout the panorama	5
2.	SONG (*Hildebrand and Chorus*)—Now hearken to my strict command	10
3.	RECIT. AND SONG (*Hilarion*)—To-day we meet	15
4.	CHORUS—From the distant panorama	18
5.	TRIO (*Arac, Guron, Scynthius, and Chorus*)—We are warriors three	20
6.	SONG (*Gama*)—If you give me your attention	25
7.	FINALE—P'raps if you address the lady	29
	Act II.	
8.	CHORUS OF GIRLS AND SOLOS (*Lady Psyche, Melissa, and Sacharissa*)—Towards the empyrean heights	42
9.	CHORUS OF GIRLS—Mighty maiden with a mission	46
10.	RECIT. AND ARIA (*Princess*)—Minerva! oh, hear me	48
10A.	EXEUNT FOR PRINCESS IDA AND GIRLS—And thus to empyrean heights	50
11.	SONG (*Blanche*)—Come mighty MUST!	51
12.	TRIO (*Cyril, Hilarion, and Florian*)—Gently, gently	53
13.	TRIO (*Cyril, Hilarion, and Florian*)—I am a maiden	61
14.	QUARTET (*Princess, Cyril, Hilarion, and Florian*)—The world is but a broken toy	66
15.	SONG (*Lady Psyche, with Cyril, Hilarion, and Florian*)—A lady fair of lineage high	69
16.	QUINTET (*Psyche, Melissa, Cyril, Hilarion, and Florian*)—The woman of the wisest wit	73
17.	DUET (*Melissa and Lady Blanche*)—Now wouldn't you like	82
18.	CHORUS OF GIRLS AND SOLOS (*Blanche and Cyril*)—Merrily ring the luncheon bell	86
19.	SONG (*Cyril*)—Would you know the kind of maid	89
20.	FINALE, ACT II. (*Princess, Hildebrand, Melissa, Lady Psyche, Blanche, Cyril, Hilarion, Florian, Arac, Guron, Scynthius, and Chorus of Girls and Men*)—Oh, joy! our chief is saved	92
	Act III.	
21.	CHORUS AND SOLO (*Melissa*)—Death to the invader!	113
22.	SONG (*King Gama, with Chorus of Girls*)—Whene'er I spoke	118
23.	SONG (*Princess*)—I built upon a rock	122
24.	CHORUS OF LADIES AND SOLDIERS—When anger spreads his wing	126
25.	SONG (*Arac, with Guron, Scynthius, and Chorus*)—This helmet, I suppose	129
26.	CHORUS DURING THE FIGHT—This is our duty	132
27.	FINALE—With joy abiding	135

PRINCESS IDA

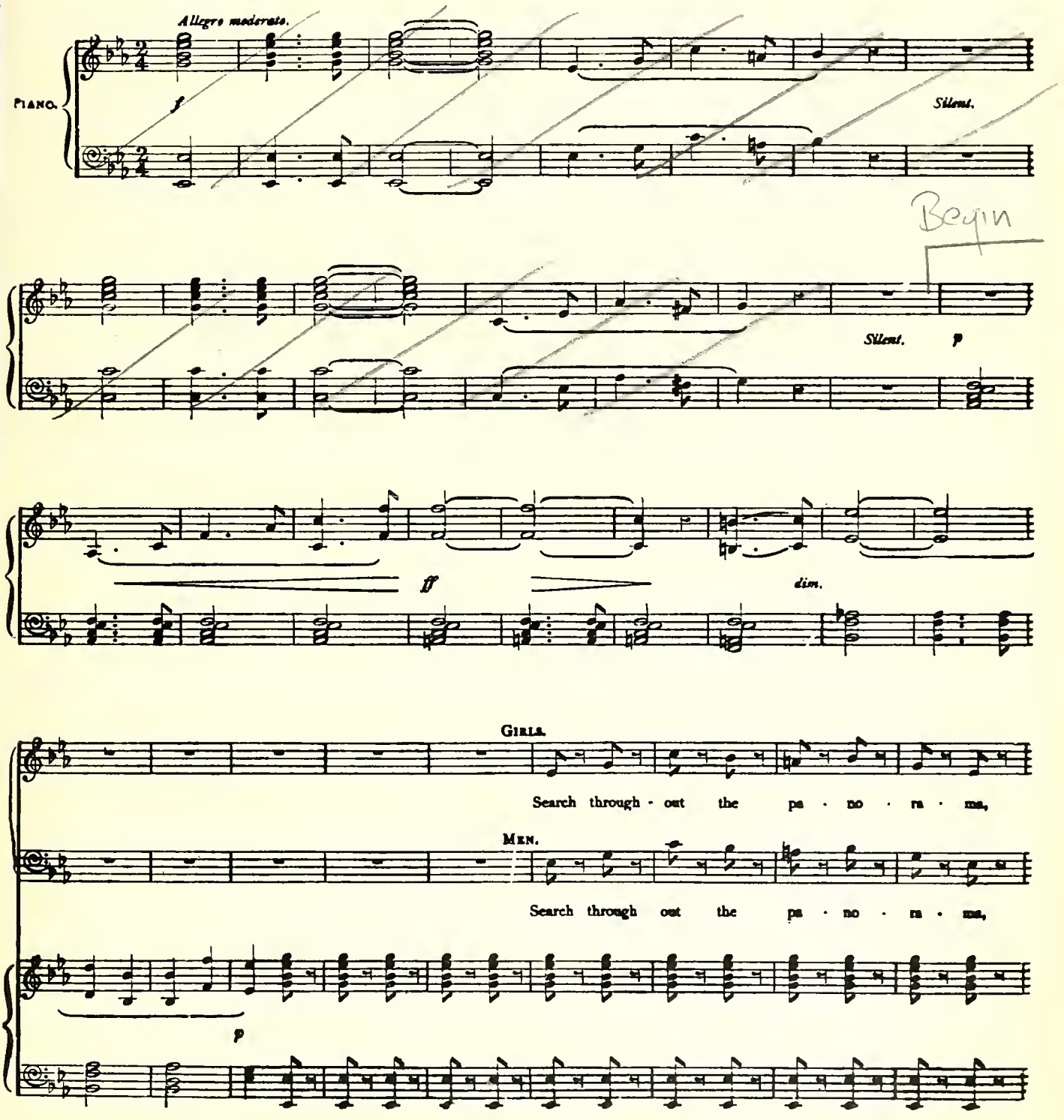
INTRODUCTION.

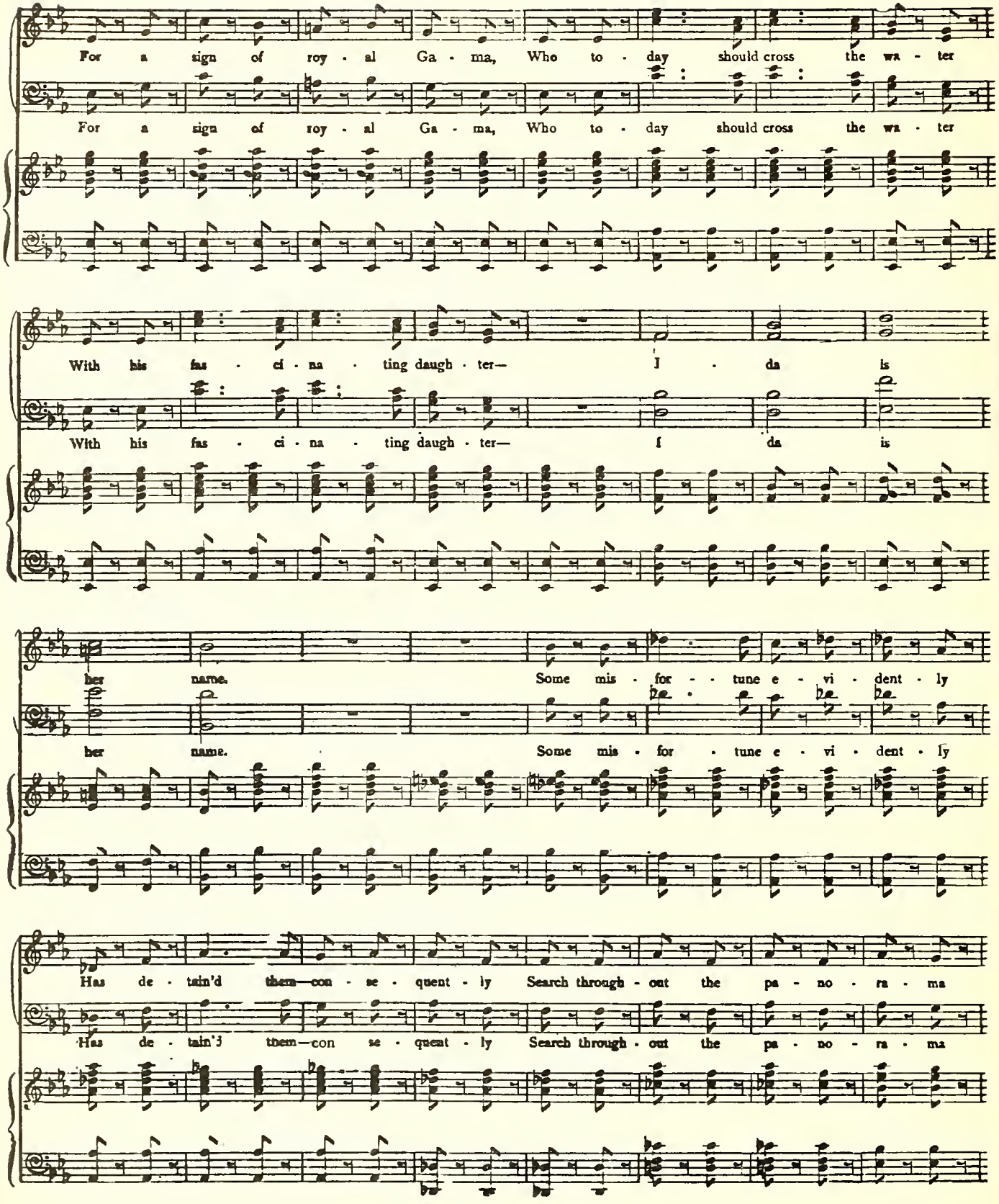


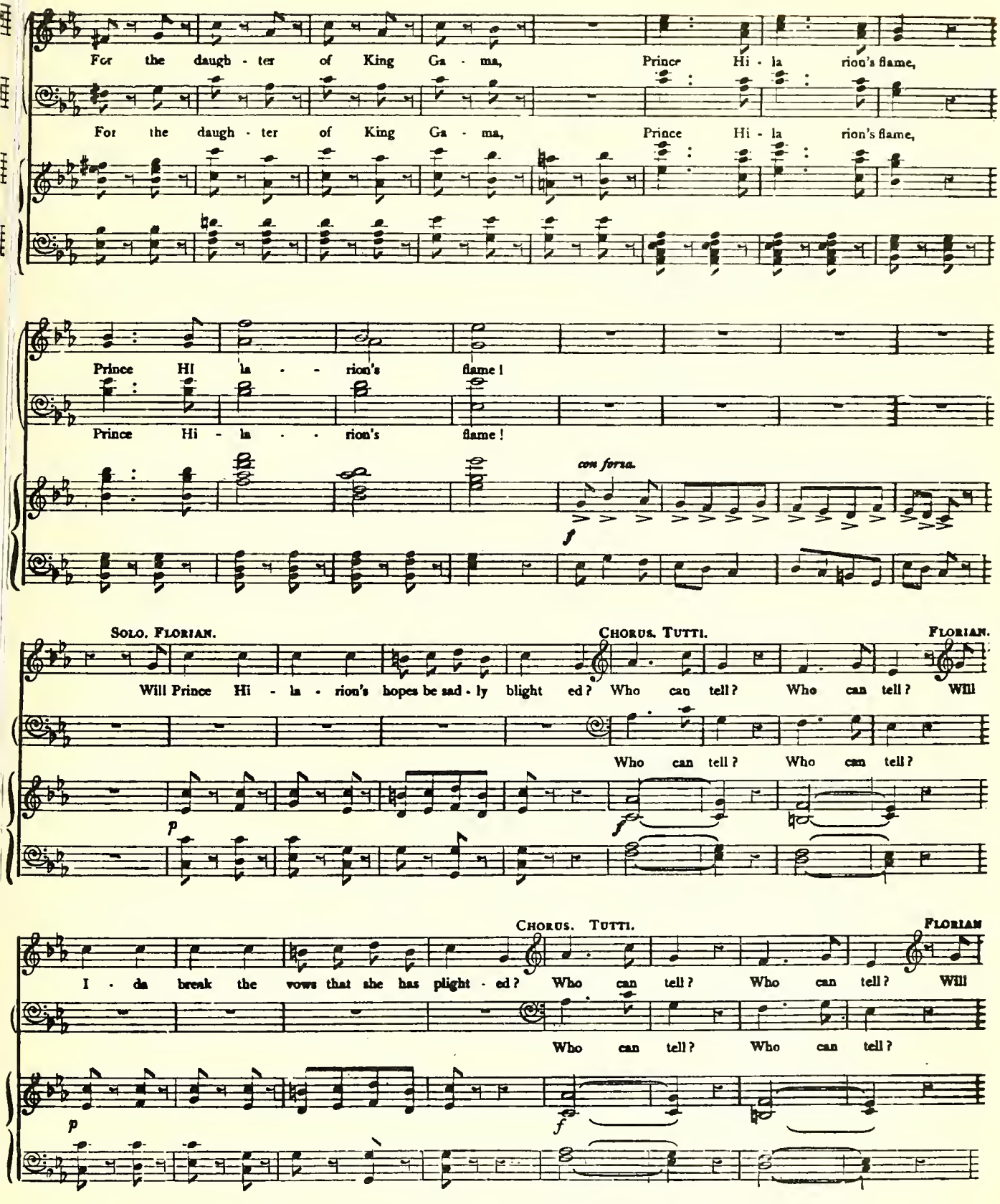

cres.
a tempo.
ad lib.
p
trem.
cres.
ff
tr
dim.
p
pp
dim.
riten.
Attacca No. 1.

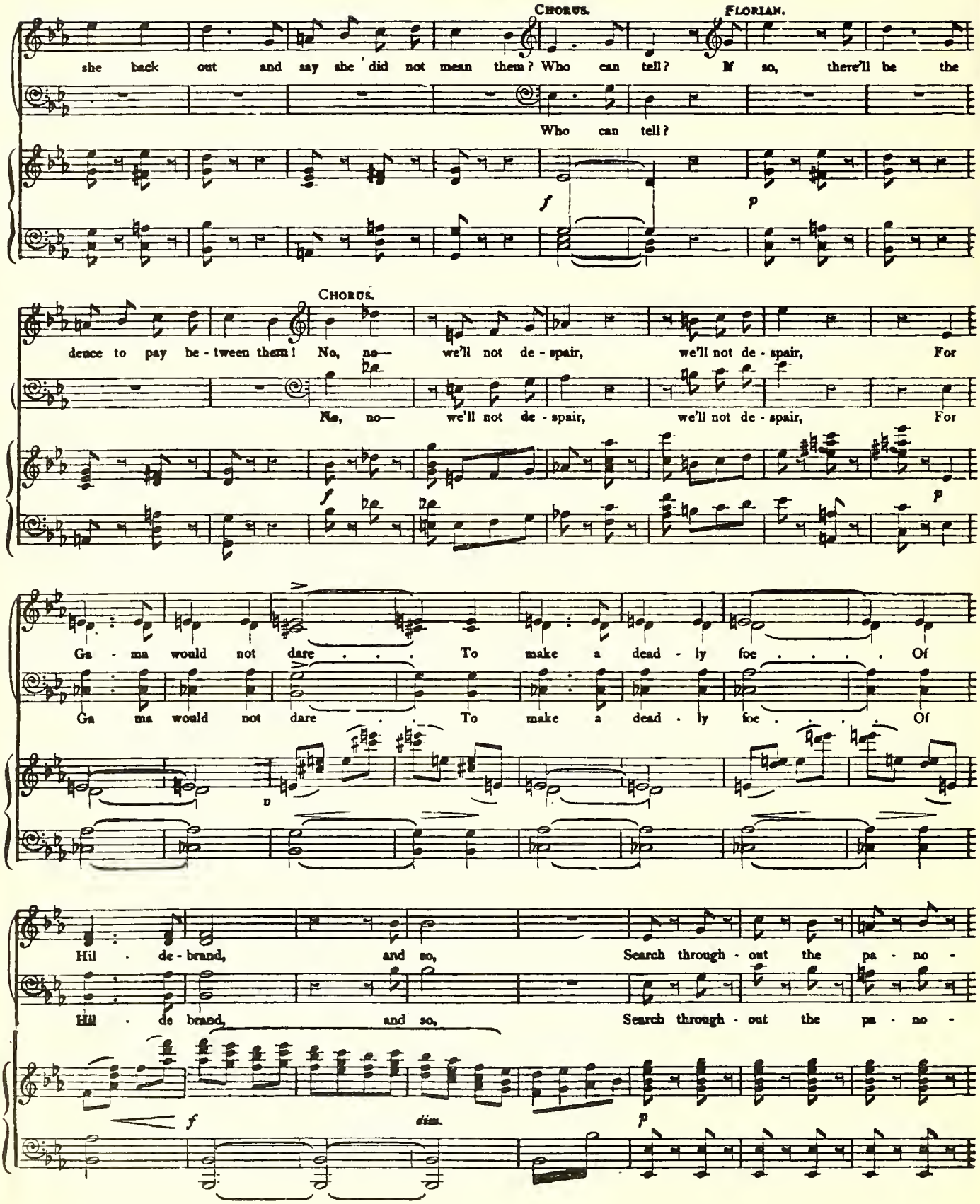
ACT I.

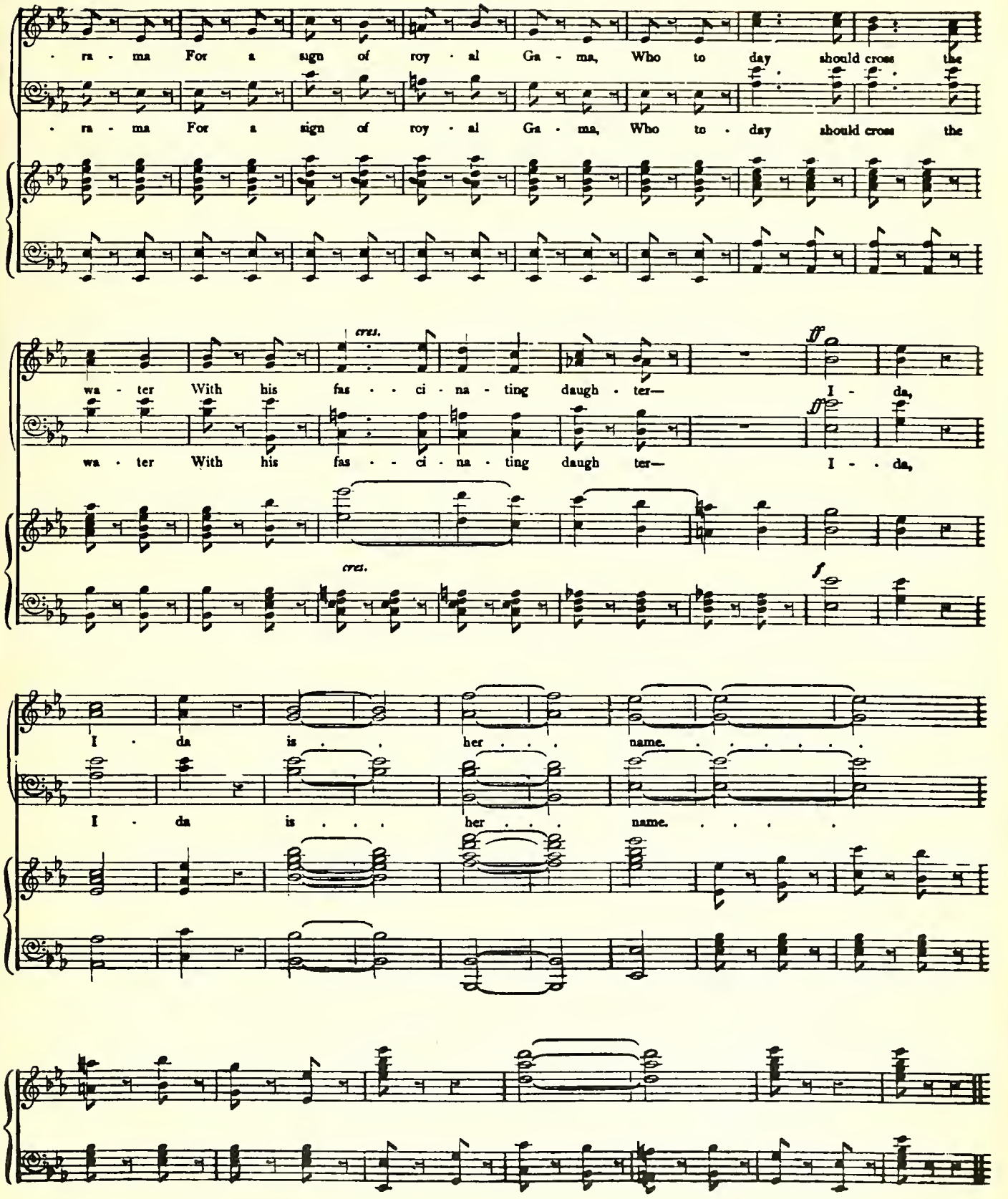
No. 1. CHORUS & SOLO—(Florian).



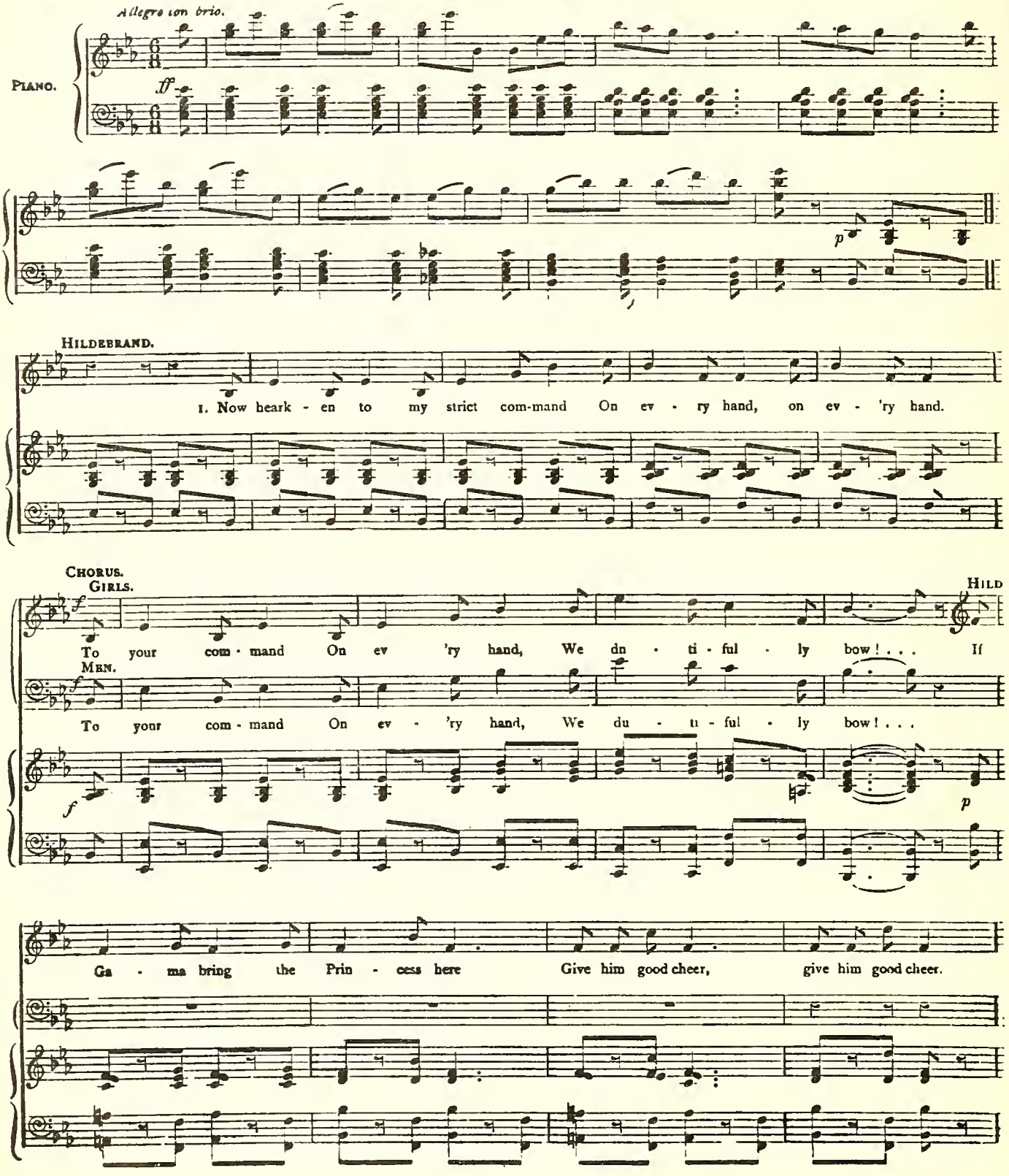

For a sign of roy - al Ga - ma, Who to - day should cross the wa - ter
For a sign of roy - al Ga - ma, Who to - day should cross the wa - ter
With his fas - ci - na - ting daugh - ter— I - da is
With his fas - ci - na - ting daugh - ter— I da is
her name. Some mis - for - - tune e - vi - dent - ly
her name. Some mis - for - tune e - vi - dent - ly
Has de - tain'd them—con - se - quent - ly Search through - out the pa - no - ra - ma
Has de - tain'd them—con se - quent - ly Search through - out the pa - no - ra - ma

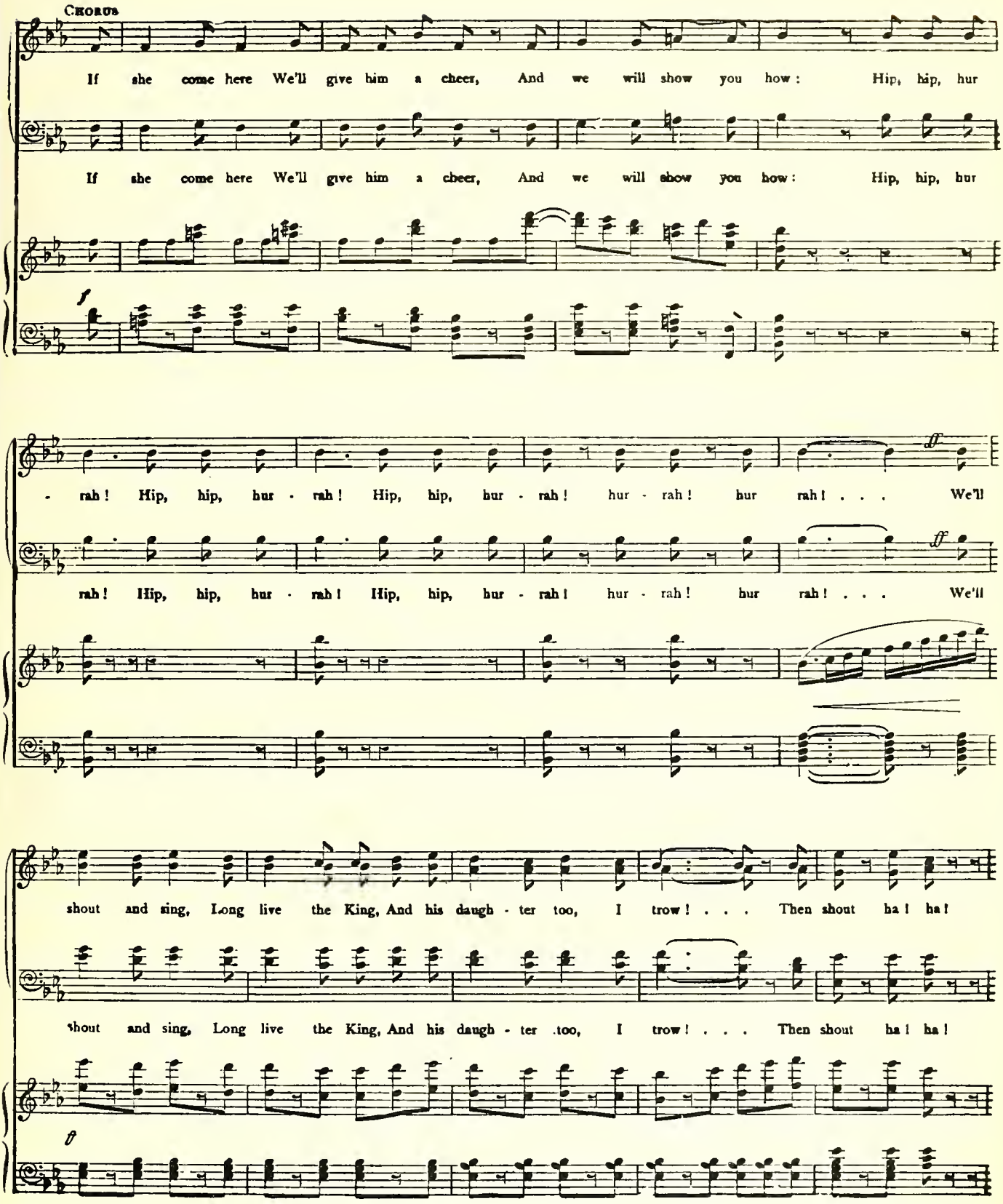

For the daugh - ter of King Ga - ma, Prince Hi - la rion's flame,
For the daugh - ter of King Ga - ma, Prince Hi - la rion's flame,
Prince Hi la - - rion's flame!
Prince Hi - la - - rion's flame!
con forza.
f
Solo. Florian.
Will Prince Hi - la - rion's hopes be sad - ly blight ed? Who can tell? Who can tell? Will
Chorus. Tutti.
Florian.
Who can tell? Who can tell?
p
f
Chorus. Tutti.
Florian
I - da break the vows that she has plight - ed? Who can tell? Who can tell? Will
Who can tell? Who can tell?
p
f

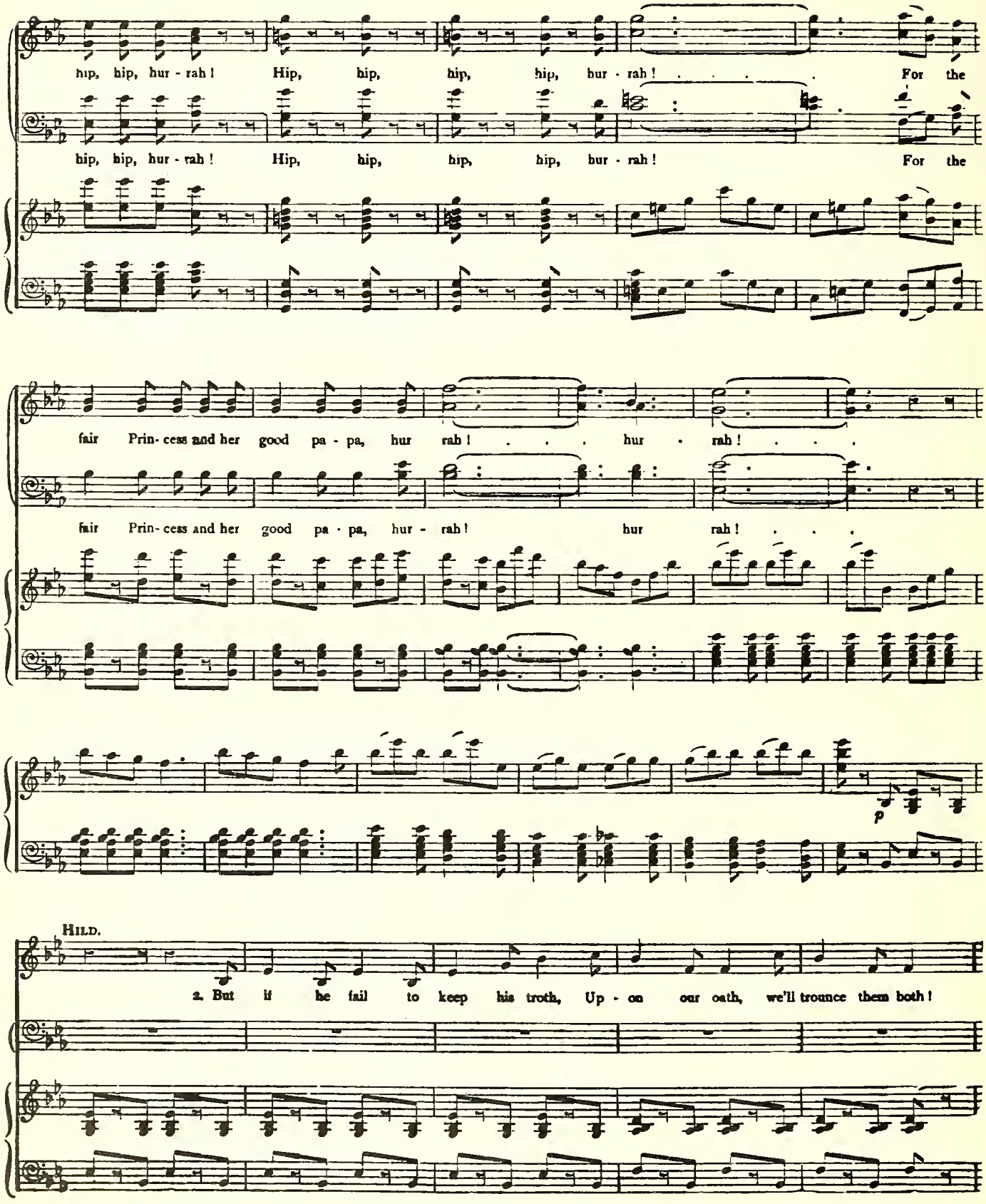

CHORUS.
she back out and say she did not mean them? Who can tell? If so, there'll be the
FLORIAN.
Who can tell?
f
p
CHORUS.
dence to pay be - tween them! No, no— we'll not de - spair, we'll not de - spair, For
No, no— we'll not de - spair, we'll not de - spair, For
f
p
Ga - ma would not dare . . . To make a dead - ly foe . . . . Of
Ga ma would not dare . . . To make a dead - ly foe . . . . Of
p
Hil - de - brand, and so, Search through - out the pa - no -
Hil - de brand, and so, Search through - out the pa - no -
f
dim.
p

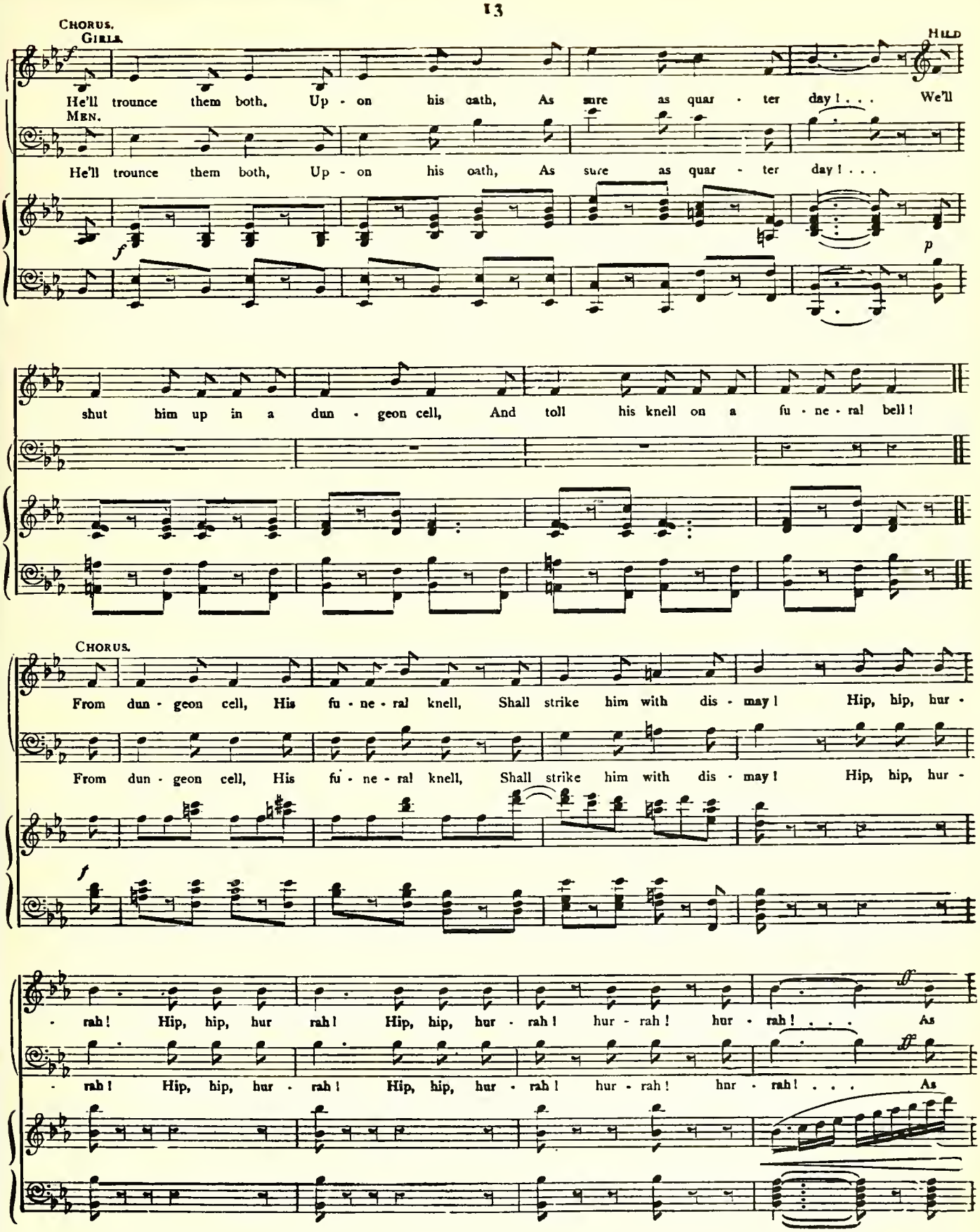

· ra - ma For a sign of roy - al Ga - ma, Who to day should cross the
· ra - ma For a sign of roy - al Ga - ma, Who to - day should cross the
cres.
wa - ter With his fas - - ci - na - ting daugh - ter— I - da,
ff
wa - ter With his fas - - ci - na - ting daugh ter— I - - da,
ff
cres.
f
I · da is · · her · · · name. · · · · · ·
I · da is · · · her · · · name. · · · · ·

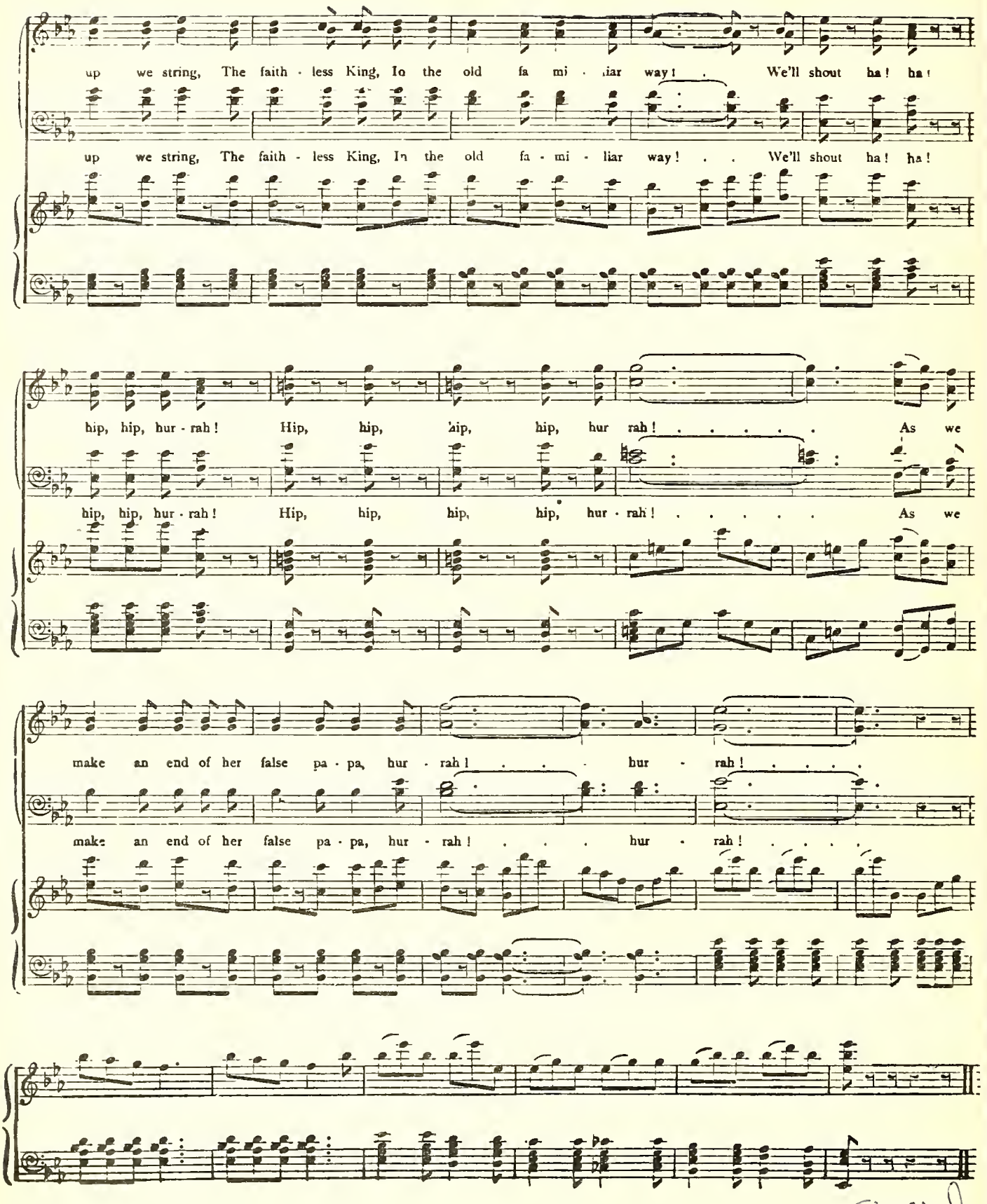
No. 2. SONG—(Hildebrand & Chorus).



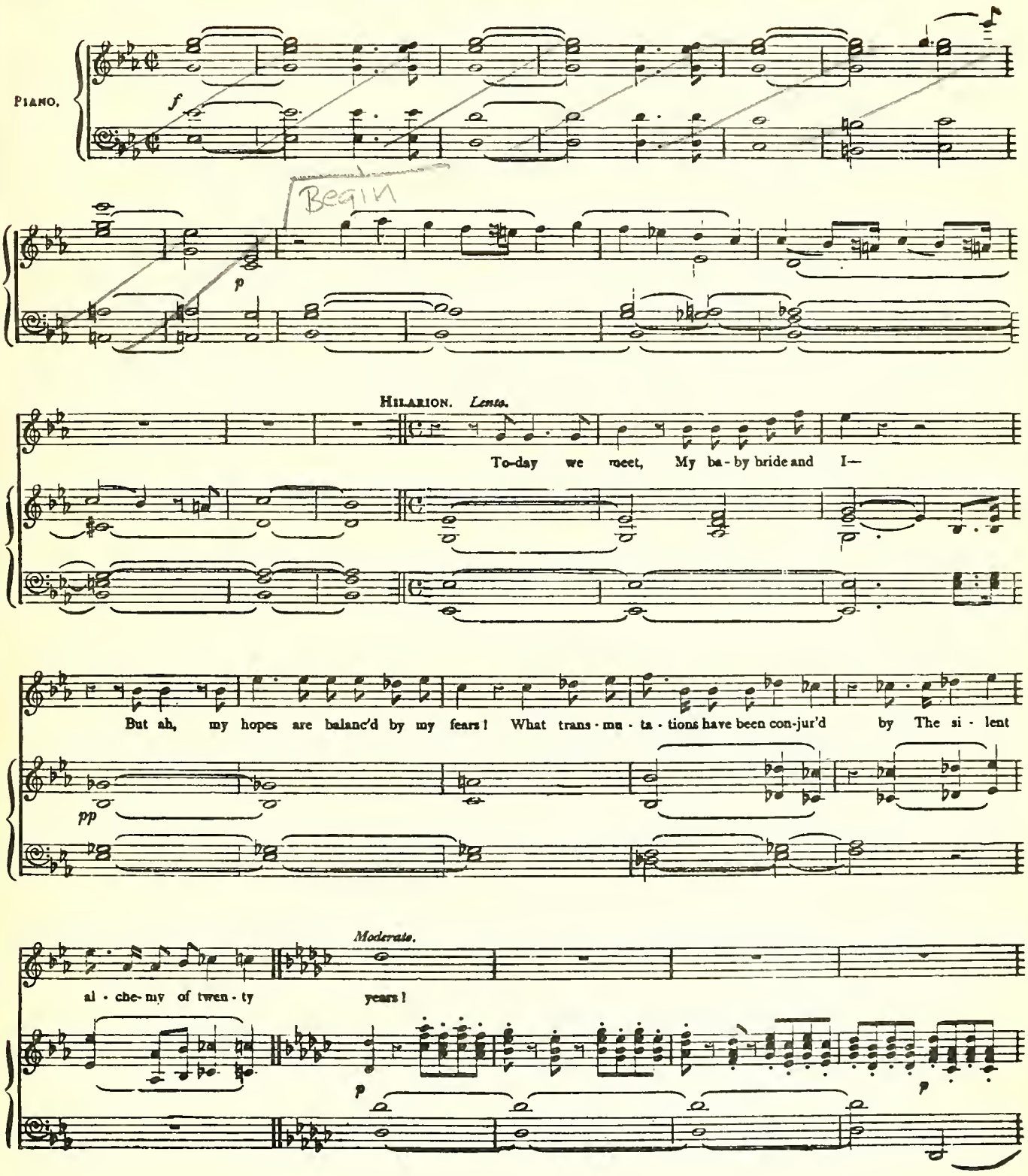

Chorus
If she come here We'll give him a cheer, And we will show you how: Hip, hip, hur
If she come here We'll give him a cheer, And we will show you how: Hip, hip, hur
f
- rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! hur - rah! hur rah! . . . We'll
rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! hur - rah! hur rah! . . . We'll
ff
ff
shout and sing, Long live the King, And his daugh - ter too, I trow! . . . Then shout ha! ha!
shout and sing, Long live the King, And his daugh - ter too, I trow! . . . Then shout ha! ha!
ff

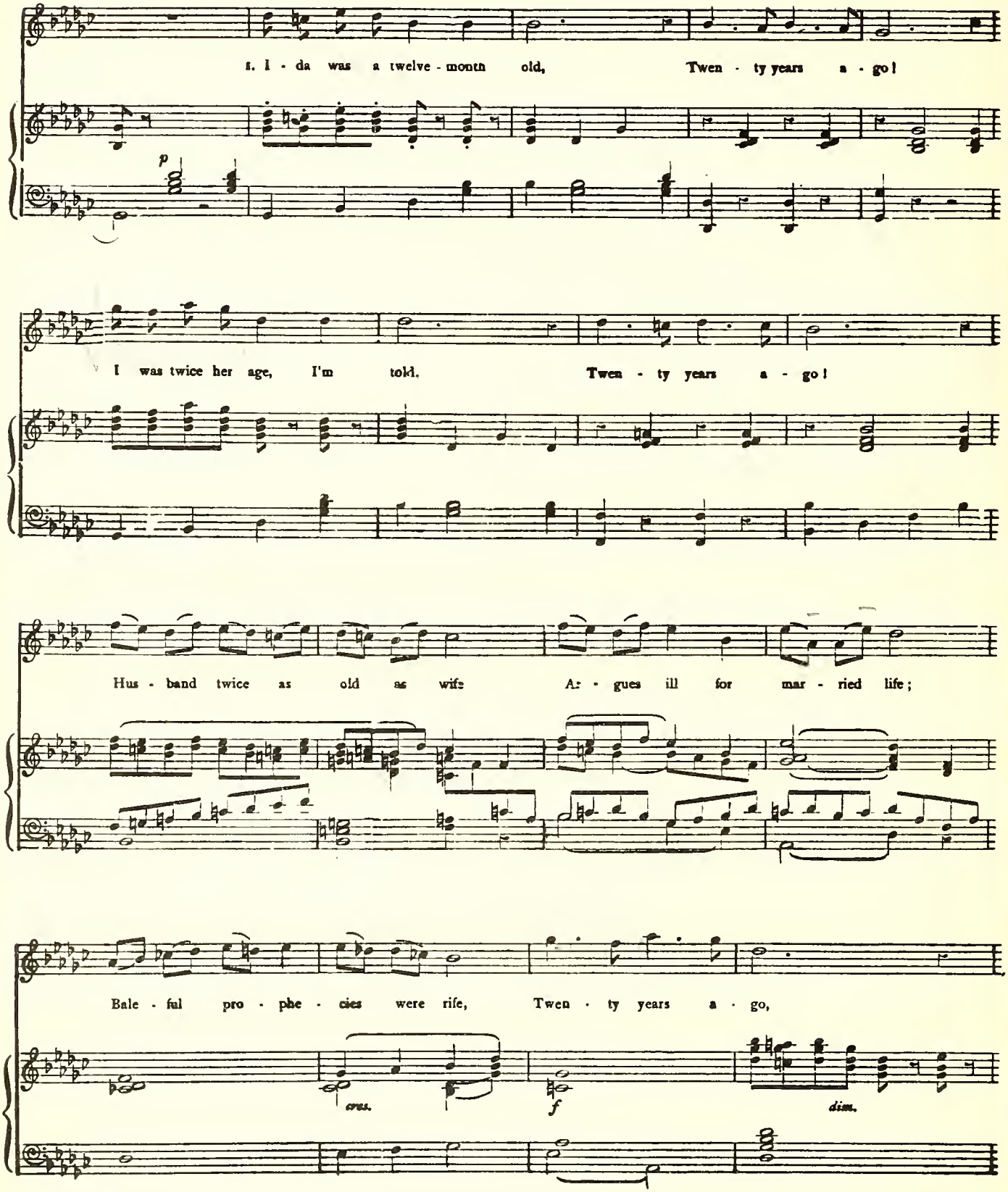

hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hip, hip, hur - rah! For the
hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hip, hip, hur - rah! For the
fair Prin- cess and her good pa - pa, hur rah! hur - rah!
fair Prin- cess and her good pa - pa, hur - rah! hur rah!
p
HILD.
2. But if he fail to keep his troth, Up - on our oath, we'll trounce them both!

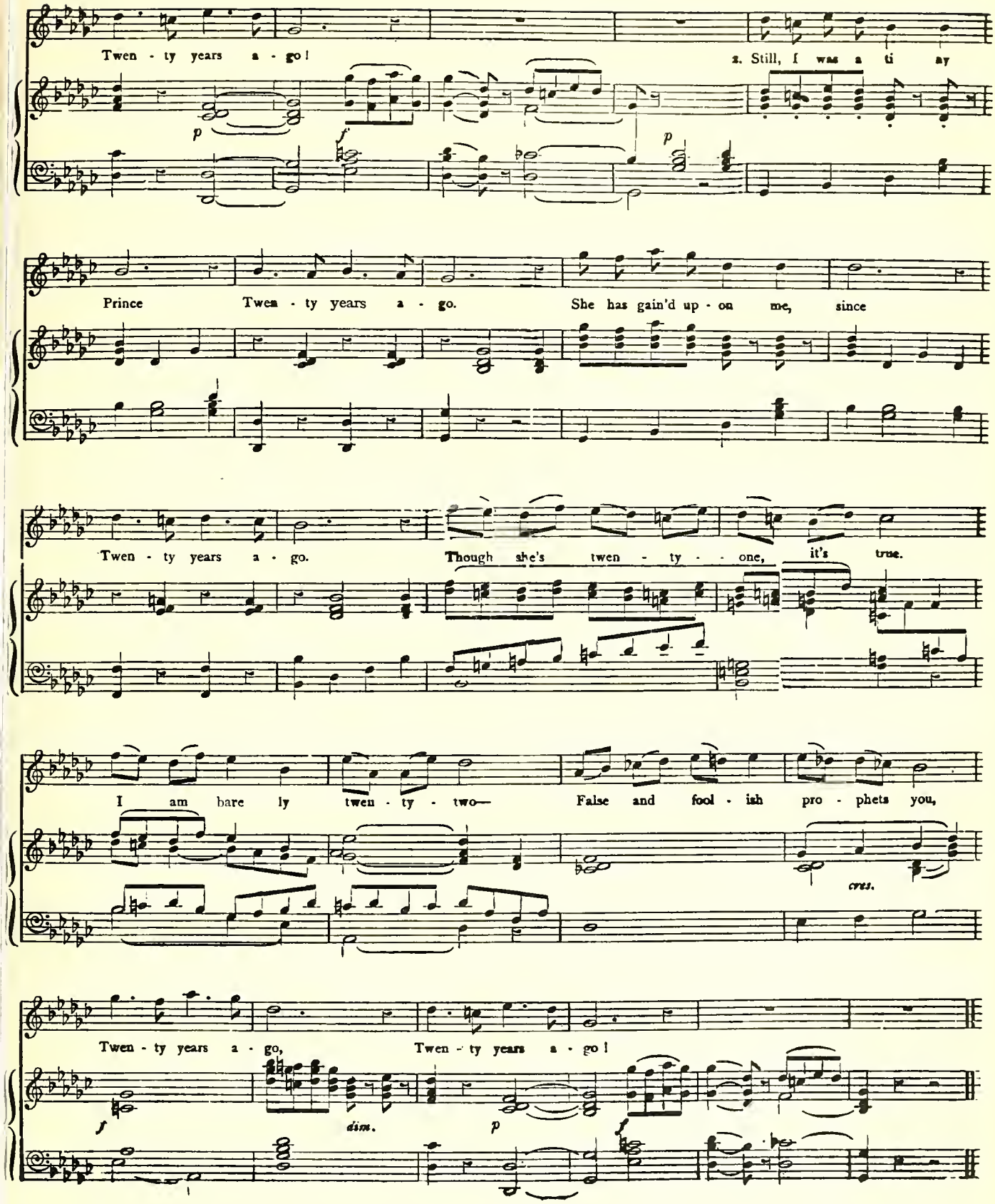

CHORUS.
GIRLS.
MEN.
HILD
He'll trounce them both, Up - on his oath, As sure as quar - ter day! . . . We'll
He'll trounce them both, Up - on his oath, As sure as quar - ter day! . . .
shut him up in a dun - geon cell, And toll his knell on a fu - ne - ral bell!
CHORUS.
From dun - geon cell, His fu - ne - ral knell, Shall strike him with dis - may! Hip, hip, hur -
From dun - geon cell, His fu - ne - ral knell, Shall strike him with dis - may! Hip, hip, hur -
- rah! Hip, hip, hur rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! . . . As
- rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hur - rah! hur - rah! hur - rah! . . . As


up we string, The faith - less King, Io the old fa mi - liar way! We'll shout ha! ha!
up we string, The faith - less King, In the old fa - mi - liar way! We'll shout ha! ha!
hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hip, hip, hur rah! As we
hip, hip, hur - rah! Hip, hip, hip, hip, hur - rah! As we
make an end of her false pa - pa, hur - rah! hur - rah!
make an end of her false pa - pa, hur - rah! hur - rah!

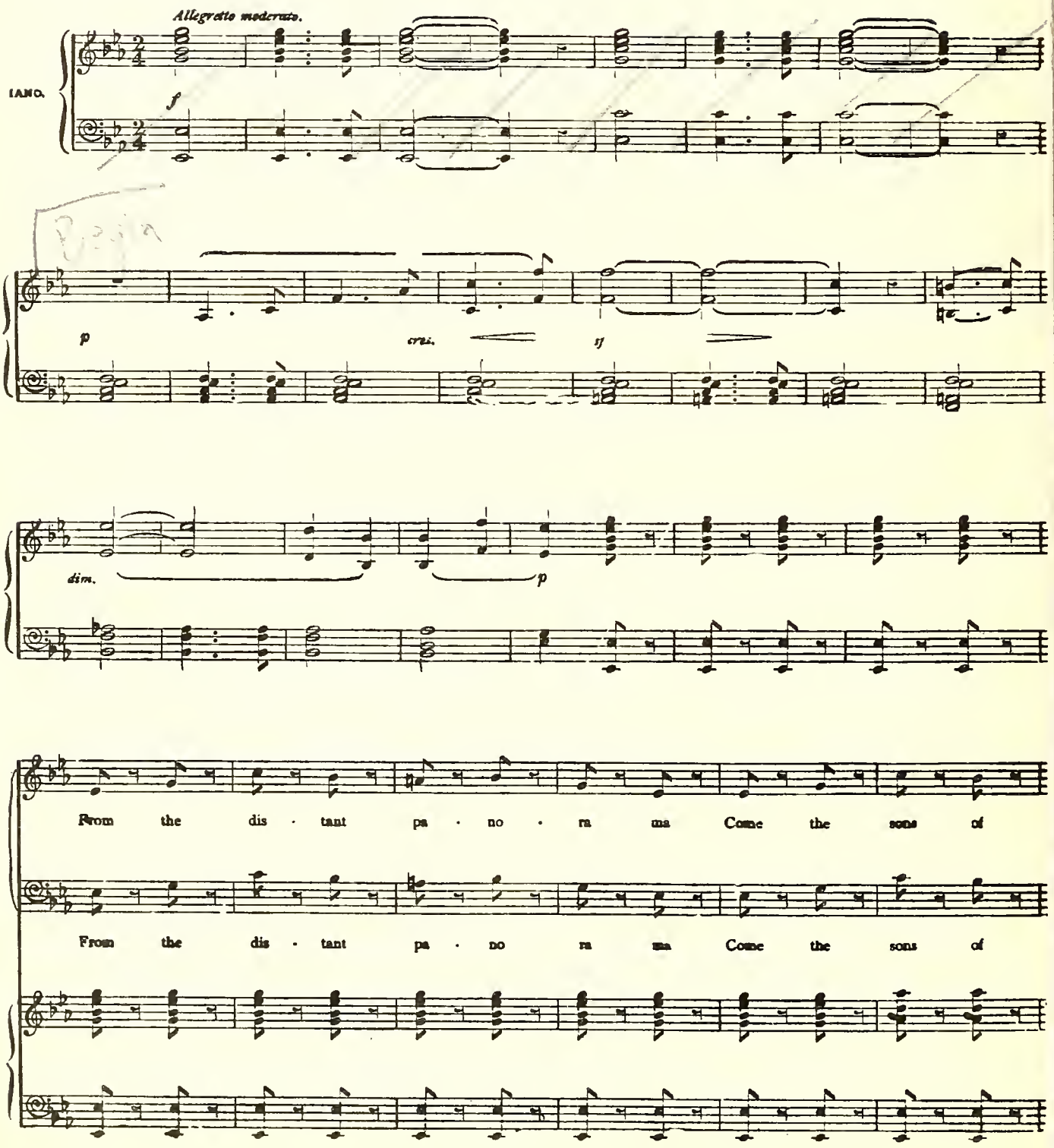
No. 3. RECITATIVE & SONG— Hilarion).

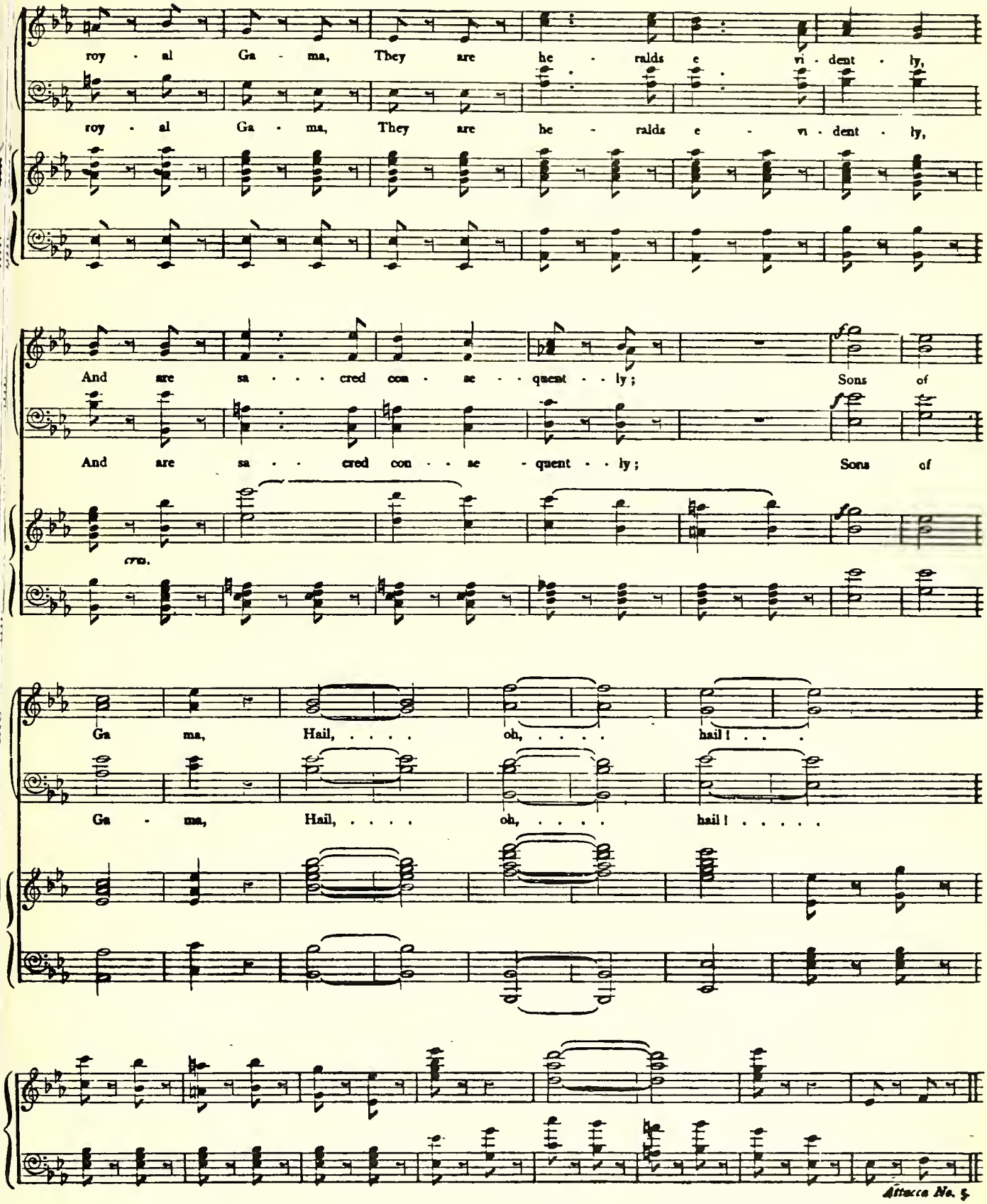



1. I - da was a twelve - month old, Twen - ty years a - go!
p
I was twice her age, I'm told, Twen - ty years a - go!
Hus - band twice as old as wife A: - gues ill for mar - ried life;
Bale - ful pro - phe - cies were rife, Twen - ty years a - go,
cres.
f
dim.

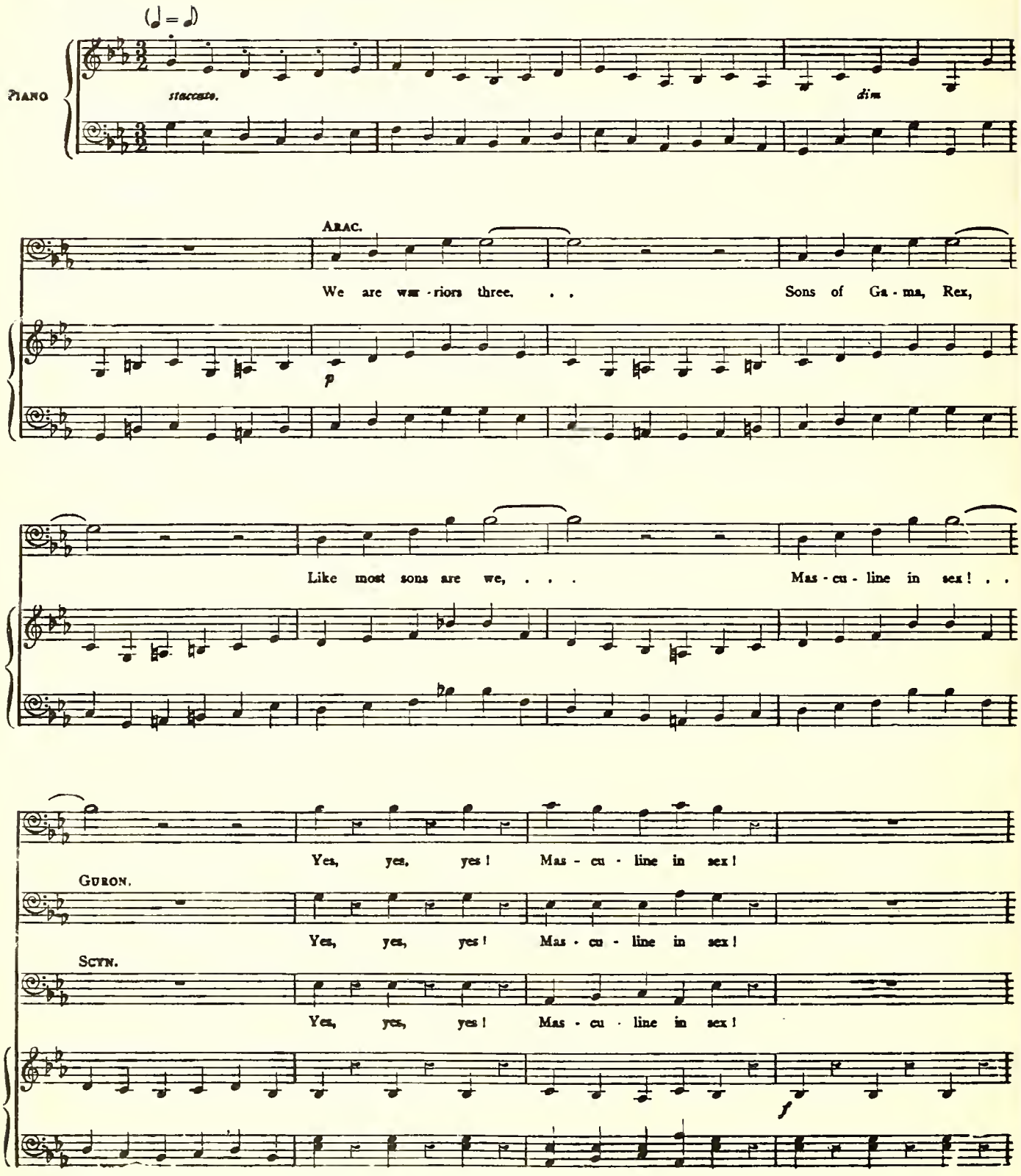

Twen - ty years a - go!
2. Still, I was a ti ny
Prince
Twen - ty years a - go.
She has gain'd up - on me, since
Twen - ty years a - go.
Though she's twen - ty - one, it's true.
I am bare ly twen - ty - two—
False and fool - ish pro - phets you,
cres.
Twen - ty years a - go,
Twen - ty years a - go!
dim.

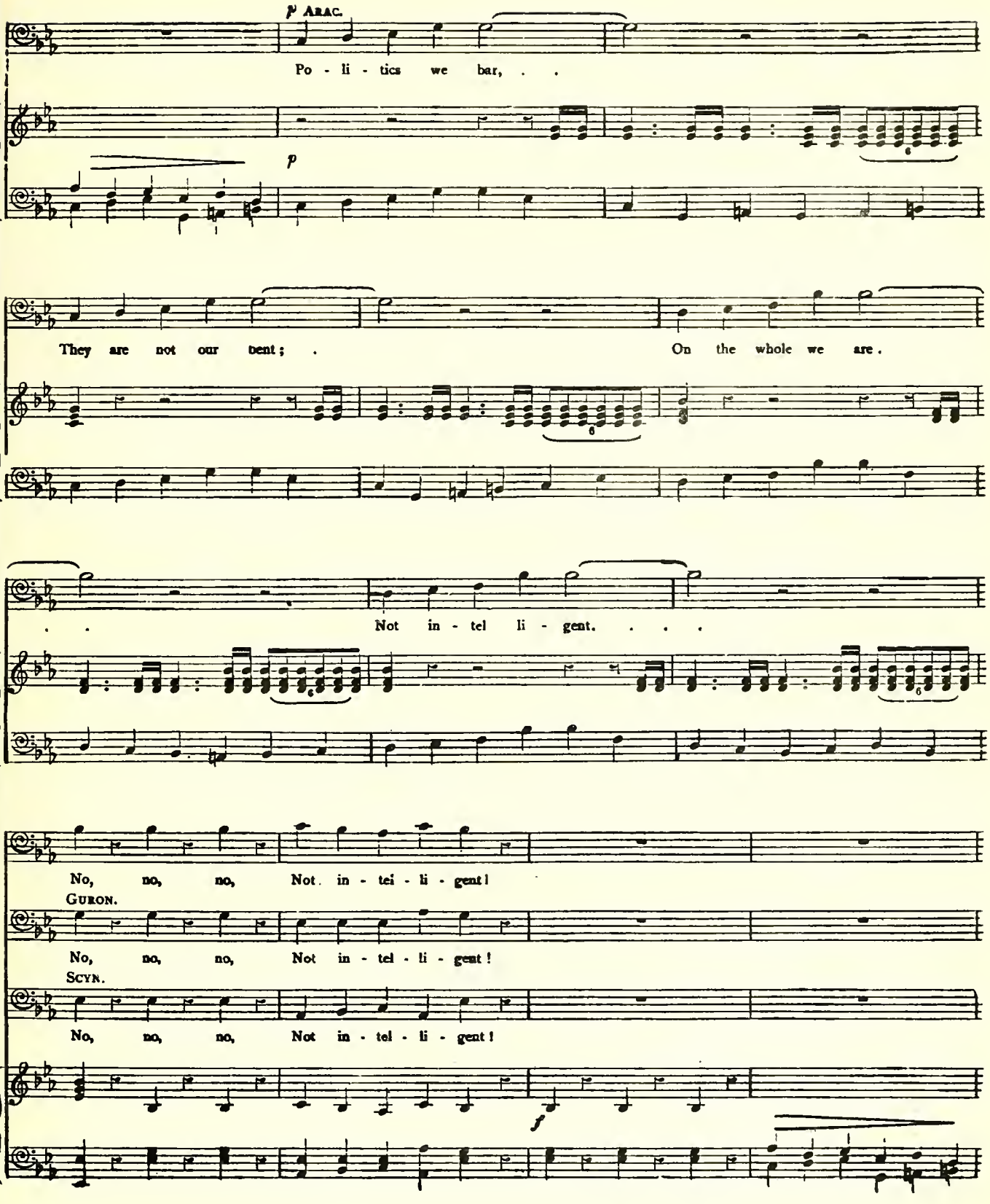
No. 4. CHORUS.

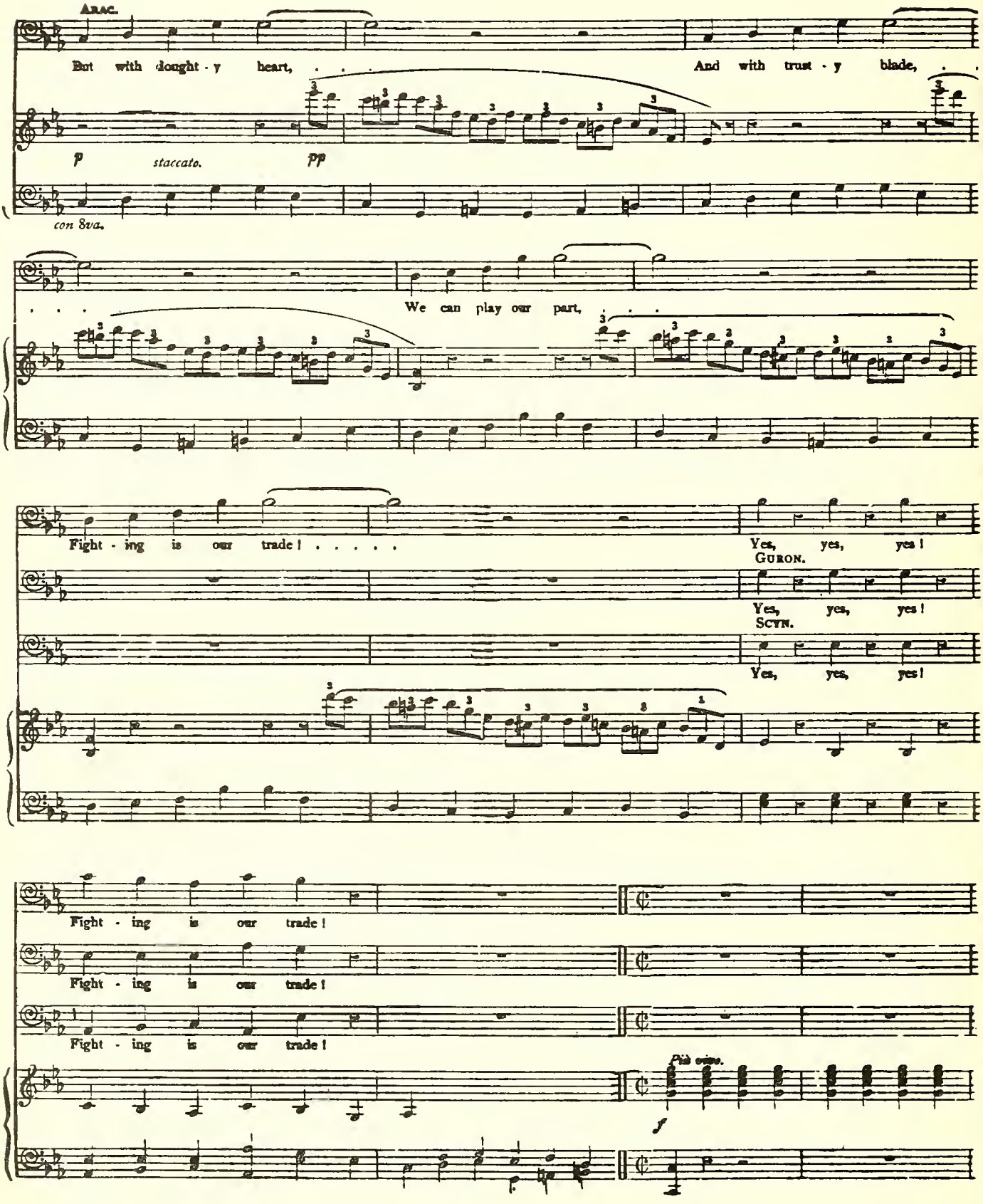

Allegretto moderato.
PIANO.
f
p
cres.
ff
dim.
p
From the dis · tant pa · no · ra ma Come the sons of
From the dis · tant pa · no ra ma Come the sons of


roy - al Ga - ma, They are he - ralds e - vi - dent - ly,
roy - al Ga - ma, They are he - ralds e - vi - dent - ly,
And are sa - - - cred con - se - - quent - - ly; Sons of
And are sa - - cred con - - se - quent - - ly; Sons of
cres.
Ga ma, Hail, ... oh, ... hail! . . .
Ga - ma, Hail, ... oh, ... hail! . . . . .
Attacca No. 5.

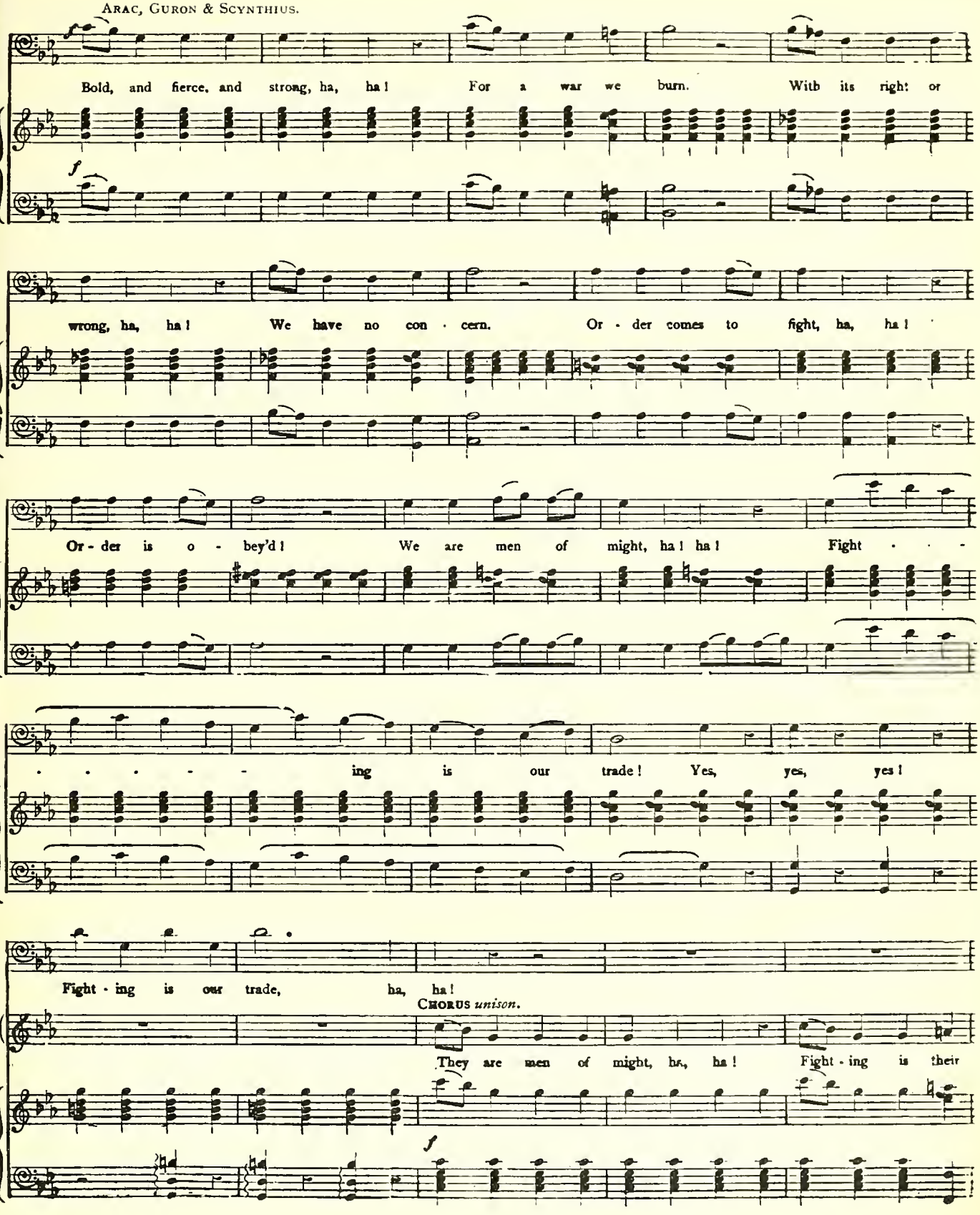
No. 5. TRIO—(Arac, Guron, Scynthius, & Chorus).

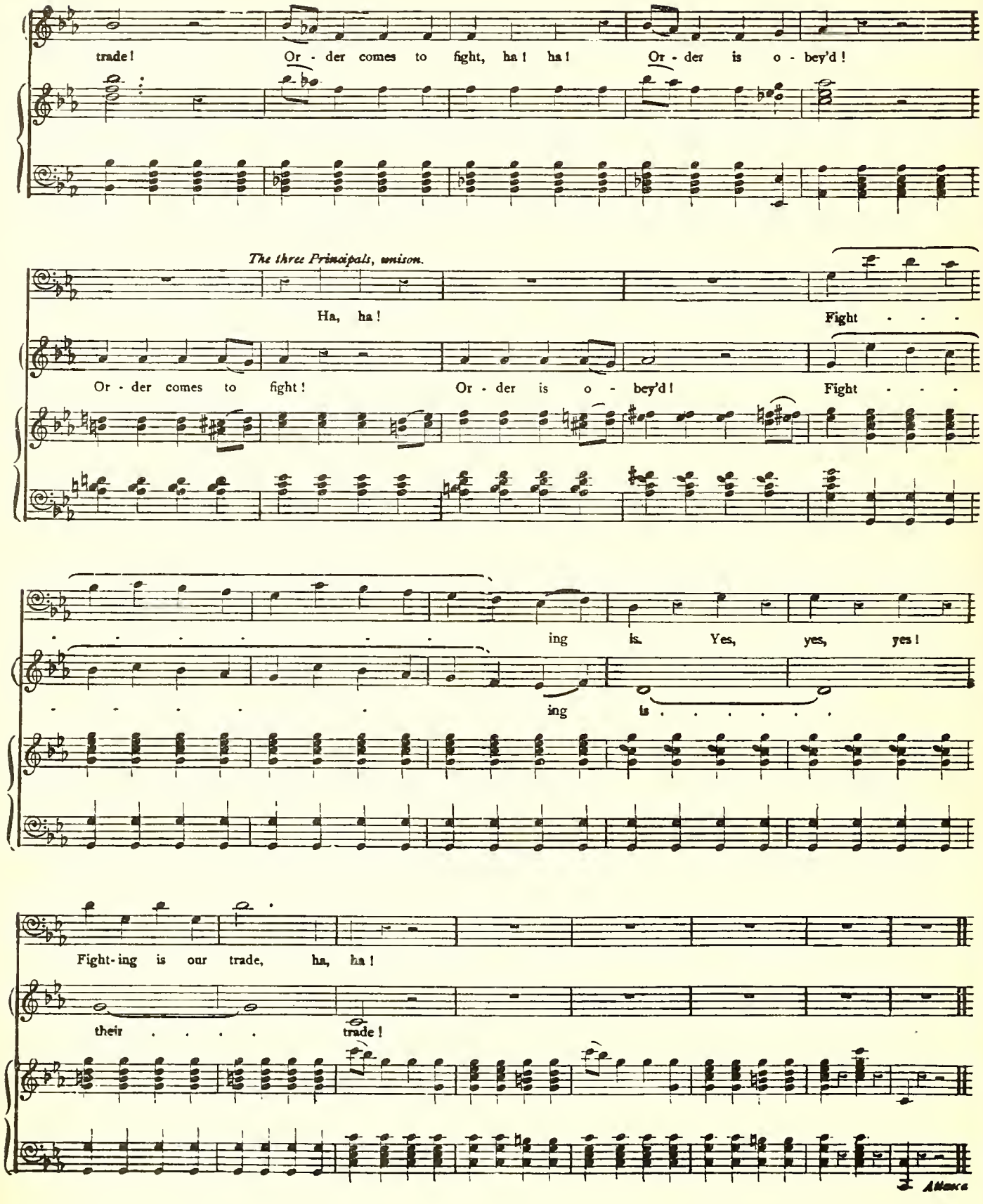



ARAC.
Po - li - tics we bar, . .
p
They are not our bent; .
On the whole we are.
. . Not in - tel li - gent. . . .
No, no, no, Not in - tel - li - gent!
GURON.
No, no, no, Not in - tel - li - gent!
SCYN.
No, no, no, Not in - tel - li - gent!
f


ARAC.
But with dought - y heart, . . . And with trust - y blade, . .
p staccato. pp
con 8va.
. . . We can play our part, . . .
Fight - ing is our trade! . . . . . Yes, yes, yes!
GURON.
Yes, yes, yes!
SCYN.
Yes, yes, yes!
Fight - ing is our trade!
Fight - ing is our trade!
Fight - ing is our trade!
Più vivo.
f

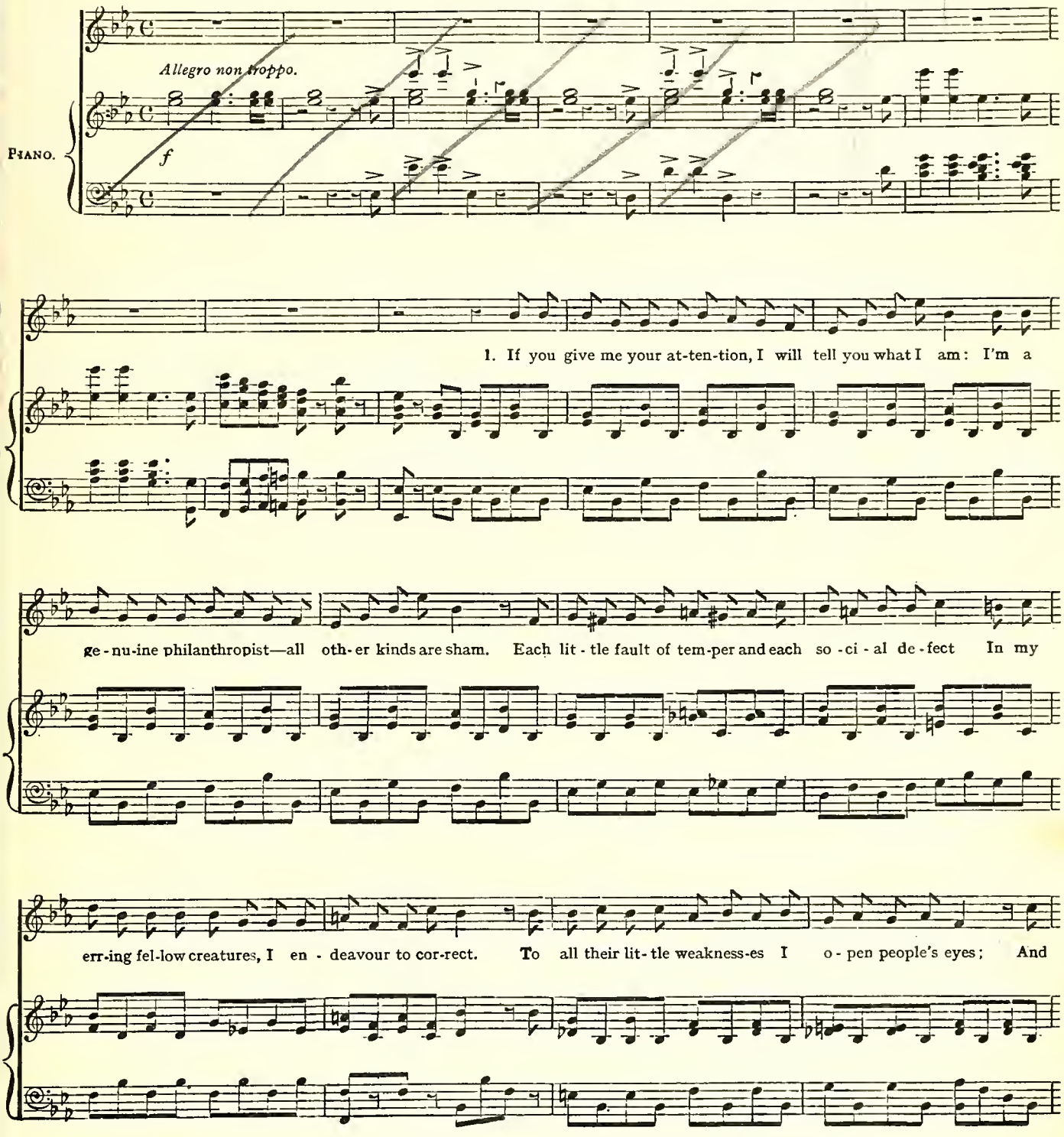
ARAC, GURON & SCYNTHIUS.

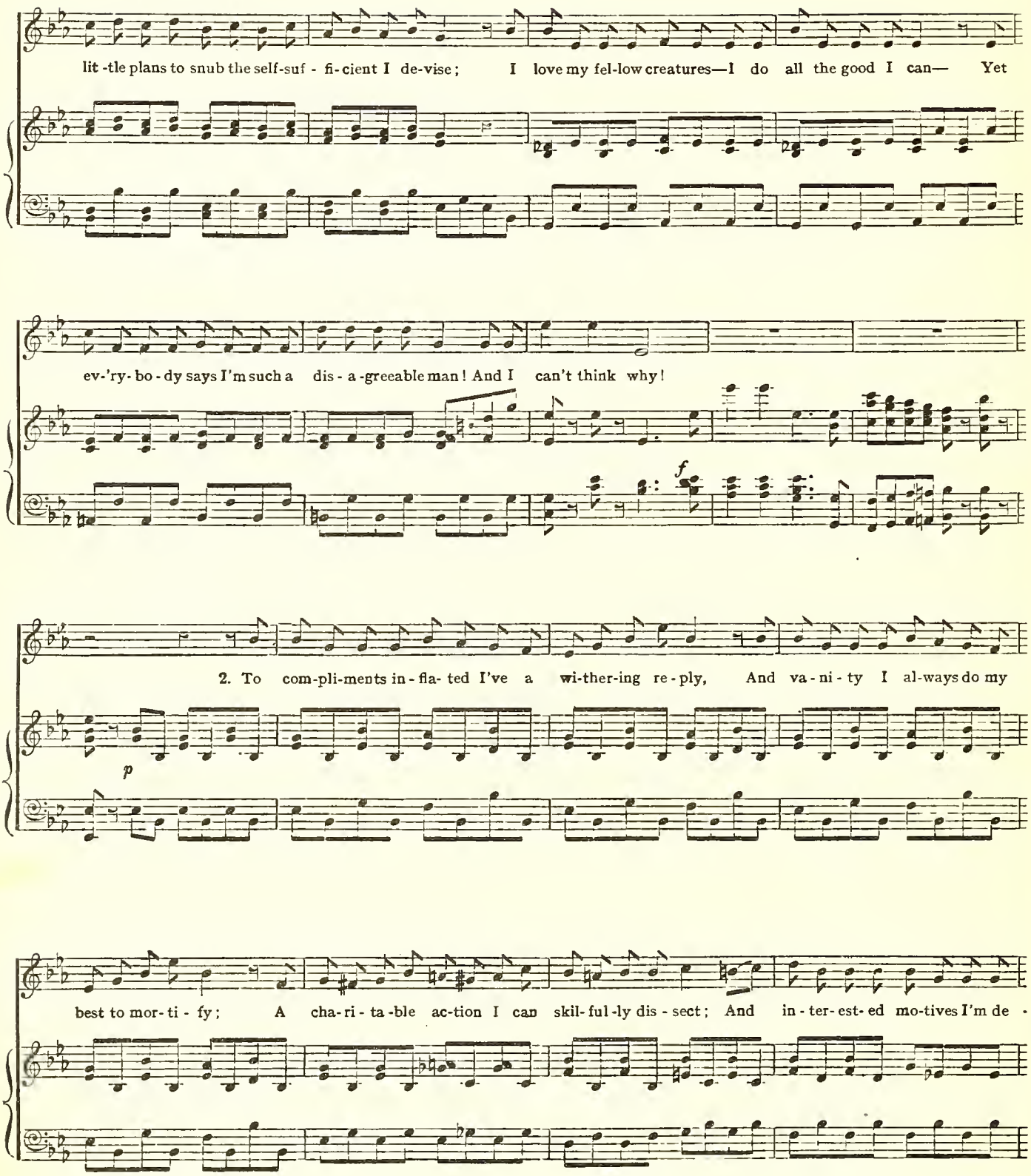


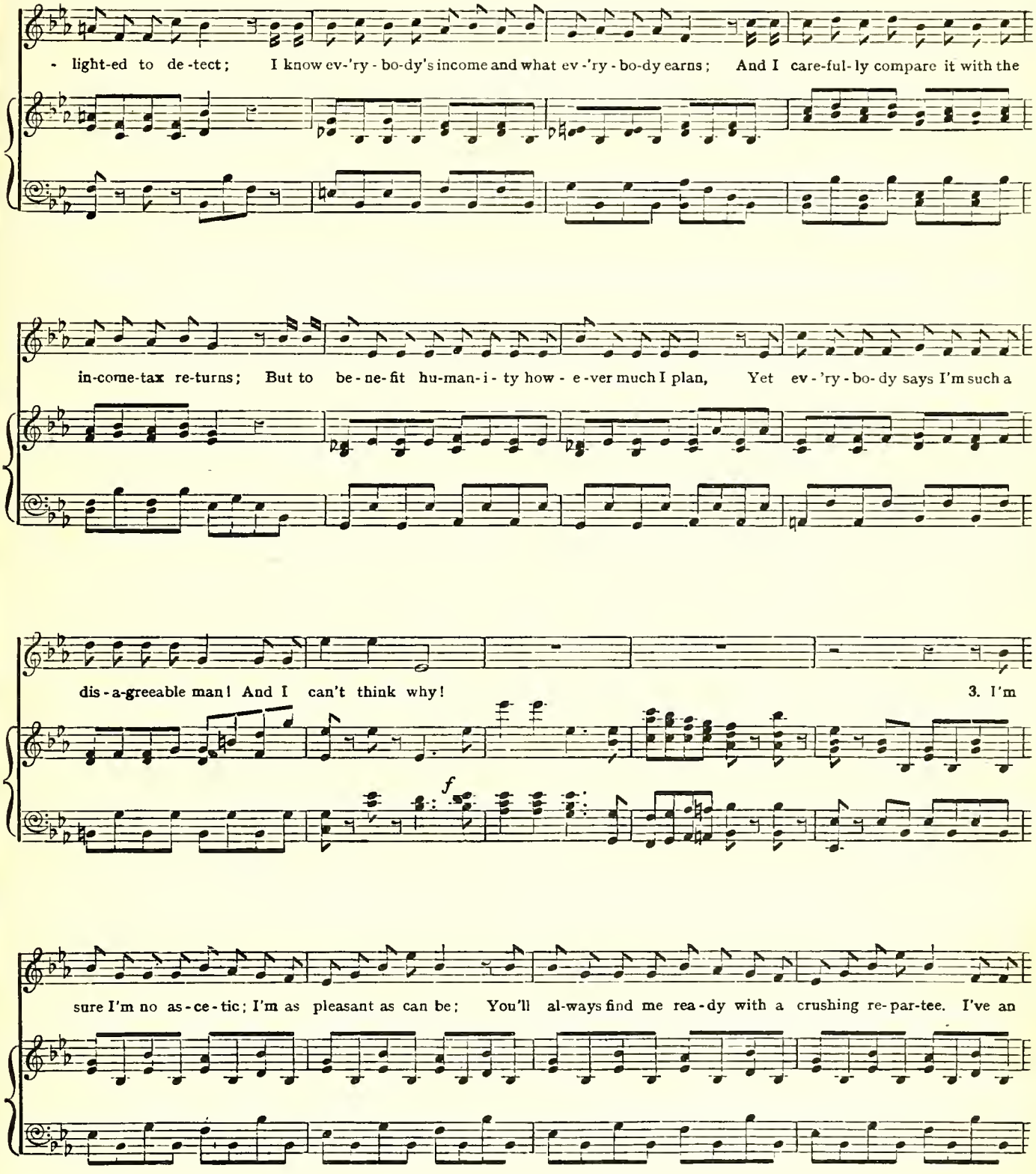

trade! Or - der comes to fight, ha! ha! Or - der is o - bey'd!
The three Principals, unison.
Ha, ha! Fight - - -
Or - der comes to fight! Or - der is o - bey'd! Fight - - -
ing is. Yes, yes, yes!
ing is . . . . . .
Fight-ing is our trade, ha, ha!
their . . . . trade!
Attacca

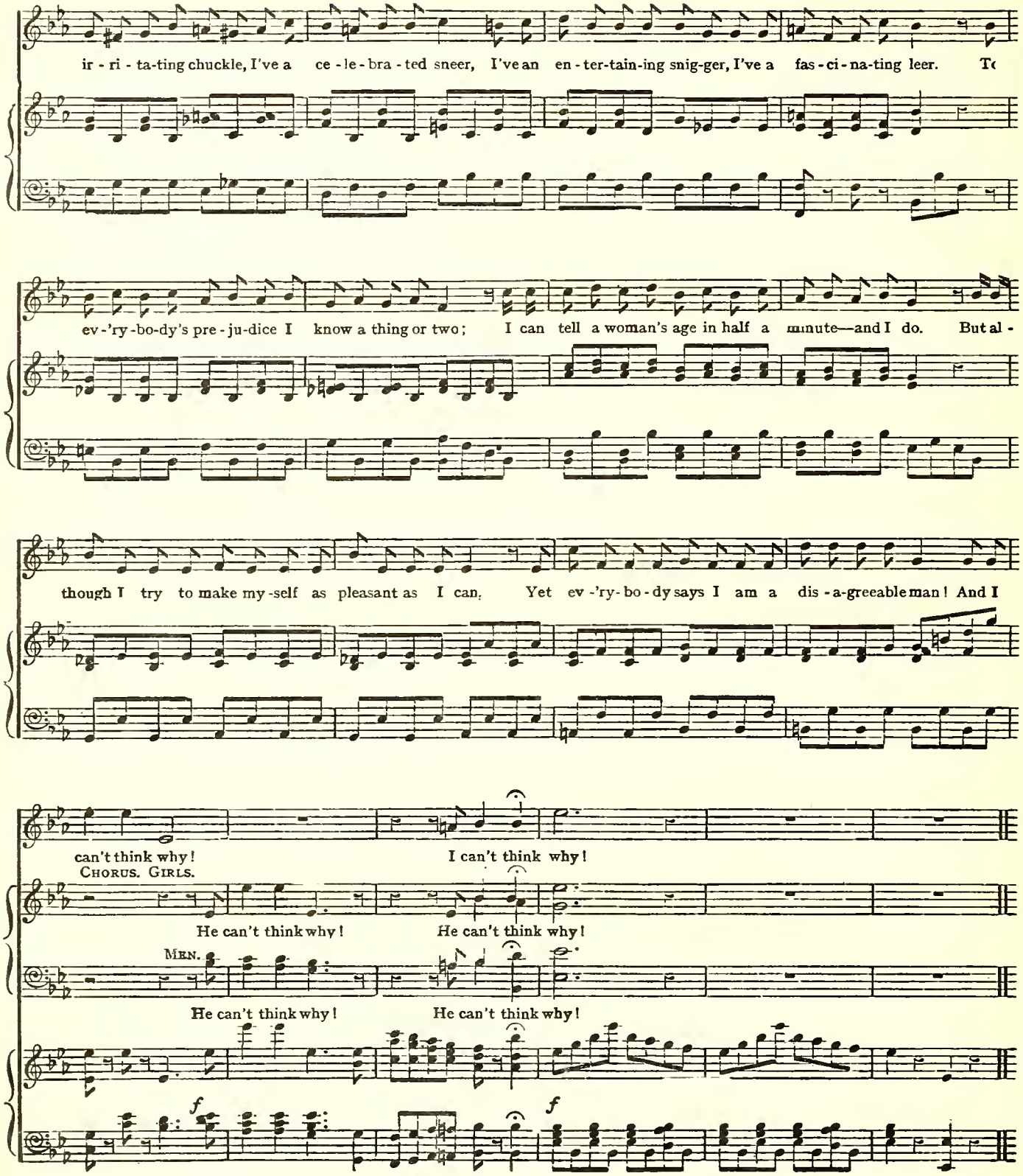
No. 6. SONG—(Gama.)

Begin

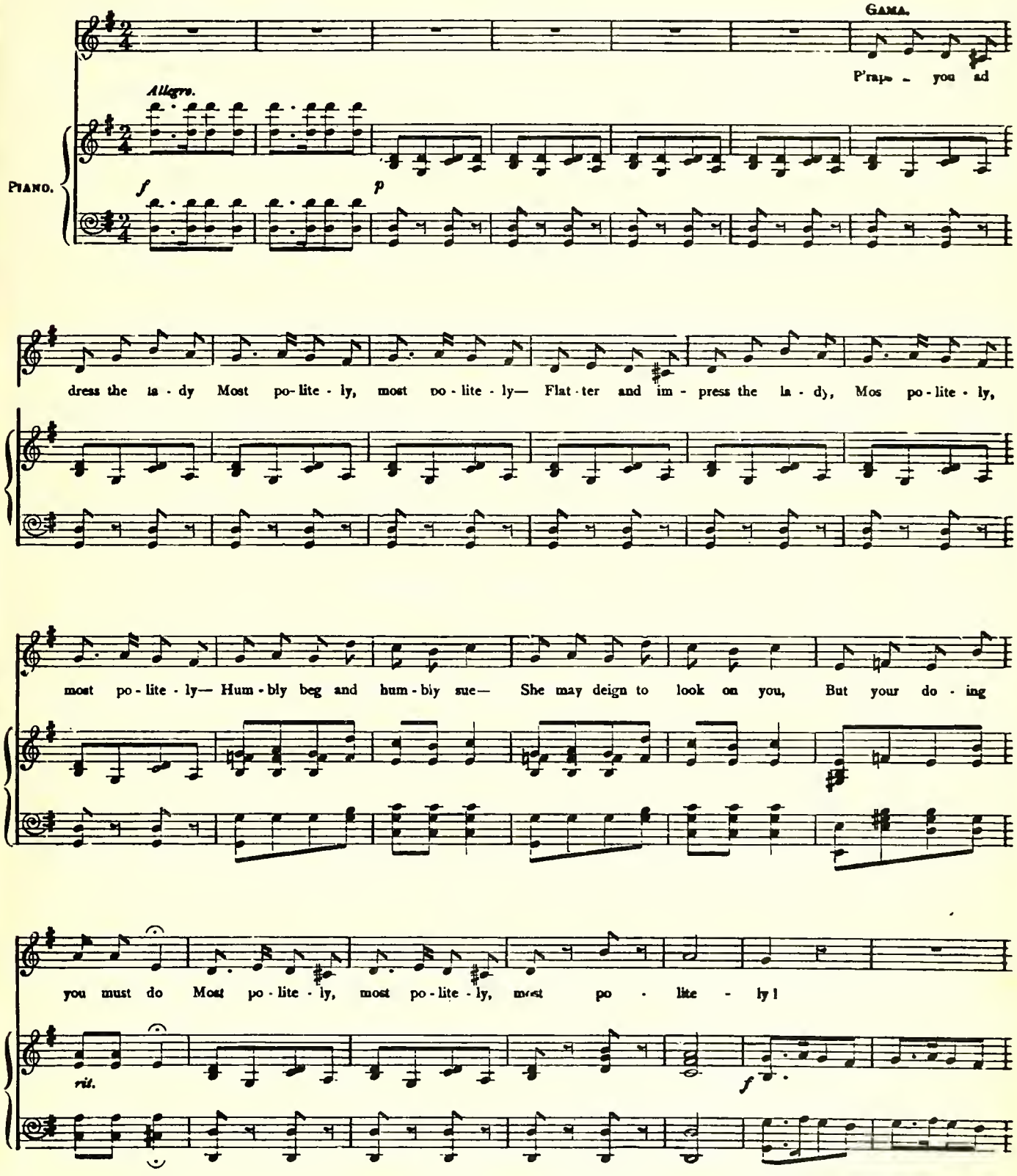


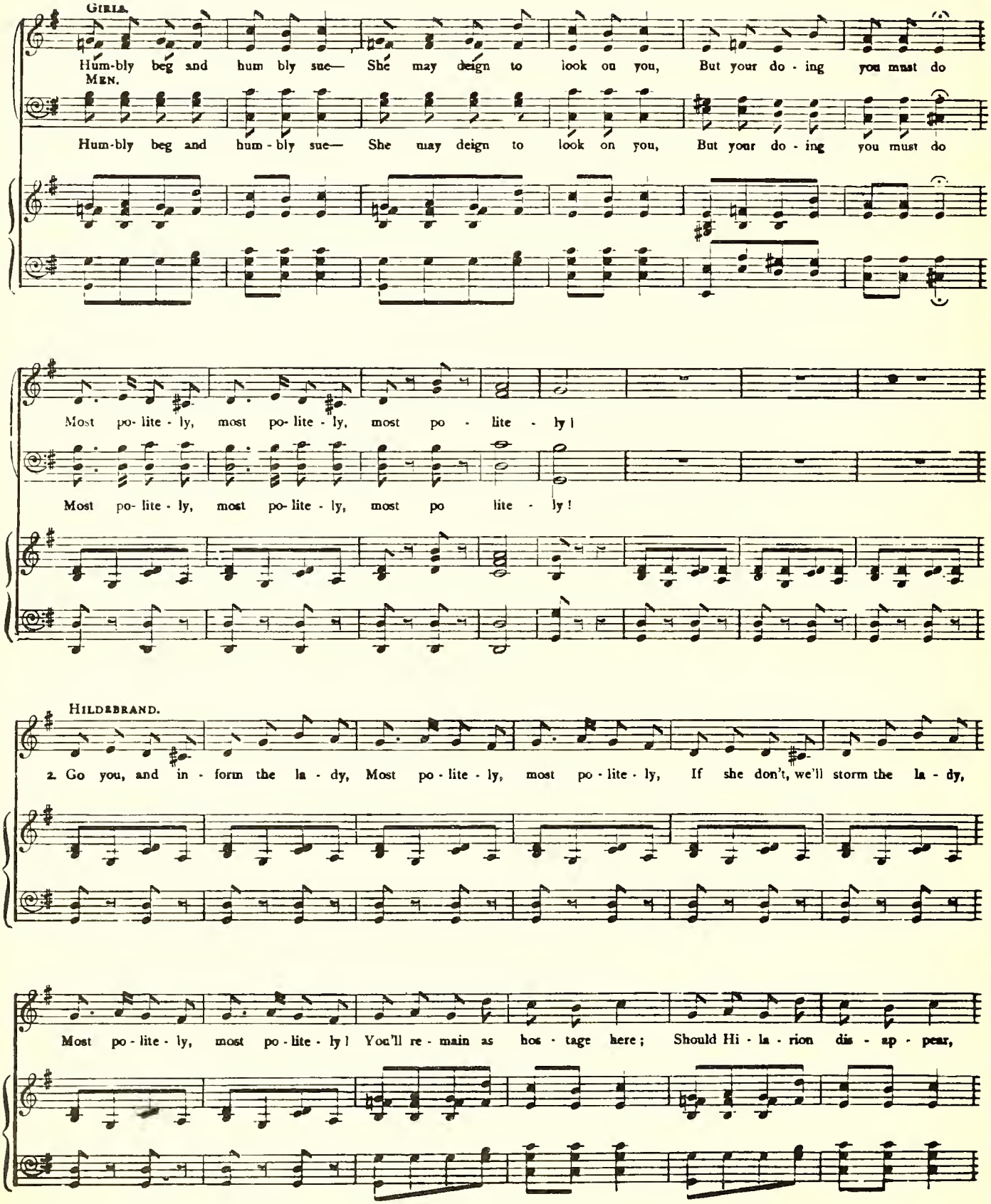

lit-tle plans to snub the self-suf - fi-cient I de-vise; I love my fel-low creatures—I do all the good I can— Yet
ev-'ry-bo-dy says I'm such a dis - a-greeable man! And I can't think why!
f
2. To com-pli-ments in-fla-ted I've a wi-ther-ing re-ply, And va-ni-ty I al-ways do my
p
best to mor-ti - fy; A cha-ri-ta-ble ac-tion I can skil-ful-ly dis-sect; And in-ter-est-ed mo-tives I'm de -

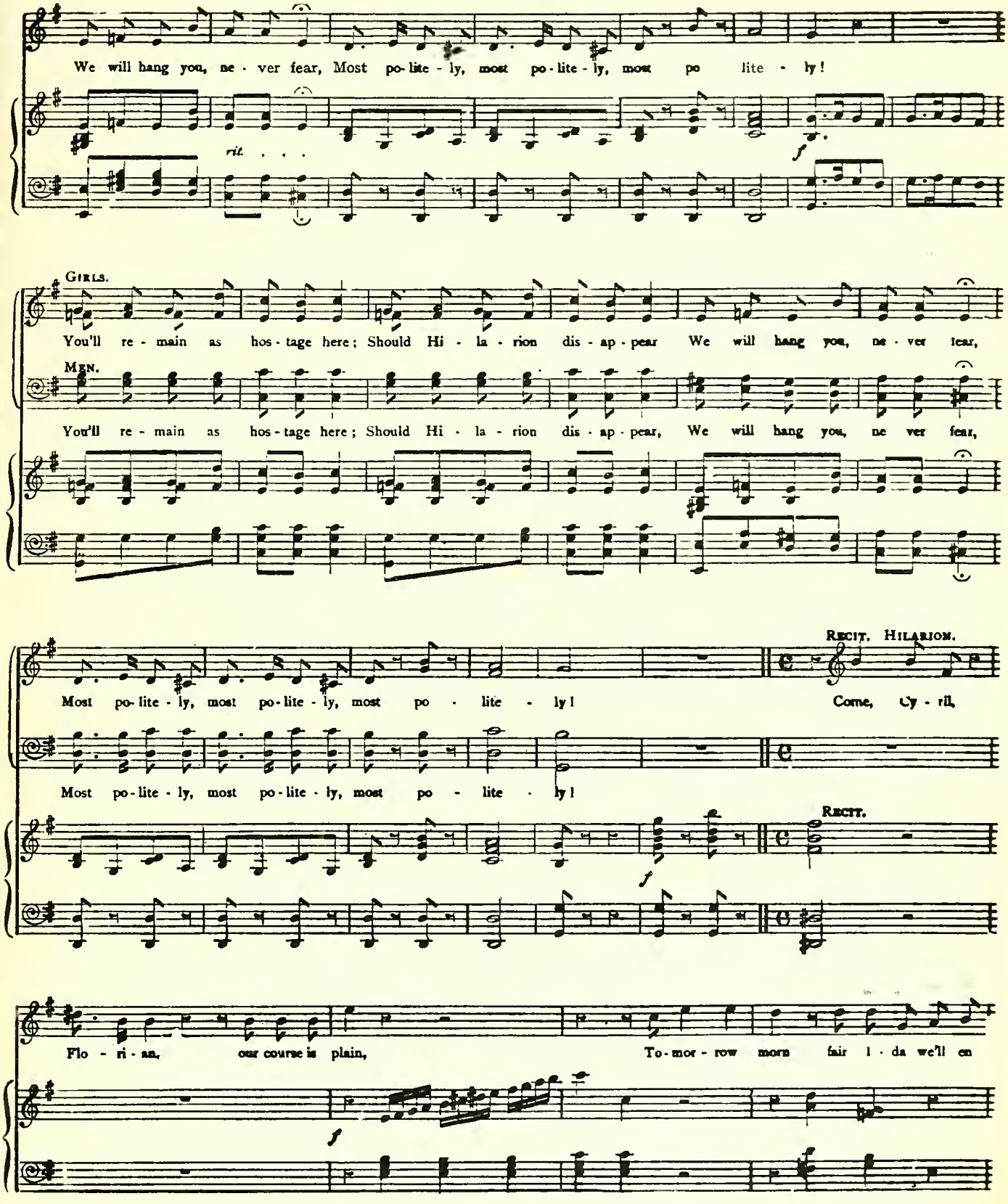

- light-ed to de-tect; I know ev-'ry-bo-dy's income and what ev-'ry-bo-dy earns; And I care-ful-ly compare it with the
in-come-tax re-turns; But to be-ne-fit hu-man-i-ty how-e-ver much I plan, Yet ev-'ry-bo-dy says I'm such a
dis-a-greeable man! And I can't think why!
3. I'm
f
sure I'm no as-ce-tic; I'm as pleasant as can be; You'll al-ways find me rea-dy with a crushing re-par-tee. I've an

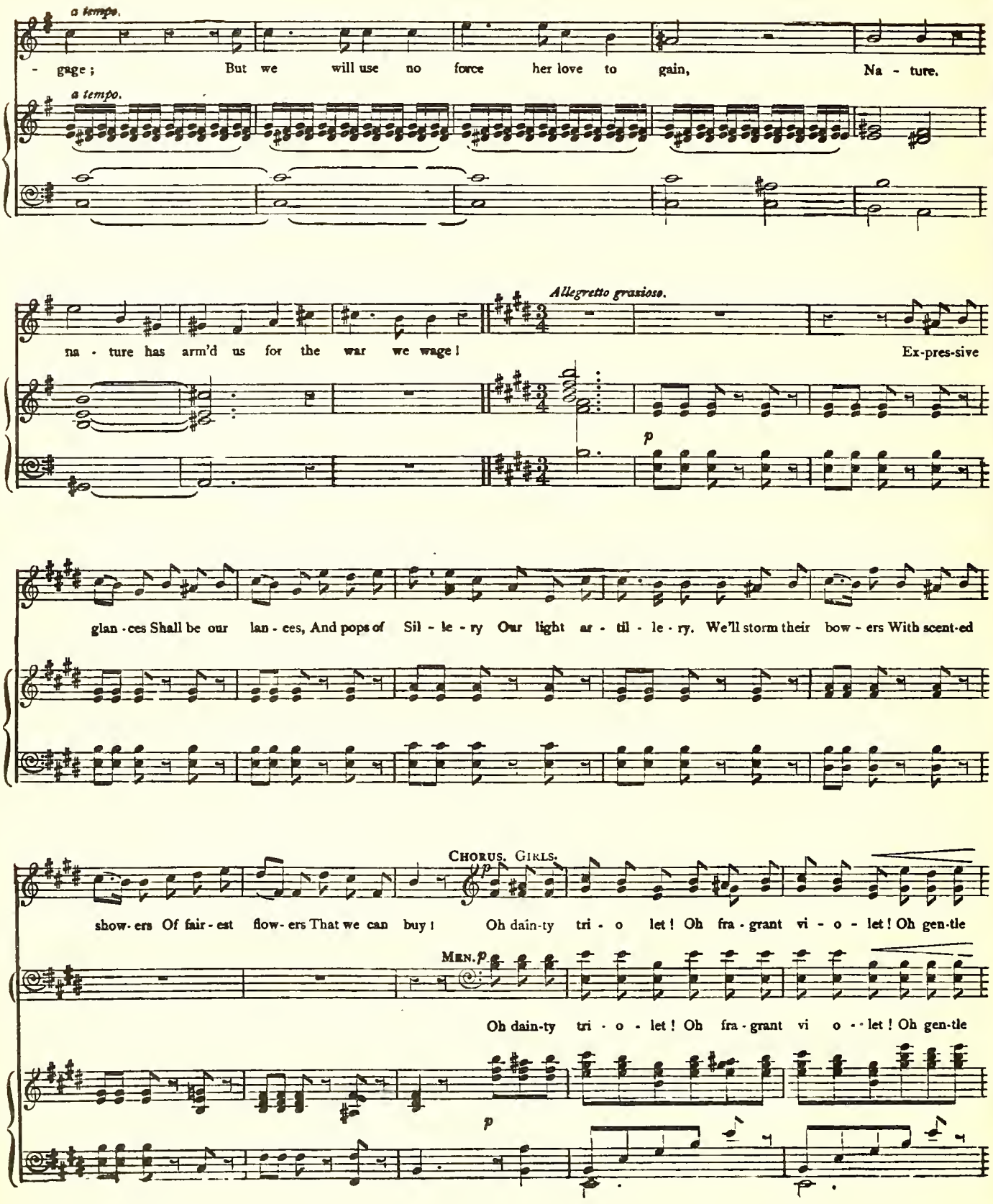

ir - ri - ta-ting chuckle, I've a ce - le - bra - ted sneer, I've an en - ter-tain-ing snig-ger, I've a fas - ci - na-ting leer. To
ev -'ry -bo-dy's pre - ju-dice I know a thing or two; I can tell a woman's age in half a minute—and I do. But al -
though I try to make my -self as pleasant as I can, Yet ev -'ry- bo - dy says I am a dis - a-greeable man! And I
can't think why!
I can't think why!
Chorus. Girls.
He can't think why!
He can't think why!
Men.
He can't think why!
He can't think why!
f
f

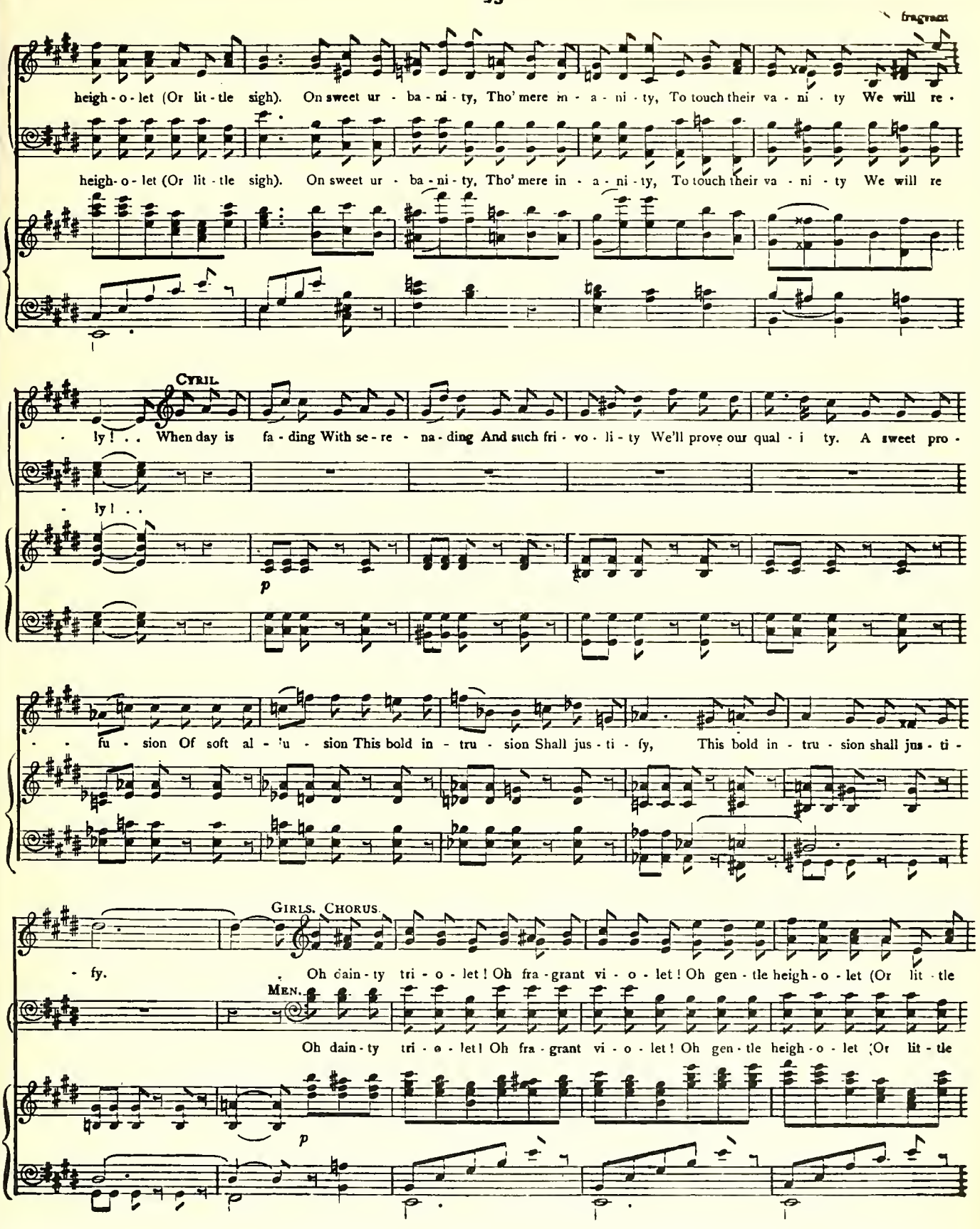
No. 7. FINALE—(Gama, Hildebrand, Cyril, Hilarion, Florian, & Chorus of Girls & Men).

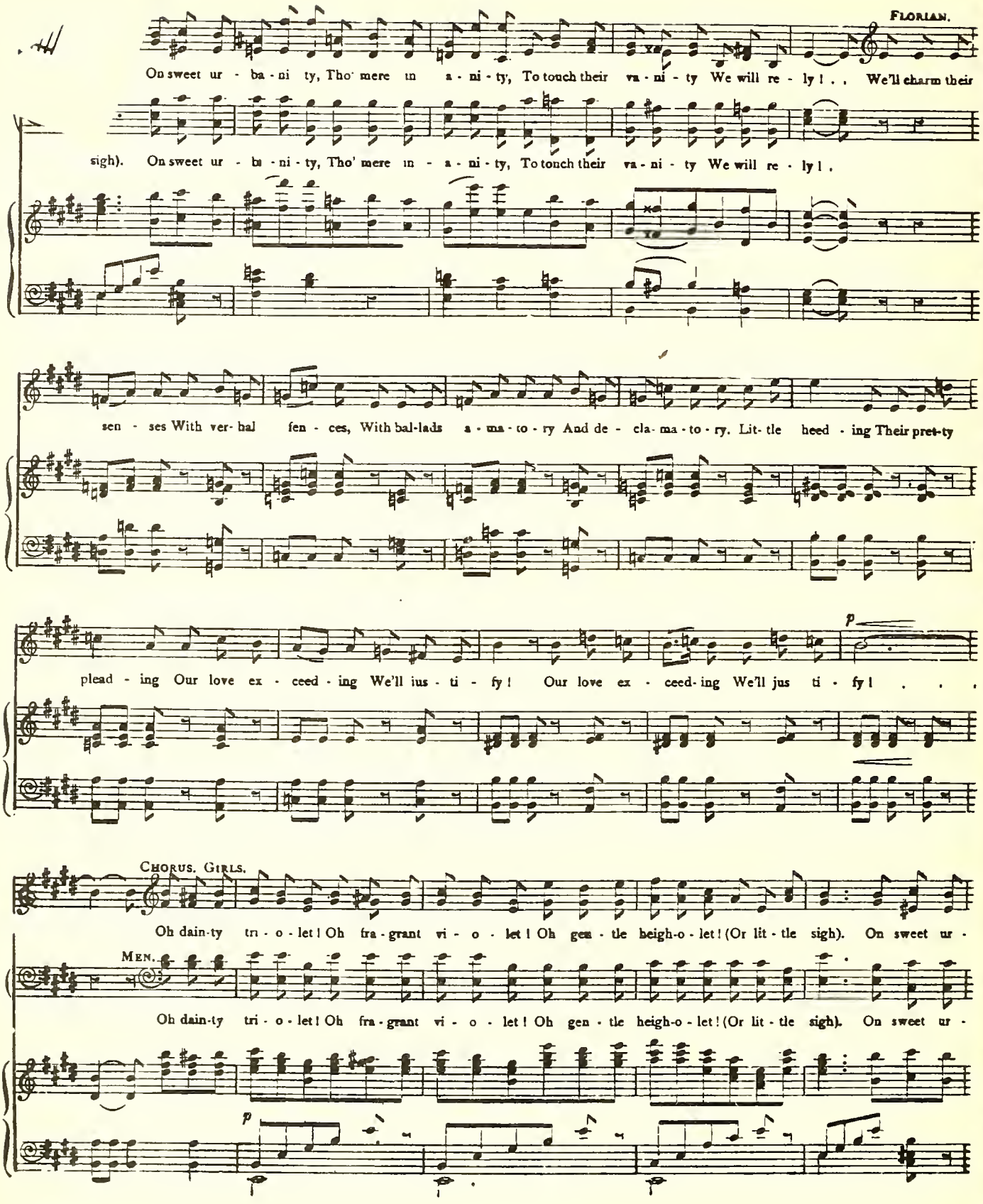


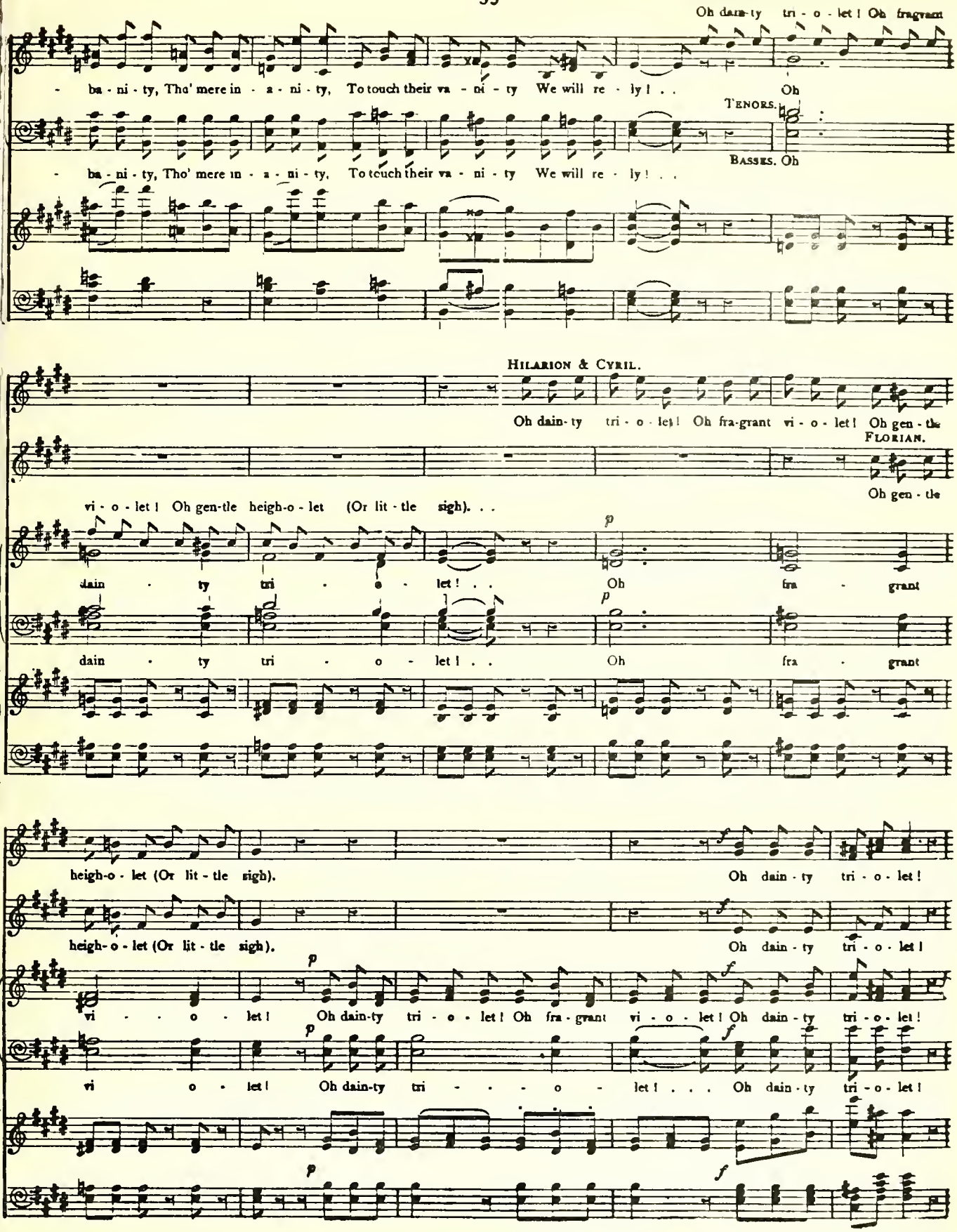

GIRLS.
Hum-bly beg and hum bly sue— She may deign to look on you, But your do - ing you must do
MEN.
Hum-bly beg and hum - bly sue— She may deign to look on you, But your do - ing you must do
Most po- lite - ly, most po- lite - ly, most po - lite - ly!
Most po- lite - ly, most po- lite - ly, most po lite - ly!
HILDEBRAND.
2. Go you, and in - form the la - dy, Most po - lite - ly, most po - lite - ly, If she don't, we'll storm the la - dy,
Most po - lite - ly, most po - lite - ly! You'll re - main as hos - tage here; Should Hi - la - rion dis - ap - pear,

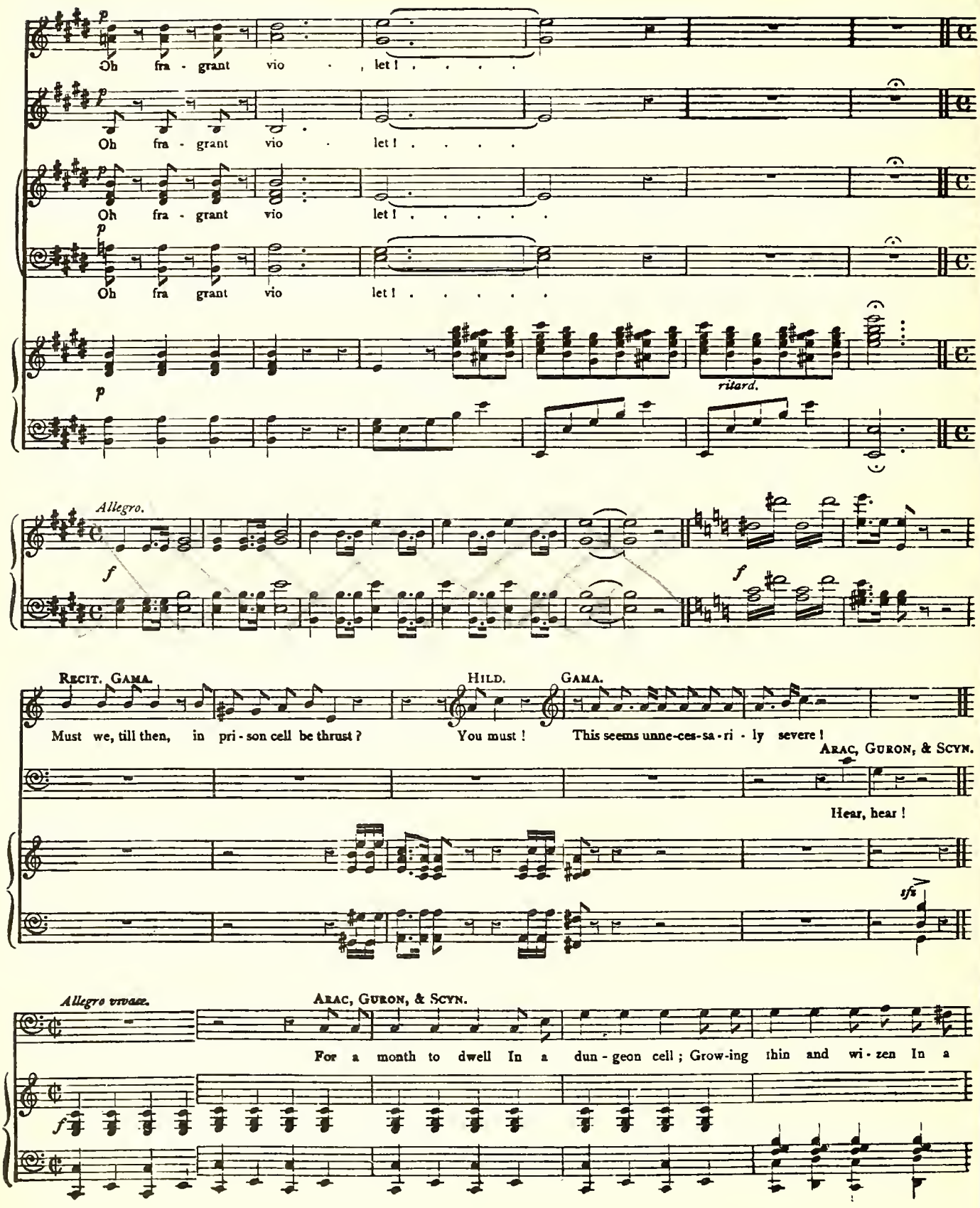

We will hang you, ne - ver fear, Most po-lite - ly, most po-lite - ly, most po lite - ly!
rit . . .
f
GIRLS.
You'll re - main as hos - tage here; Should Hi - la - rion dis - ap - pear We will hang you, ne - ver fear,
MEN.
You'll re - main as hos - tage here; Should Hi - la - rion dis - ap - pear, We will hang you, ne ver fear,
Most po-lite - ly, most po-lite - ly, most po - lite - ly!
RECIT. HILARION.
Come, Cy - ril,
Most po-lite - ly, most po-lite - ly, most po - lite - ly!
f
RECIT.
Flo - ri - an, our course is plain, To-mor - row morn fair I - da we'll en
f

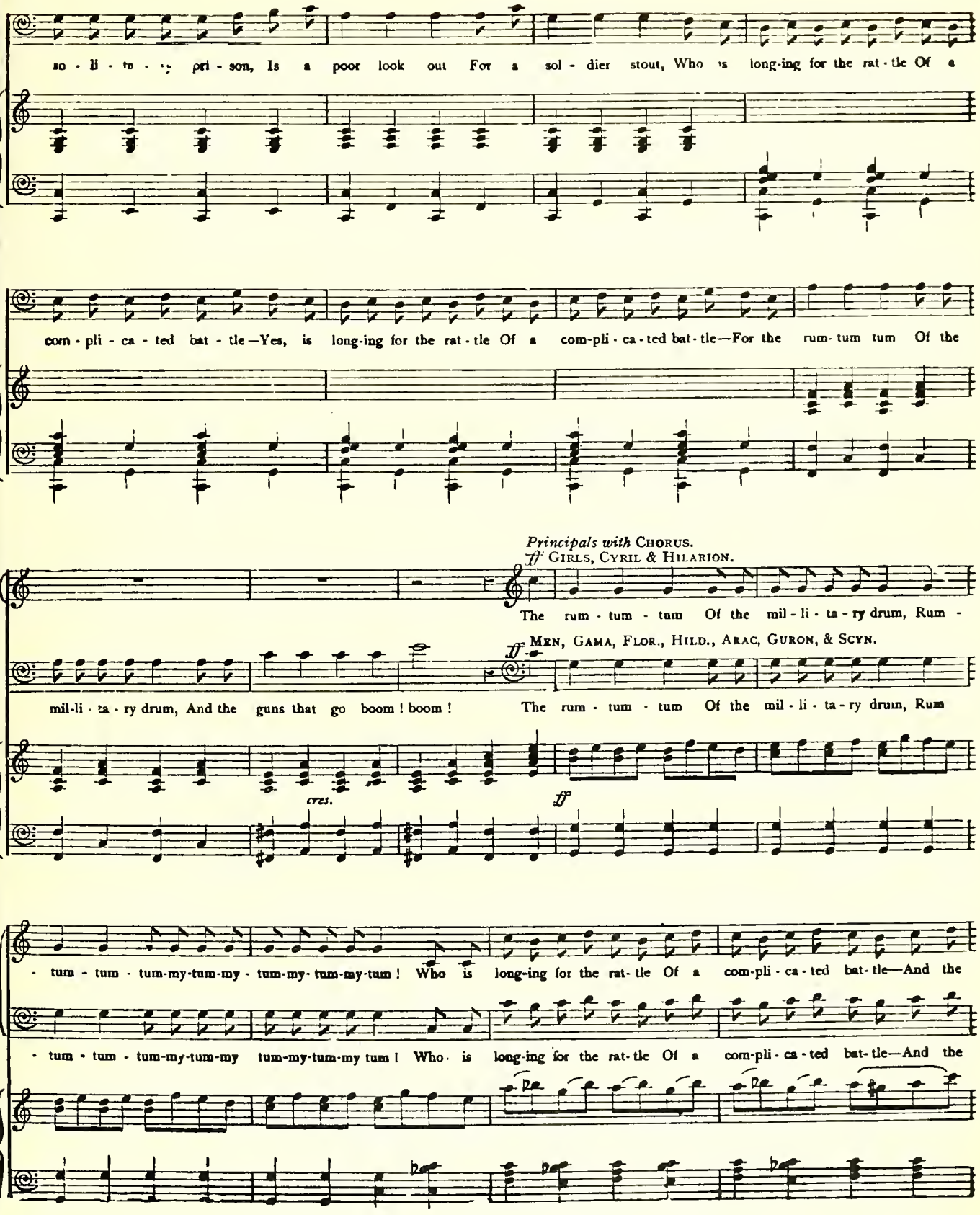

a tempo.
- gage; But we will use no force her love to gain, Na - ture.
a tempo.
Allegretto grazioso.
na - ture has arm'd us for the war we wage! Ex-pres-sive
p
glan - ces Shall be our lan - ces, And pops of Sil - le - ry Our light ar - til - le - ry. We'll storm their bow - ers With scent-ed
CHORUS. GIRLS.
pp
show - ers Of fair - est flow - ers That we can buy! Oh dain-ty tri - o let! Oh fra - grant vi - o - let! Oh gen-tle
MEN. p
Oh dain-ty tri - o - let! Oh fra - grant vi o - - let! Oh gen-tle
p

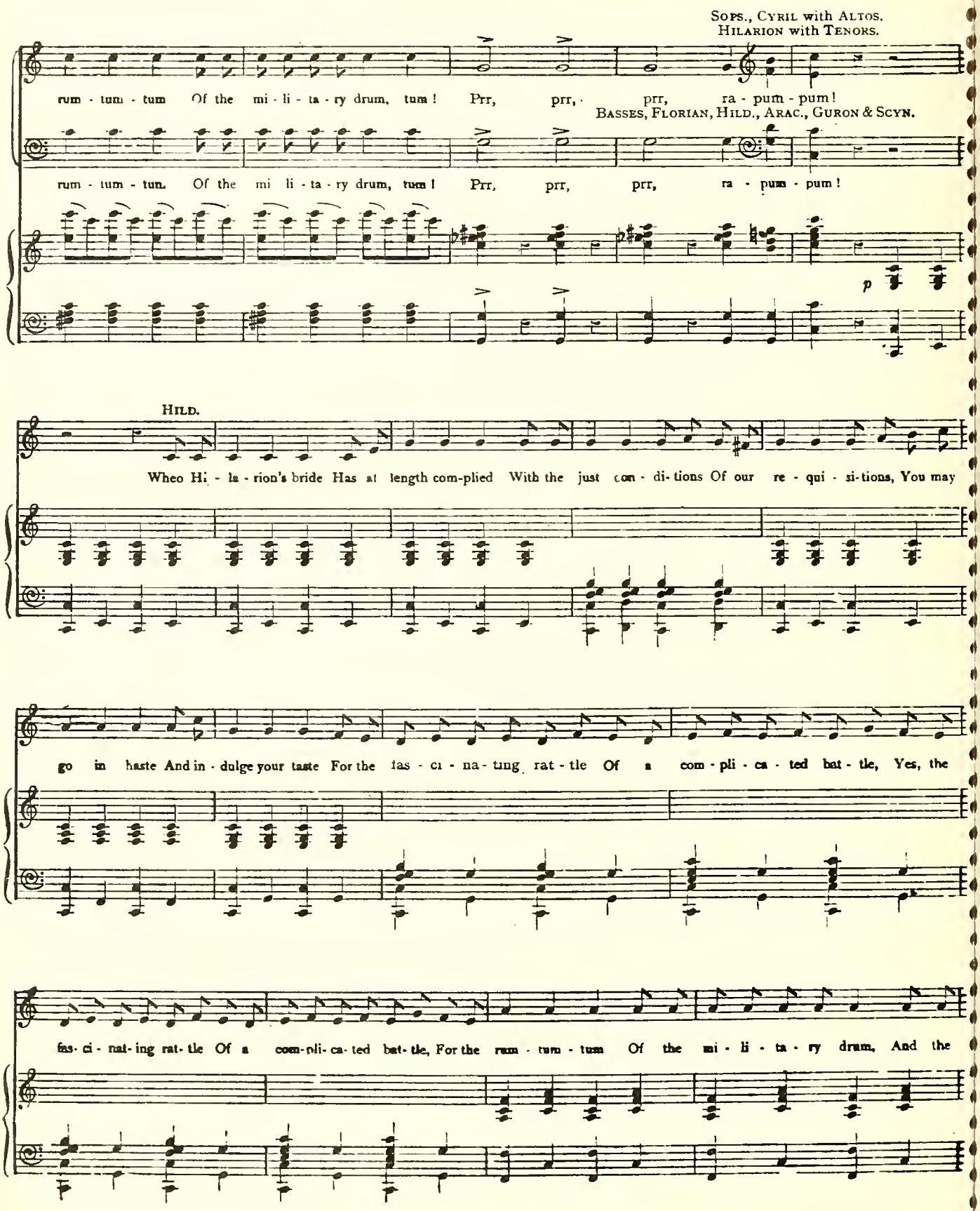

fragrant
heigh - o - let (Or lit - tle sigh). On sweet ur - ba - ni - ty, Tho' mere in - a - ni - ty, To touch their va - ni - ty We will re -
heigh- o - let (Or lit - tle sigh). On sweet ur - ba - ni - ty, Tho' mere in - a - ni - ty, To touch their va - ni - ty We will re
CYRIL.
- ly! . . When day is fa - ding With se - re - na - ding And such fri - vo - li - ty We'll prove our qual - i ty. A sweet pro -
- ly! . .
p
- - fu - sion Of soft al - 'u - sion This bold in - tru - sion Shall jus - ti - fy, This bold in - tru - sion shall jus - ti -
GIRLS. CHORUS.
- fy. Oh dain - ty tri - o - let! Oh fra - grant vi - o - let! Oh gen - tle heigh - o - let (Or lit - tle
MEN.
Oh dain - ty tri - o - let! Oh fra - grant vi - o - let! Oh gen - tle heigh - o - let (Or lit - tle
p

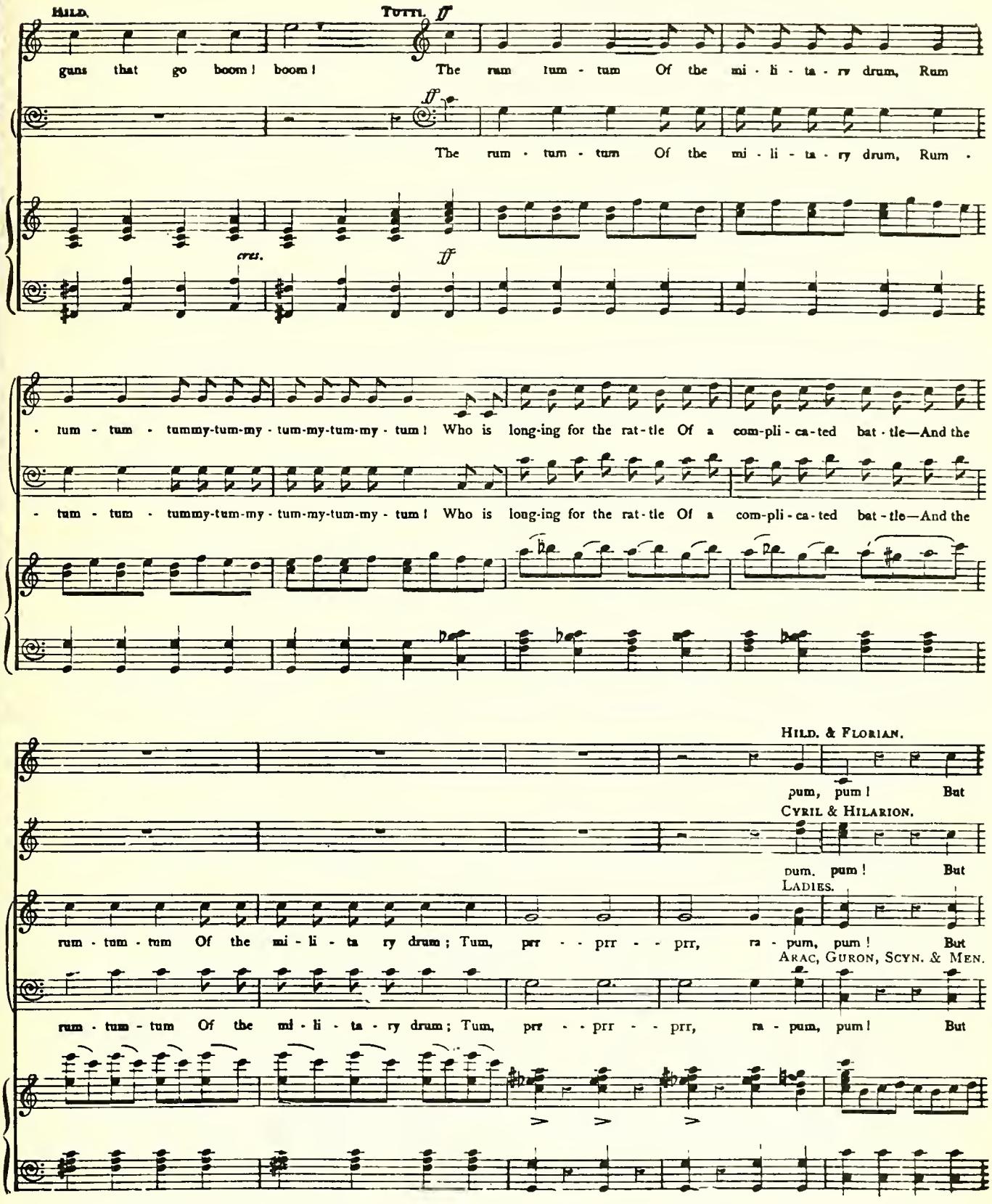

FLORIAN.
On sweet ur - ba - ni ty, Tho' mere in a - ni - ty, To touch their va - ni - ty We will re - ly! . . We'll charm their
sigh). On sweet ur - ba - ni - ty, Tho' mere in - a - ni - ty, To touch their va - ni - ty We will re - ly!
sen - ses With ver - bal fen - ces, With bal-lads a - ma - to - ry And de - cla - ma - to - ry. Lit - tle heed - ing Their pret-ty
p
plead - ing Our love ex - ceed - ing We'll ius - ti - fy! Our love ex - ceed - ing We'll jus ti - fy! . . .
CHORUS. GIRLS.
Oh dain-ty tri - o - let! Oh fra - grant vi - o - let! Oh gen - tle heigh-o - let! (Or lit - tle sigh). On sweet ur -
MEN.
Oh dain-ty tri - o - let! Oh fra - grant vi - o - let! Oh gen - tle heigh-o - let! (Or lit - tle sigh). On sweet ur -
p

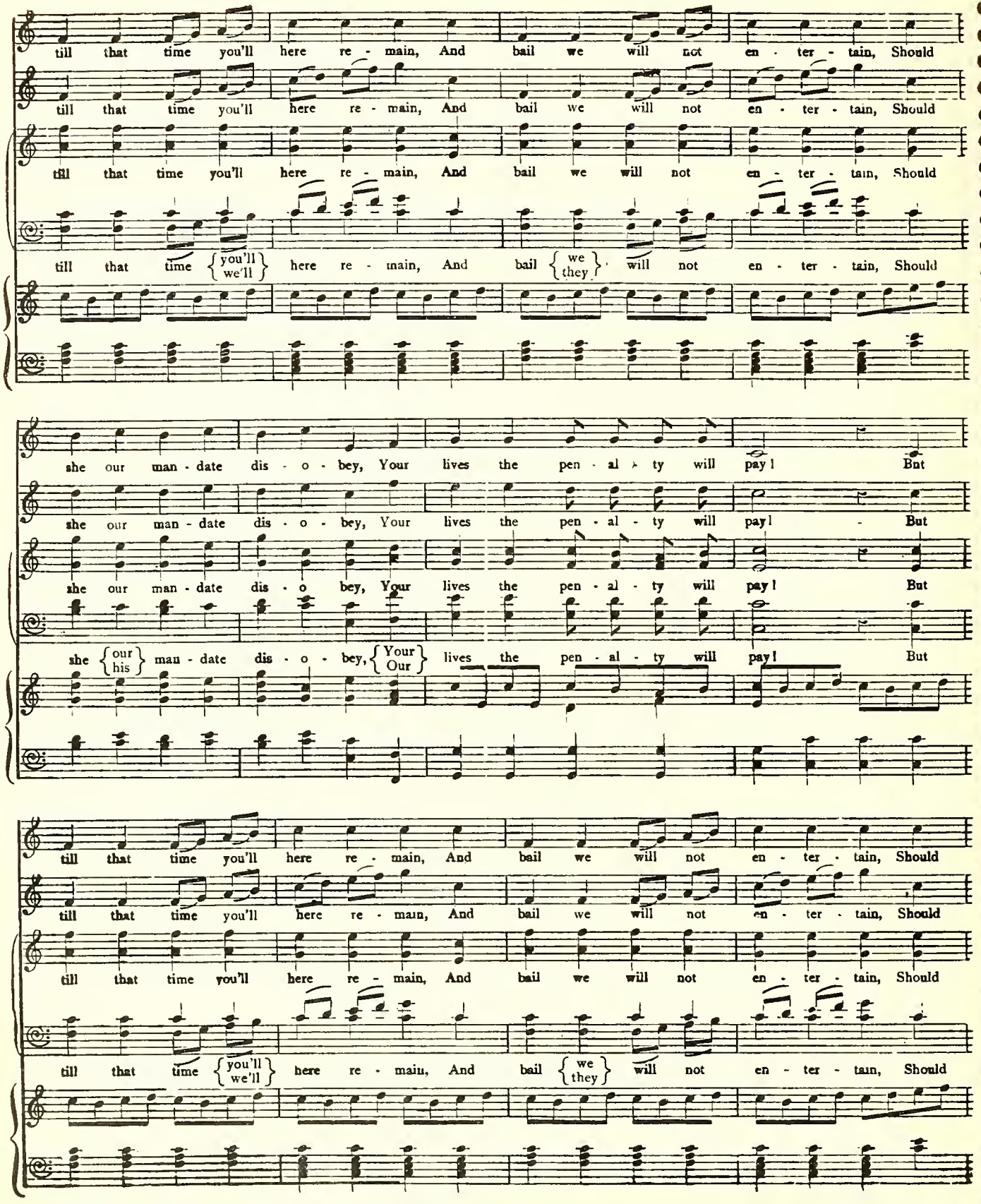

Oh dain-ty tri - o - let! Oh fragrant
- ba - ni - ty, Tho' mere in - a - ni - ty, To touch their va - ni - ty We will re - ly! . . Oh
TENORS.
- ba - ni - ty, Tho' mere in - a - ni - ty, To touch their va - ni - ty We will re - ly! . .
BASSES. Oh
HILARION & CYRIL.
Oh dain-ty tri - o - let! Oh fra-grant vi - o - let! Oh gen - tle
FLORIAN.
Oh gen - tle
vi - o - let! Oh gen-tle heigh-o - let (Or lit - tle sigh). . .
dain - ty tri - o - let! . . Oh fra - grant
dain - ty tri - o - let! . . Oh fra - grant
heigh-o - let (Or lit - tle sigh). Oh dain - ty tri - o - let!
heigh-o - let (Or lit - tle sigh). Oh dain - ty tri - o - let!
vi - - o - let! Oh dain-ty tri - o - let! Oh fra - grant vi - o - let! Oh dain - ty tri - o - let!
vi o - let! Oh dain-ty tri - - - o - let! . . . Oh dain - ty tri - o - let!

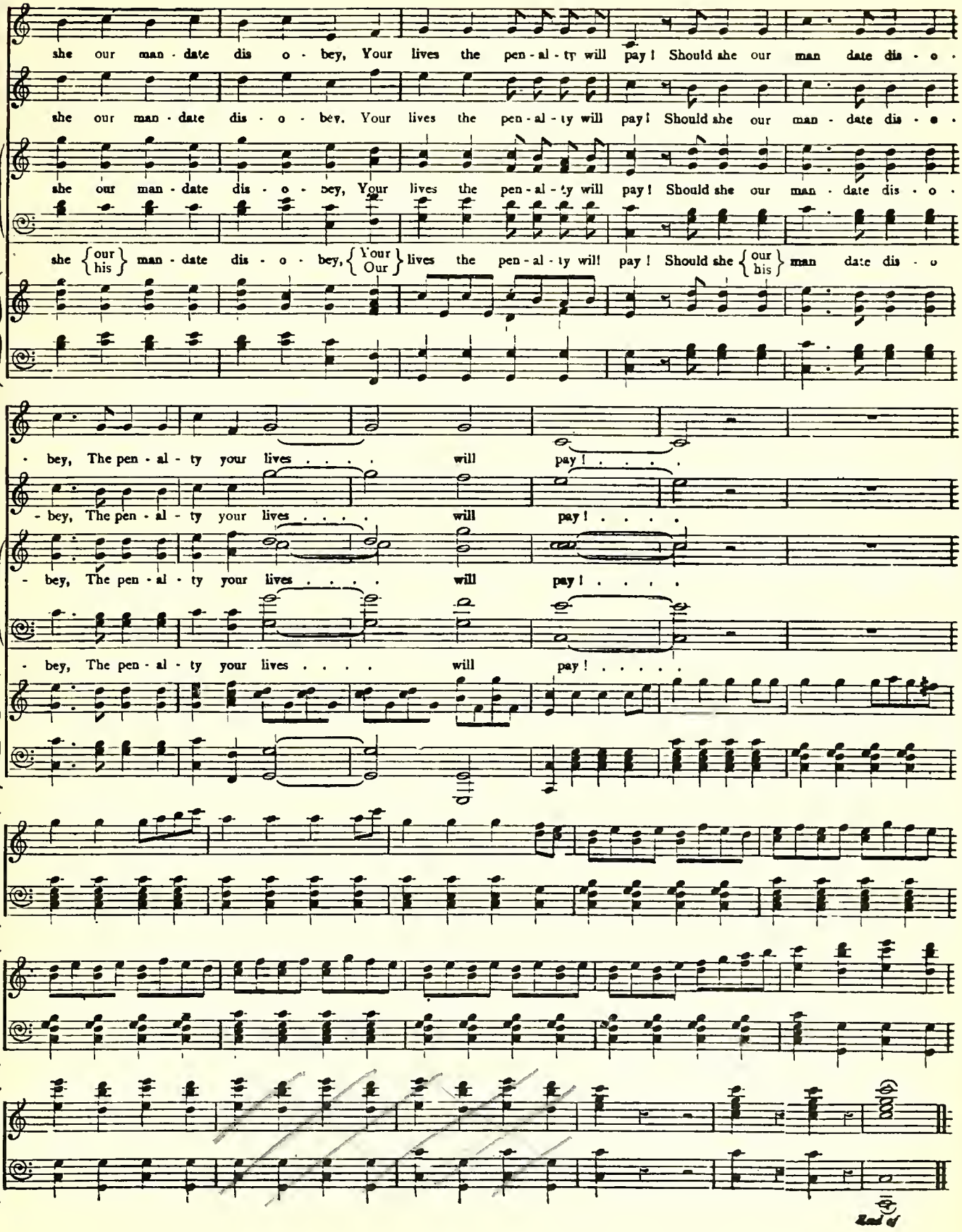

Oh fra - grant vio - let!
Oh fra - grant vio let!
Oh fra - grant vio let!
Oh fra grant vio let!
ritard.
Allegro.
RECIT. GAMA.
Must we, till then, in pri - son cell be thrust?
HILD.
You must!
GAMA.
This seems unne-ces-sa-ri - ly severe!
ARAC, GURON, & SCYN.
Hear, hear!
Allegro vivace.
ARAC, GURON, & SCYN.
For a month to dwell In a dun - geon cell; Grow-ing thin and wi - zen In a


so - li - ta - ry pri - son, Is a poor look out For a sol - dier stout, Who is long-ing for the rat - tle Of a
com - pli - ca - ted bat - tle—Yes, is long-ing for the rat - tle Of a com-pli - ca - ted bat - tle—For the rum - tum tum Of the
Principals with CHORUS.
ff GIRLS, CYRIL & HILARION.
The rum - tum - tum Of the mil - li - ta - ry drum, Rum -
ff MEN, GAMA, FLOR., HILD., ARAC, GURON, & SCYN.
mil-li - ta - ry drum, And the guns that go boom ! boom ! The rum - tum - tum Of the mil - li - ta - ry drum, Rum
cres.
ff
- tum - tum - tum-my-tum-my - tum-my- tum-my-tum ! Who is long-ing for the rat - tle Of a com-pli - ca - ted bat - tle—And the
- tum - tum - tum-my-tum-my tum-my-tum-my tum ! Who is long-ing for the rat - tle Of a com-pli - ca - ted bat - tle—And the


Sops., Cyril with Altos.
Hilarion with Tenors.
rum - tum - tum Of the mi - li - ta - ry drum, tum! Prr, prr, prr, ra - pum - pum!
Basses, Florian, Hild., Arac., Guron & Scyn.
rum - tum - tun. Of the mi li - ta - ry drum, tum! Prr, prr, prr, ra - pum - pum!
p
Hild.
Wheo Hi - la - rion's bride Has at length com-plied With the just con - di-tions Of our re - qui - si-tions, You may
go in haste And in - dulge your taste For the fas - ci - na - ting rat - tle Of a com - pli - ca - ted bat - tle, Yes, the
fas- ci - nat- ing rat- tle Of a com-pli- ca- ted bat- tle, For the rum - tum - tum Of the mi - li - ta - ry drum, And the


Hild.
guns that go boom! boom!
Tutti. ff
The rum tum - tum Of the mi - li - ta - ry drum, Rum
ff
The rum - tum - tum Of the mi - li - ta - ry drum, Rum -
cres.
ff
- tum - tum - tummy-tum-my - tum-my-tum-my - tum! Who is long-ing for the rat-tle Of a com-pli-ca-ted bat-tle—And the
- tum - tum - tummy-tum-my - tum-my-tum-my - tum! Who is long-ing for the rat-tle Of a com-pli-ca-ted bat-tle—And the
Hild. & Florian.
pum, pum! But
Cyril & Hilarion.
pum. pum! But
Ladies.
rum - tum - tum Of the mi - li - ta ry drum; Tum, prr - - prr - - prr, ra - pum, pum! But
Arac, Guron, Scyn. & Men.
rum - tum - tum Of the mi - li - ta - ry drum; Tum, prr - - prr - - prr, ra - pum, pum! But

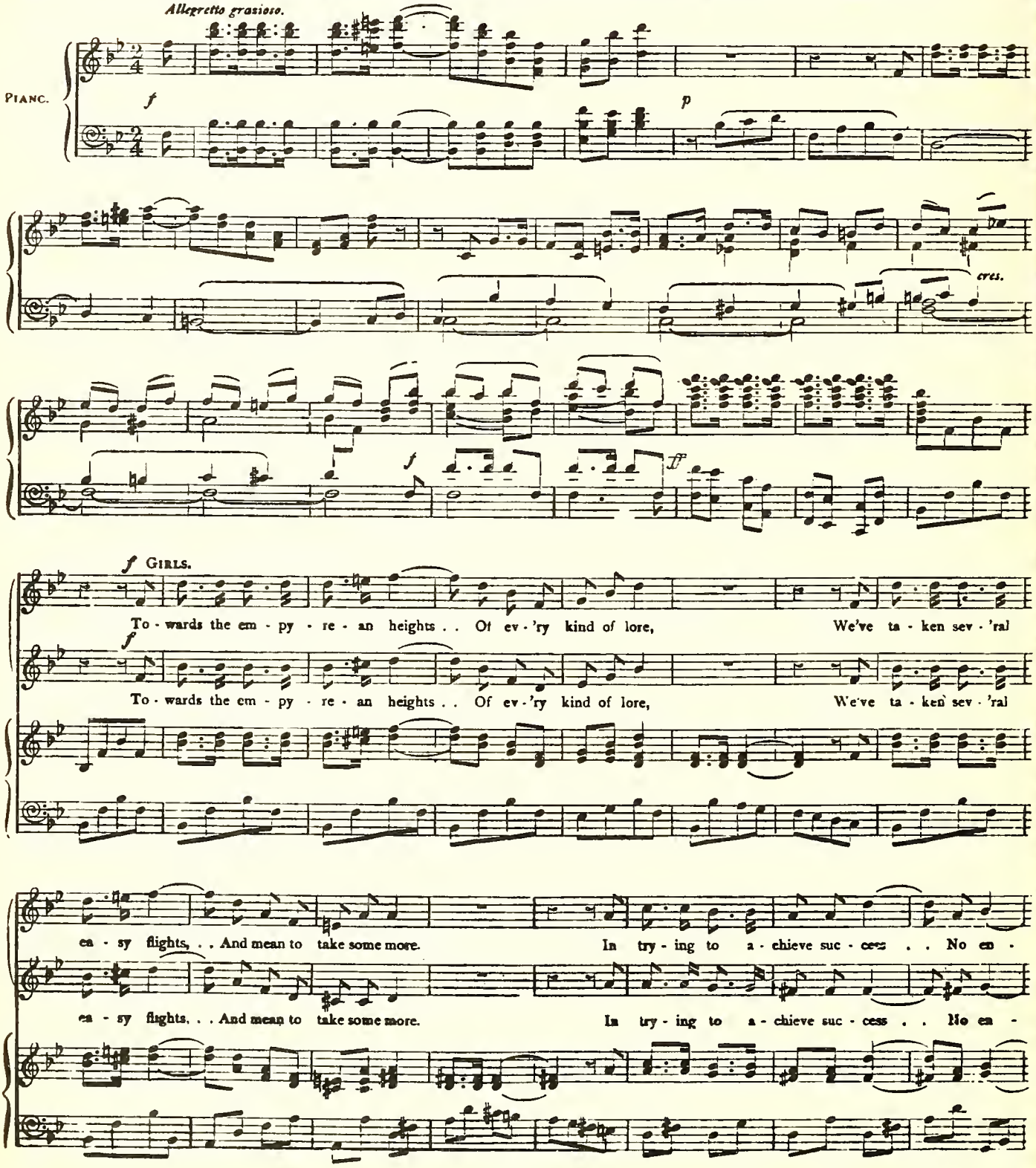

till that time you'll here re - main, And bail we will not en - ter - tain, Should
till that time you'll here re - main, And bail we will not en - ter - tain, Should
till that time you'll here re - main, And bail we will not en - ter - tain, Should
till that time {you'll / we'll} here re - main, And bail {we / they} will not en - ter - tain, Should
she our man - date dis - o - bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! But
she our man - date dis - o - bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! But
she our man - date dis - o bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! But
she {our / his} man - date dis - o - bey, {Your / Our} lives the pen - al - ty will pay! But
till that time you'll here re - main, And bail we will not en - ter - tain, Should
till that time you'll here re - main, And bail we will not en - ter - tain, Should
till that time you'll here re - main, And bail we will not en - ter - tain, Should
till that time {you'll / we'll} here re - main, And bail {we / they} will not en - ter - tain, Should

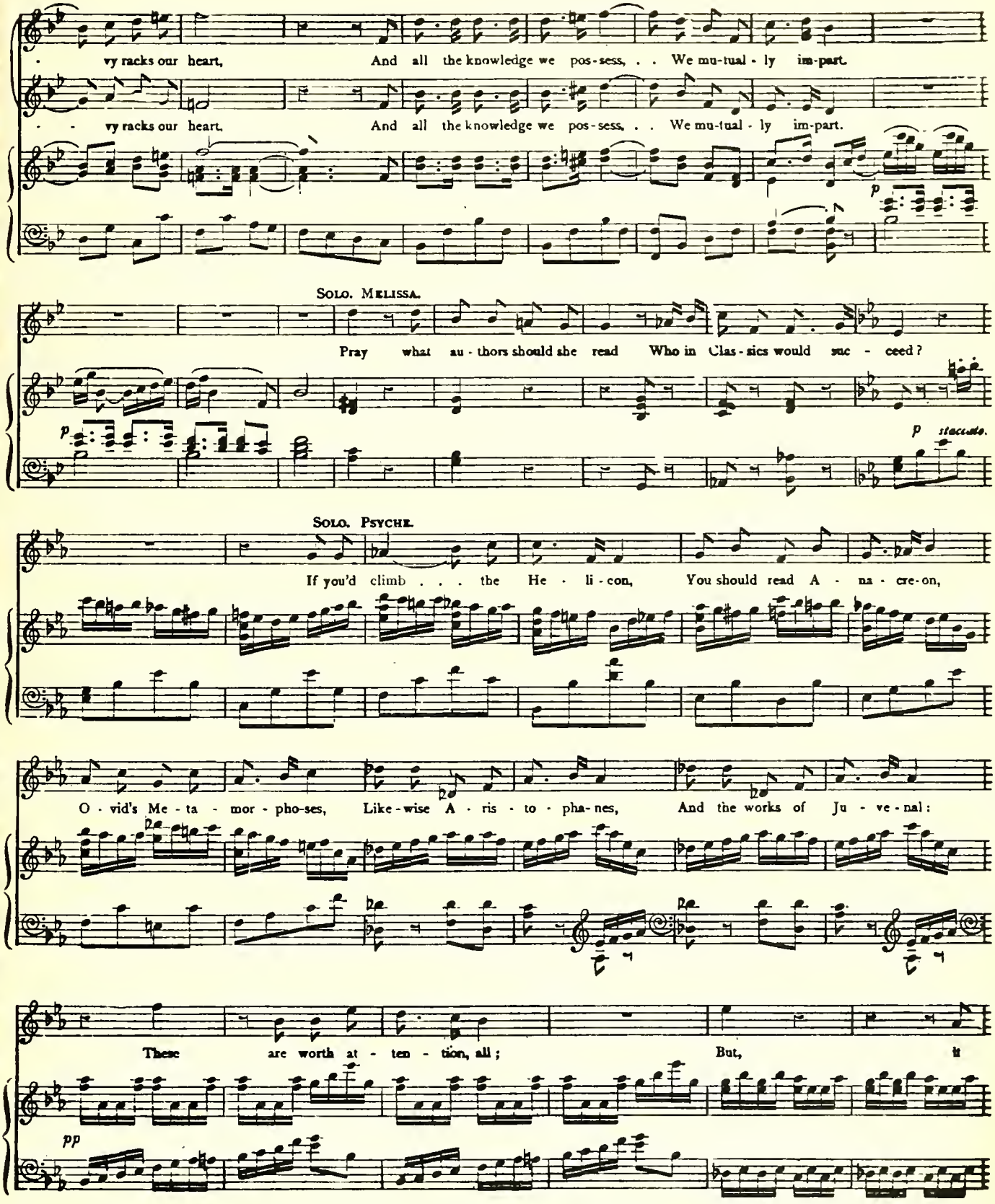

she our man - date dis - o - bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! Should she our man date dis - o -
she our man - date dis - o - bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! Should she our man - date dis - o -
she our man - date dis - o - bey, Your lives the pen - al - ty will pay! Should she our man - date dis - o -
she {our / his} man - date dis - o - bey, {Your / Our} lives the pen - al - ty will pay! Should she {our / his} man date dis - o
- bey, The pen - al - ty your lives . . . . will pay! . . . .
- bey, The pen - al - ty your lives . . . . will pay! . . . .
- bey, The pen - al - ty your lives . . . . will pay! . . . .
End of

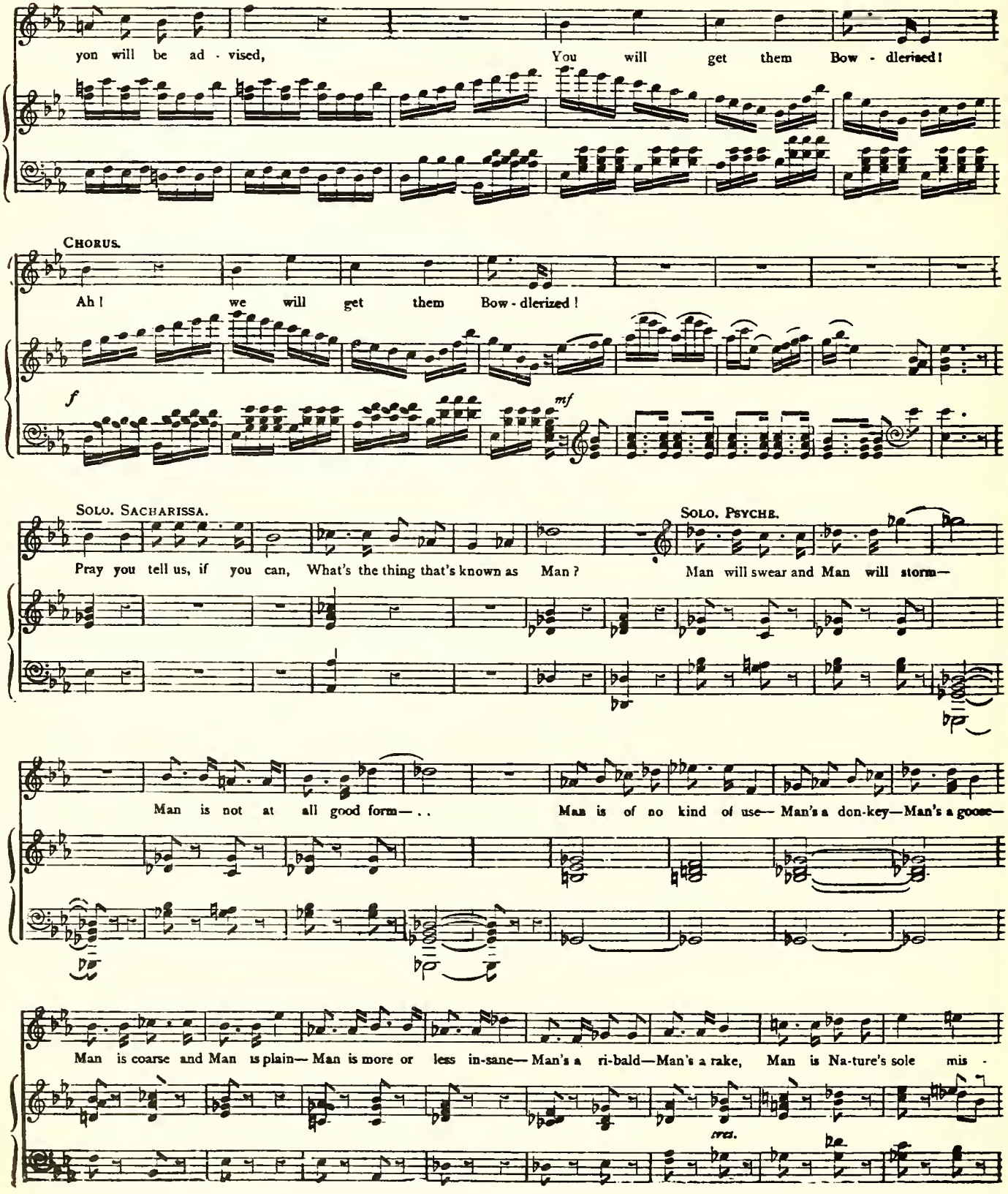
ACT II.

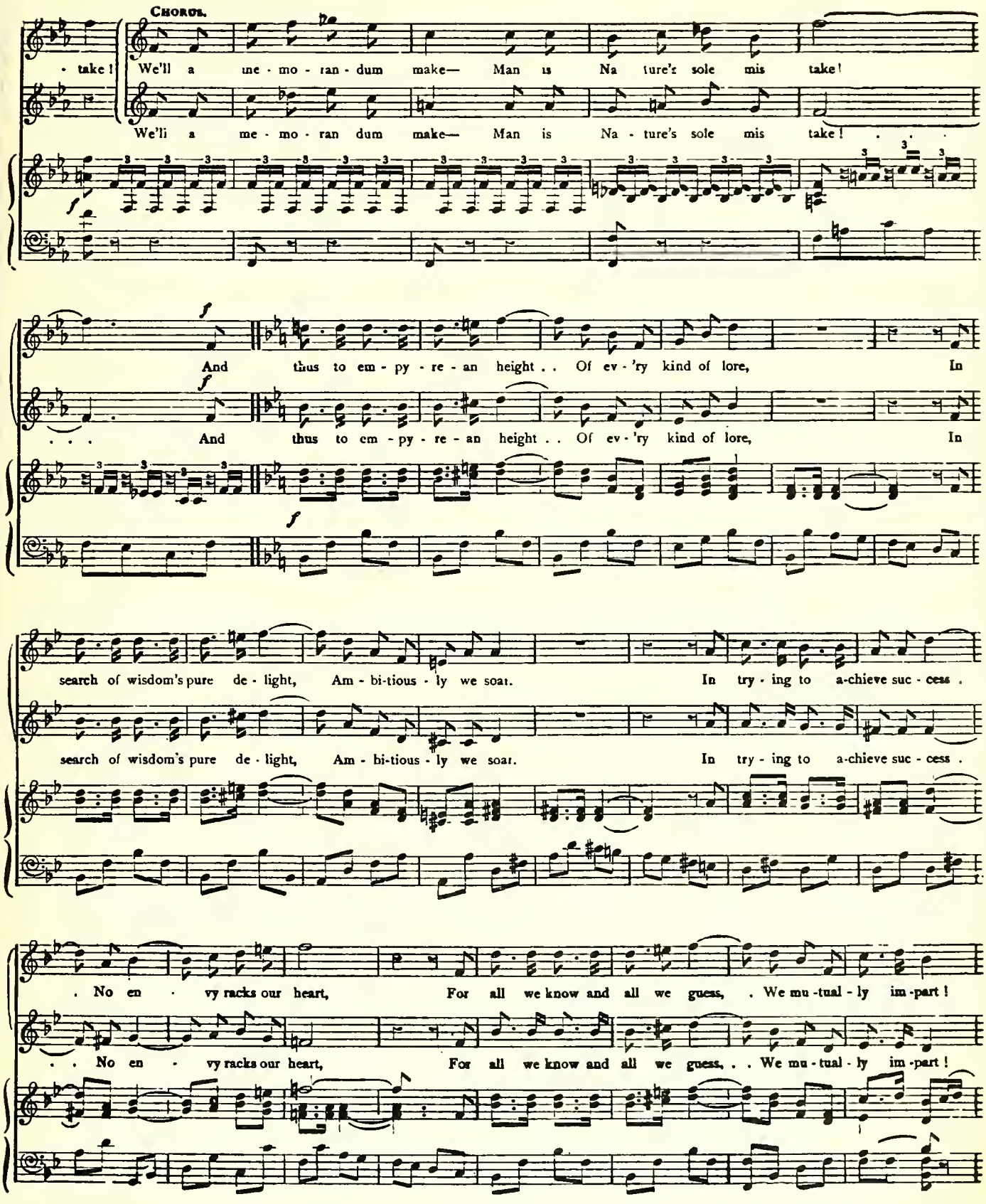
No. 8. CHORUS OF GIRLS—& SOLOS.—(Lady Psyche, Melissa, & Sacharissa.)

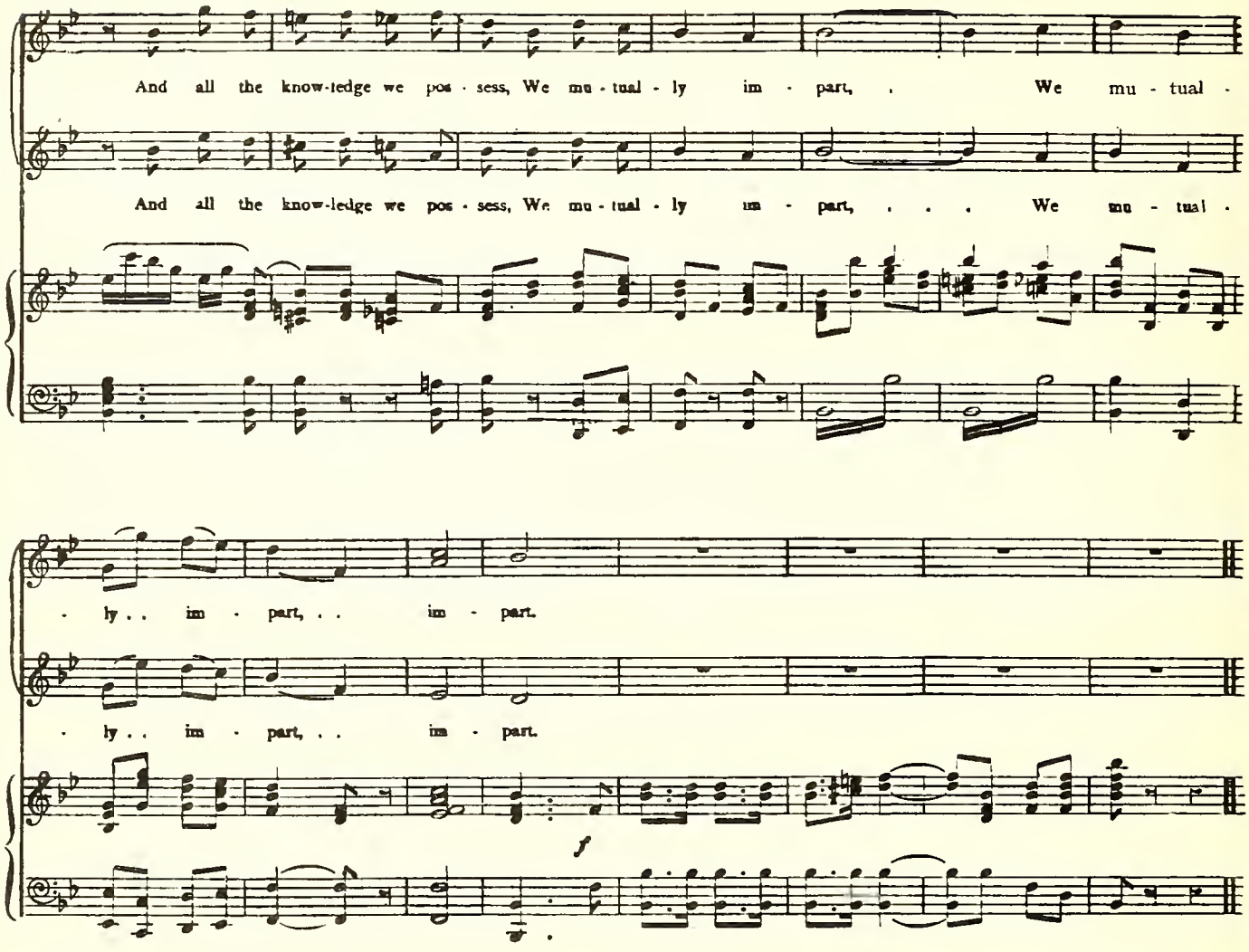
Allegretto grazioso.



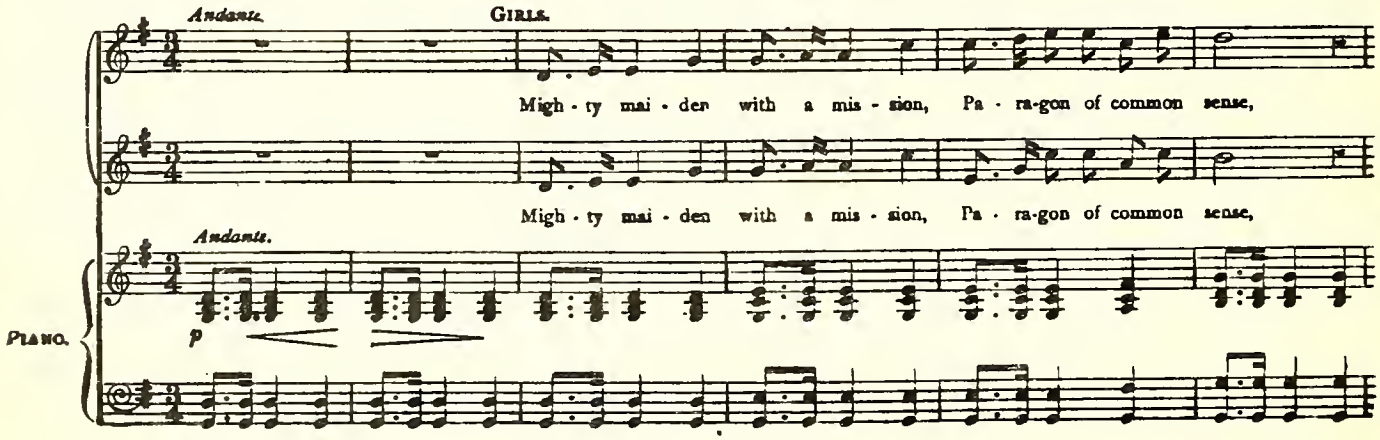

vy racks our heart, And all the knowledge we pos-sess, . . We mu-tual-ly im-part.
vy racks our heart, And all the knowledge we pos-sess, . . We mu-tual-ly im-part.
p
Solo. Melissa.
Pray what au-thors should she read Who in Clas-sics would suc-ceed?
p
p staccato.
Solo. Psyche.
If you'd climb . . . the He-li-con, You should read A-na-cre-on,
O-vid's Me-ta-mor-pho-ses, Like-wise A-ris-to-pha-nes, And the works of Ju-ve-nal:
These are worth at-ten-tion, all; But, it
pp

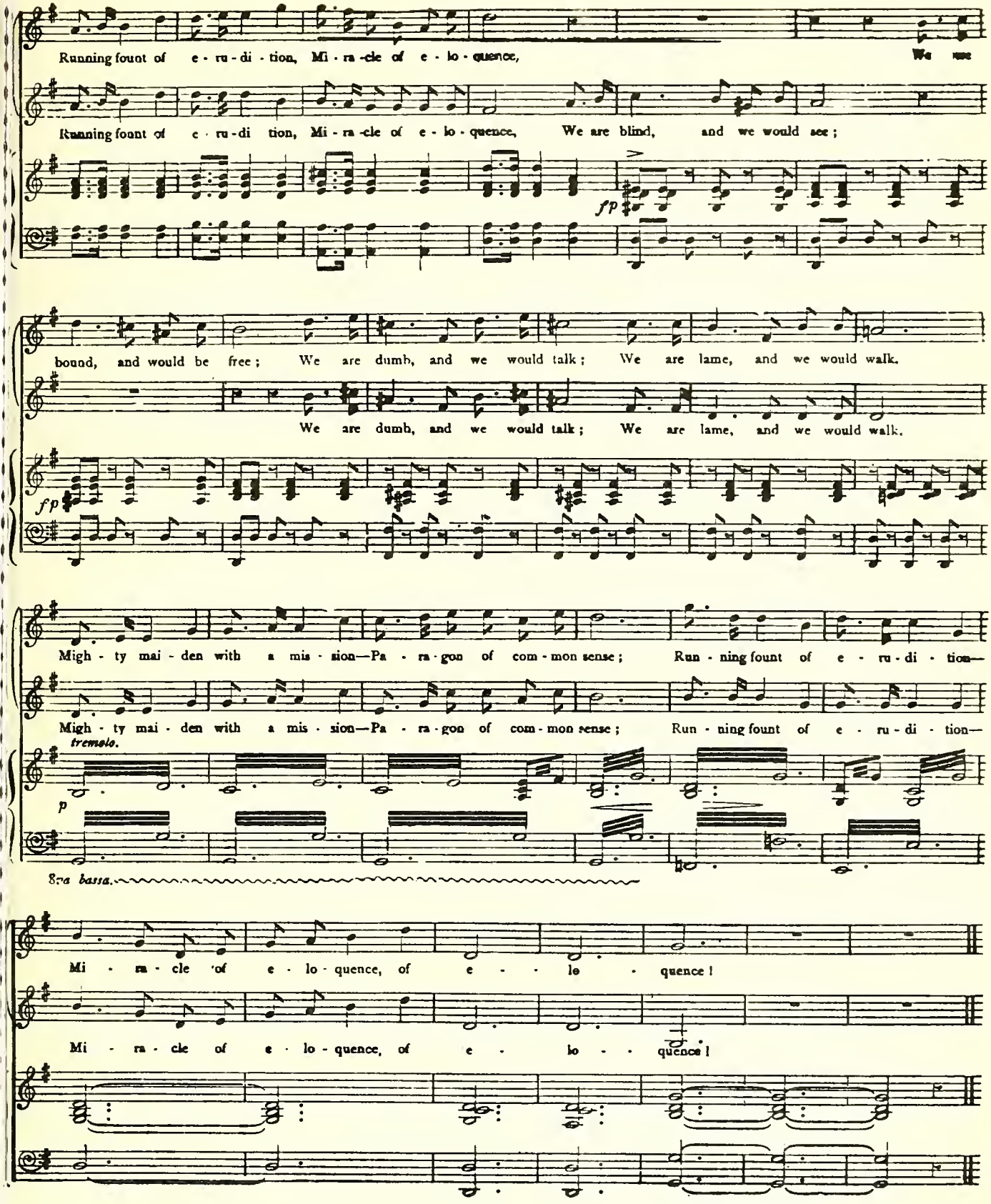

yon will be ad - vised, You will get them Bow - dlerised!
CHORUS.
Ah! we will get them Bow - dlerized!
f
mf
SOLO. SACHARISSA.
Pray you tell us, if you can, What's the thing that's known as Man?
SOLO. PSYCHE.
Man will swear and Man will storm—
Man is not at all good form— . .
Man is of no kind of use— Man's a don-key—Man's a goose—
Man is coarse and Man is plain— Man is more or less in-sane— Man's a ri-bald—Man's a rake, Man is Na-ture's sole mis -
cres.


Chorus.
- take!
We'll a me - mo - ran - dum make— Man is Na ture's sole mis take!
We'll a me - mo - ran dum make— Man is Na - ture's sole mis take!
f
And thus to em - py - re - an height . . Of ev - 'ry kind of lore, In
And thus to em - py - re - an height . . Of ev - 'ry kind of lore, In
search of wisdom's pure de - light, Am - bi-tious - ly we soar. In try - ing to a-chieve suc - cess .
search of wisdom's pure de - light, Am - bi-tious - ly we soar. In try - ing to a-chieve suc - cess .
. No en - vy racks our heart, For all we know and all we guess, . We mu - tual - ly im - part!
. . No en - vy racks our heart, For all we know and all we guess, . . We mu - tual - ly im - part!

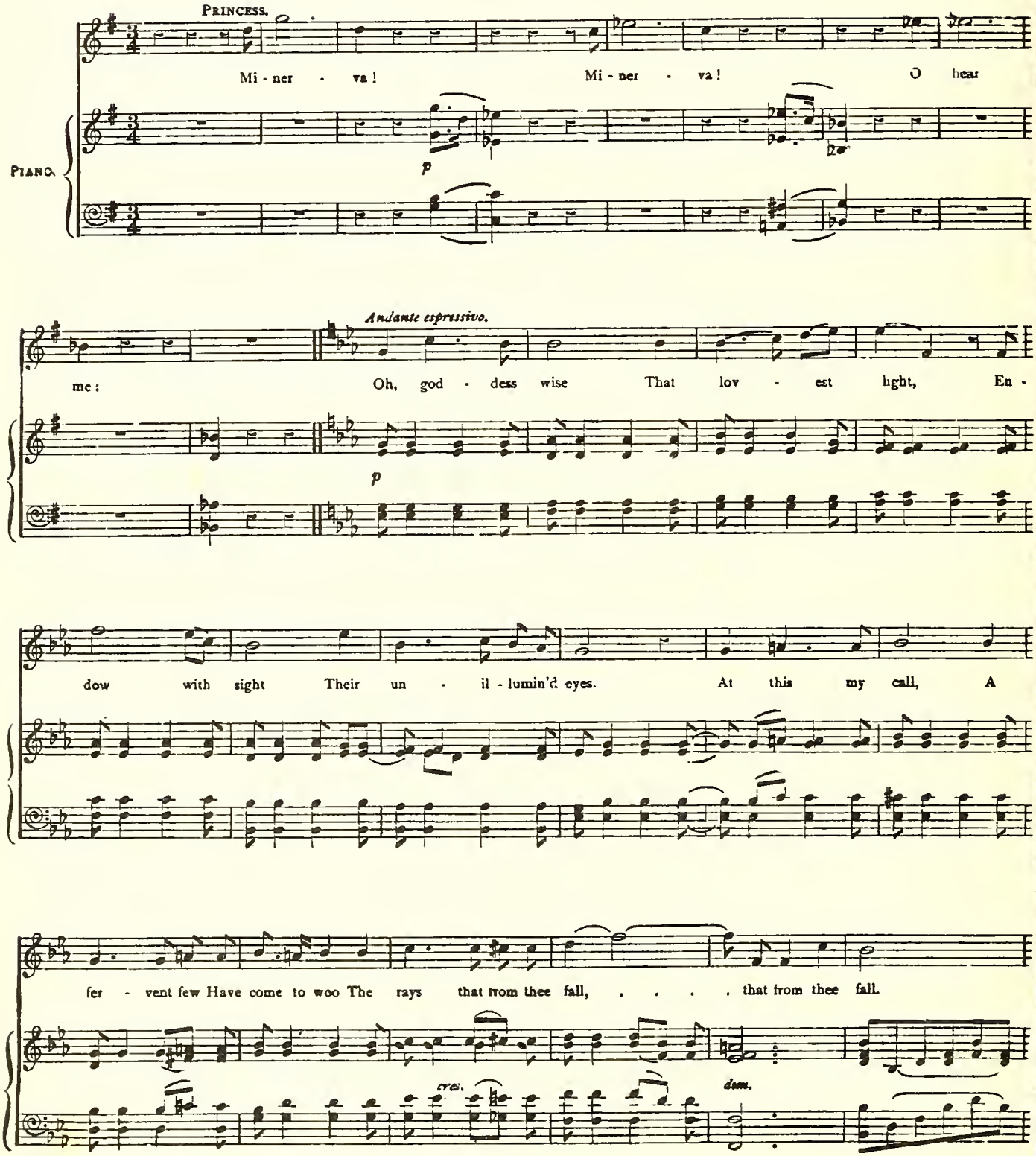


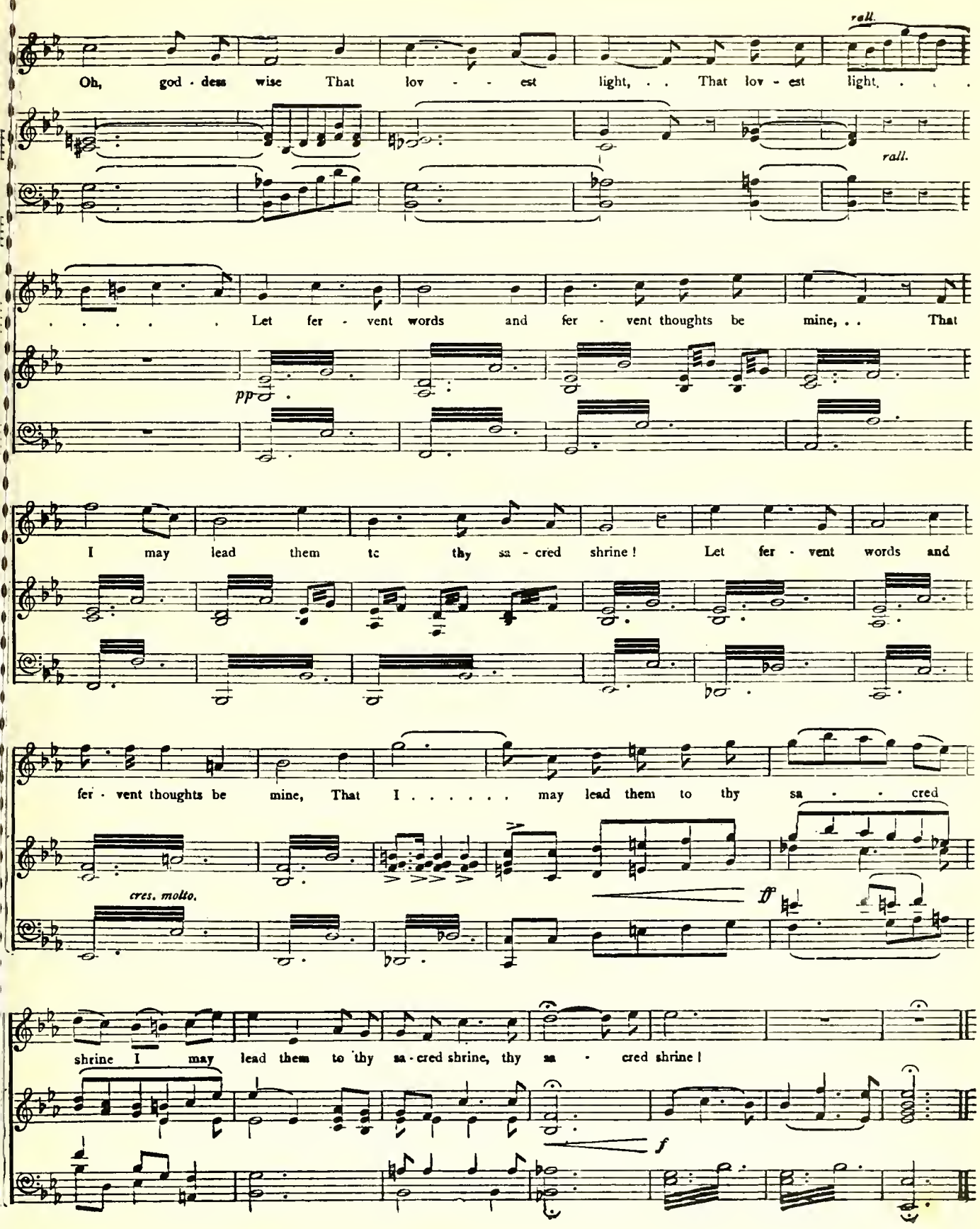
No. 9. CHORUS OF GIRLS.



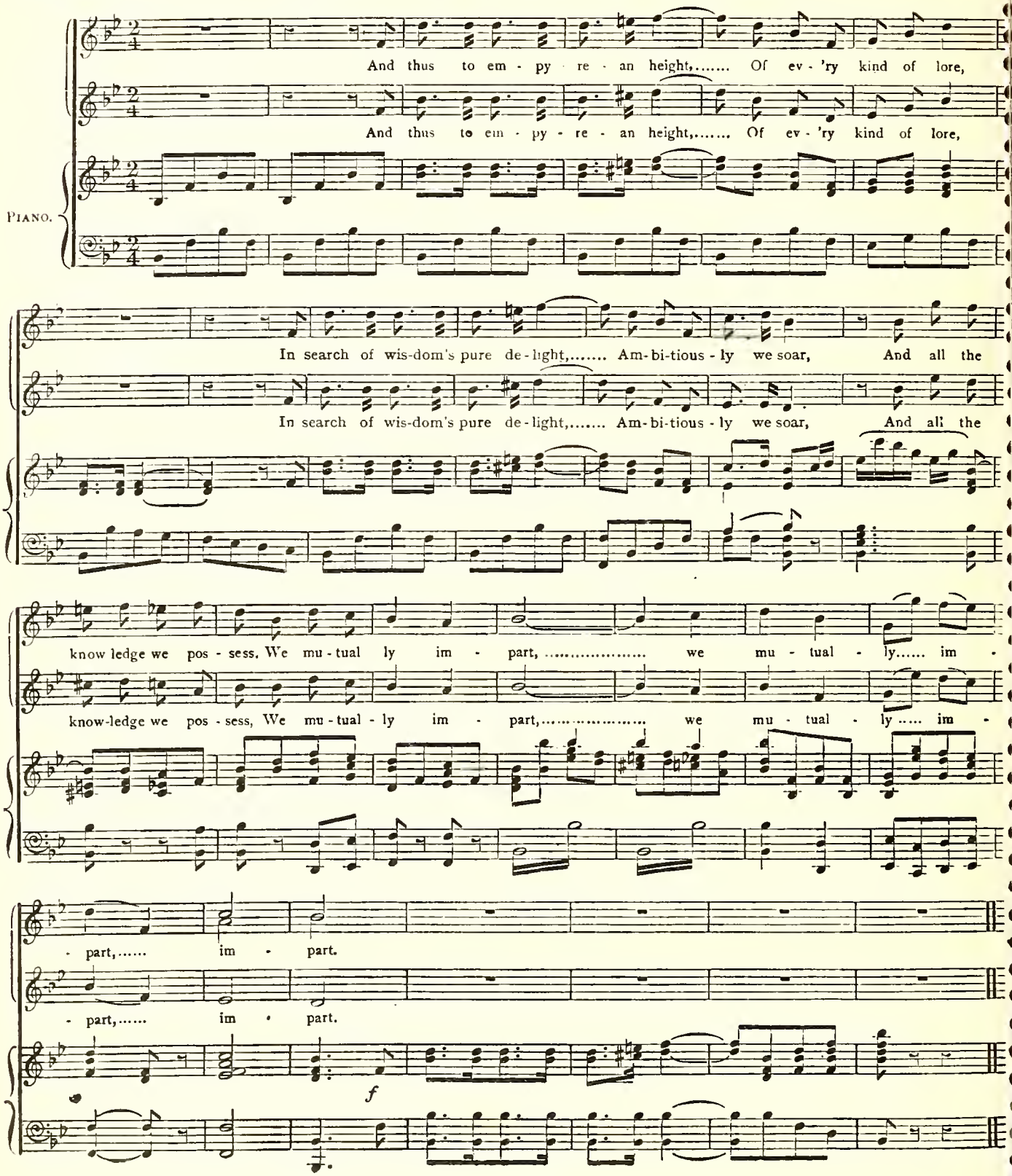

Running fount of e - ru - di - tion, Mi - ra - cle of e - lo - quence, We are
Running fount of e - ru - di - tion, Mi - ra - cle of e - lo - quence, We are blind, and we would see;
fp
bound, and would be free; We are dumb, and we would talk; We are lame, and we would walk.
We are dumb, and we would talk; We are lame, and we would walk.
fp
Migh - ty mai - den with a mis - sion—Pa - ra - gon of com - mon sense; Run - ning fount of e - ru - di - tion—
Migh - ty mai - den with a mis - sion—Pa - ra - gon of com - mon sense; Run - ning fount of e - ru - di - tion—
tremolo.
p
8va bassa.
Mi - ra - cle of e - lo - quence, of e - lo - quence!
Mi - ra - cle of e - lo - quence, of e - lo - quence!

No. 10. RECITATIVE & ARIA.—(Princess.)

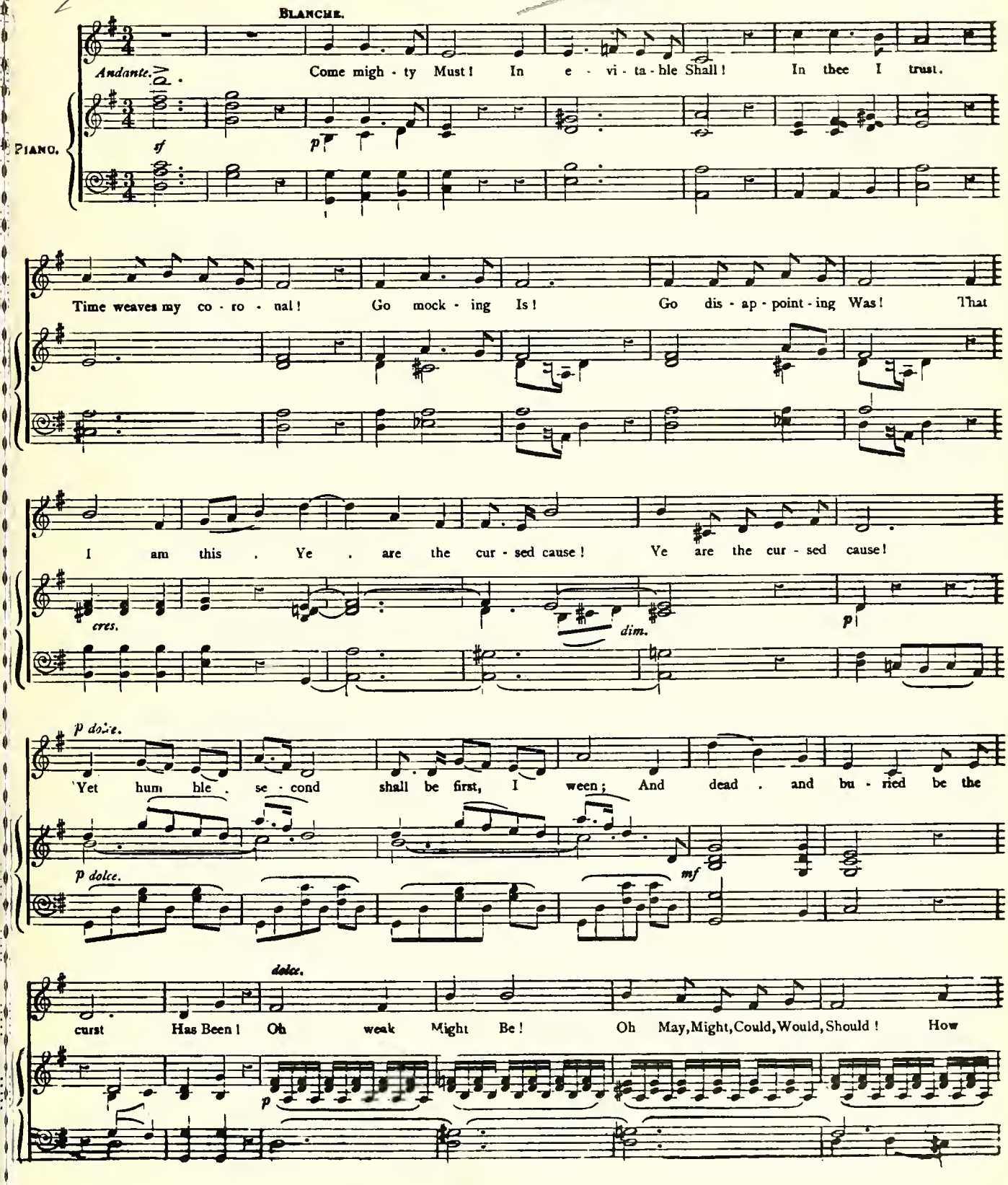


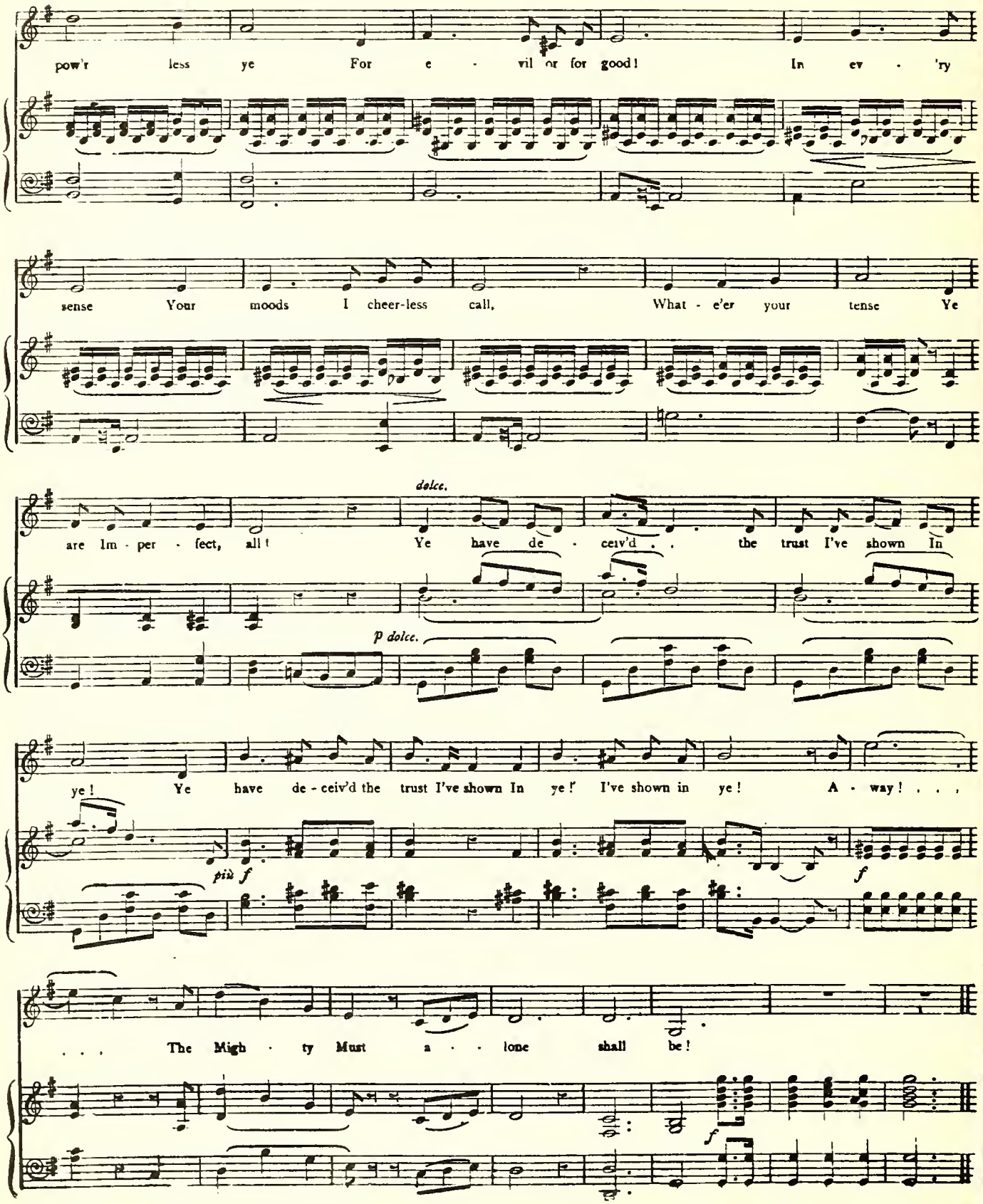

rall.
Oh, god - dess wise That lov - - est light, . . That lov - est light, ...
rall.
. . . . . Let fer - vent words and fer - vent thoughts be mine, . . That
pp
I may lead them tc thy sa - cred shrine ! Let fer - vent words and
fer - vent thoughts be mine, That I . . . . . may lead them to thy sa - - cred
cres. molto.
ff
shrine I may lead them to thy sa - cred shrine, thy sa - cred shrine !
f

No. 10a. EXEUNT FOR PRINCESS IDA AND GIRLS.

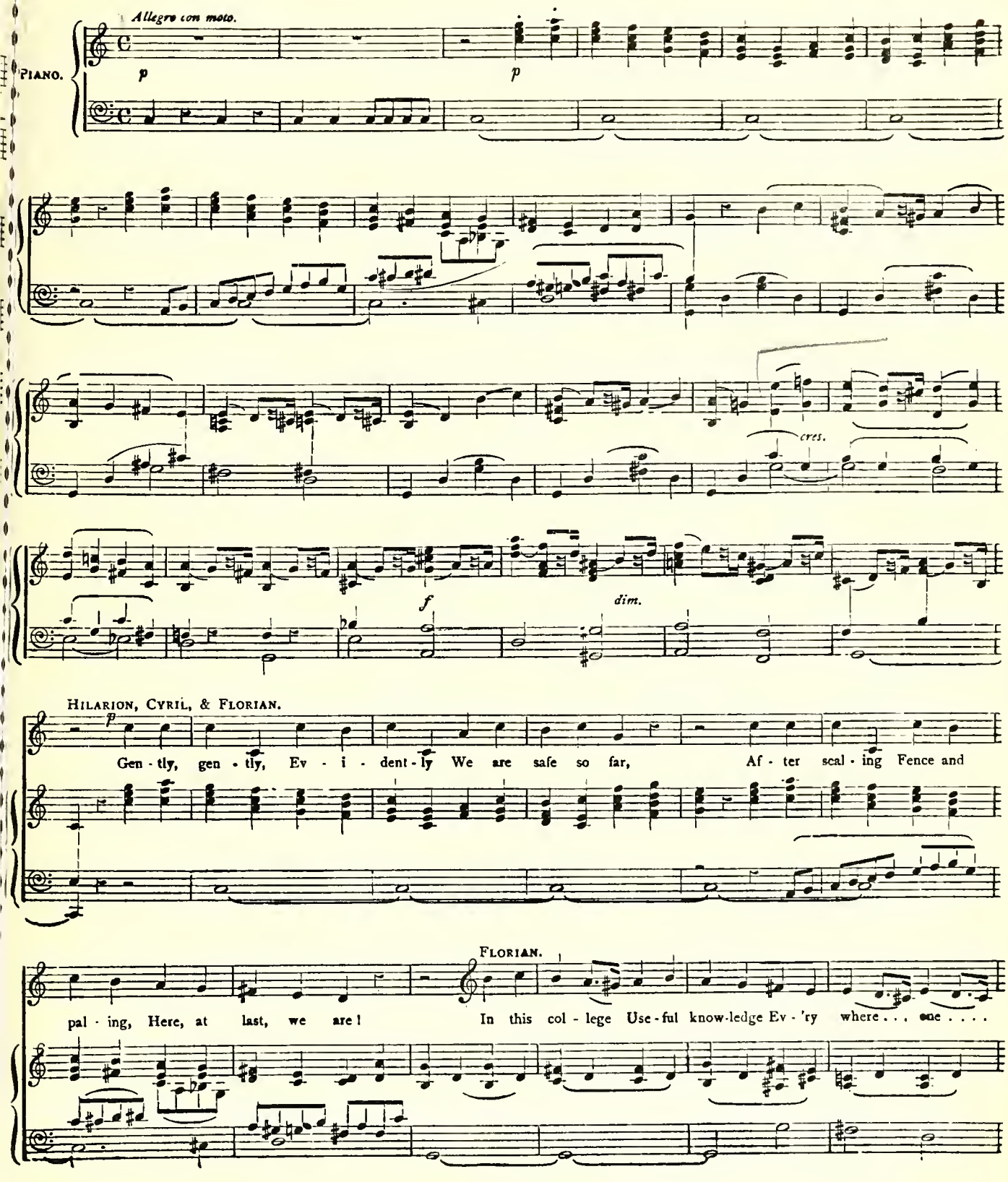


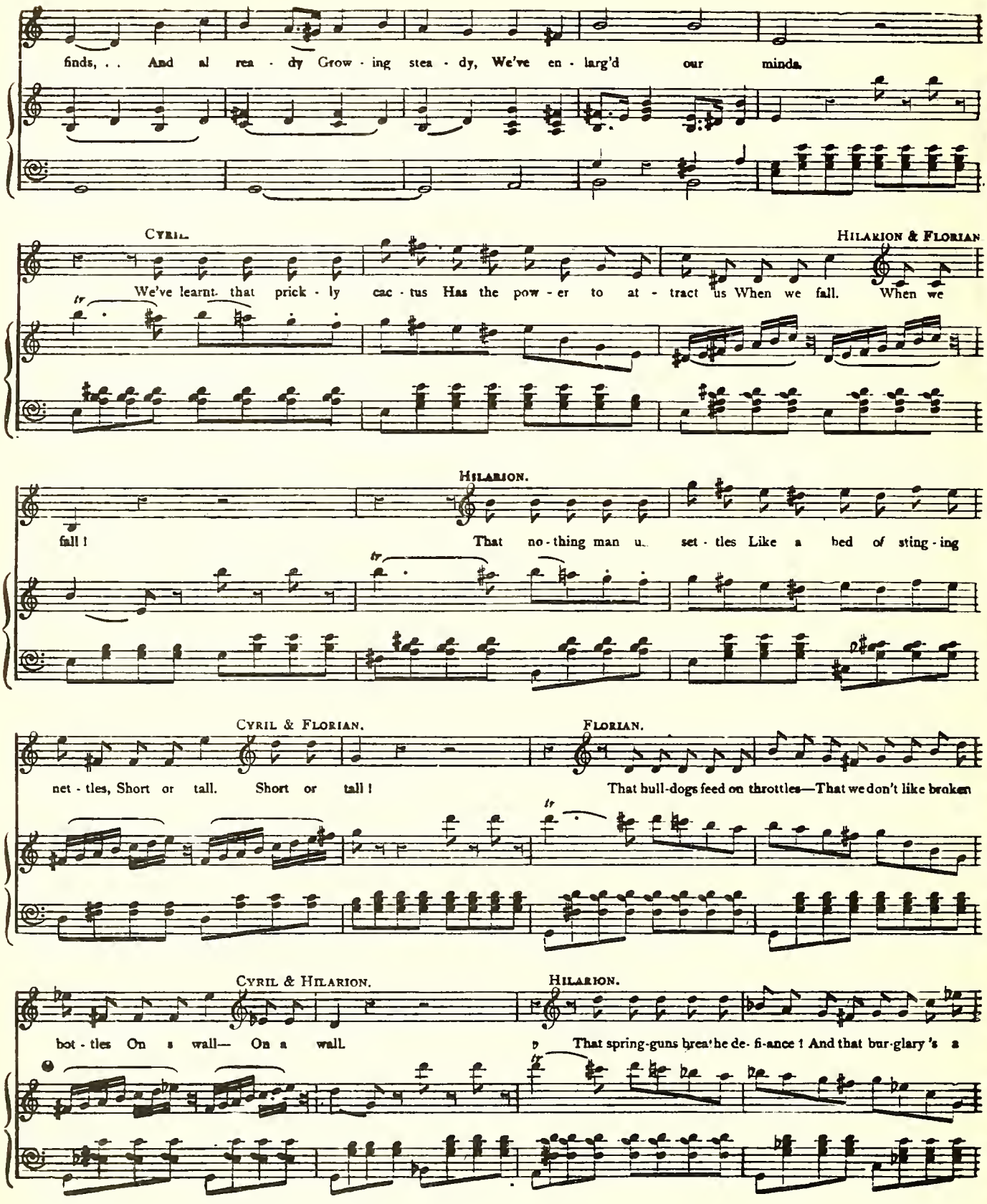
No. 11. SONG.—(Blanche.)

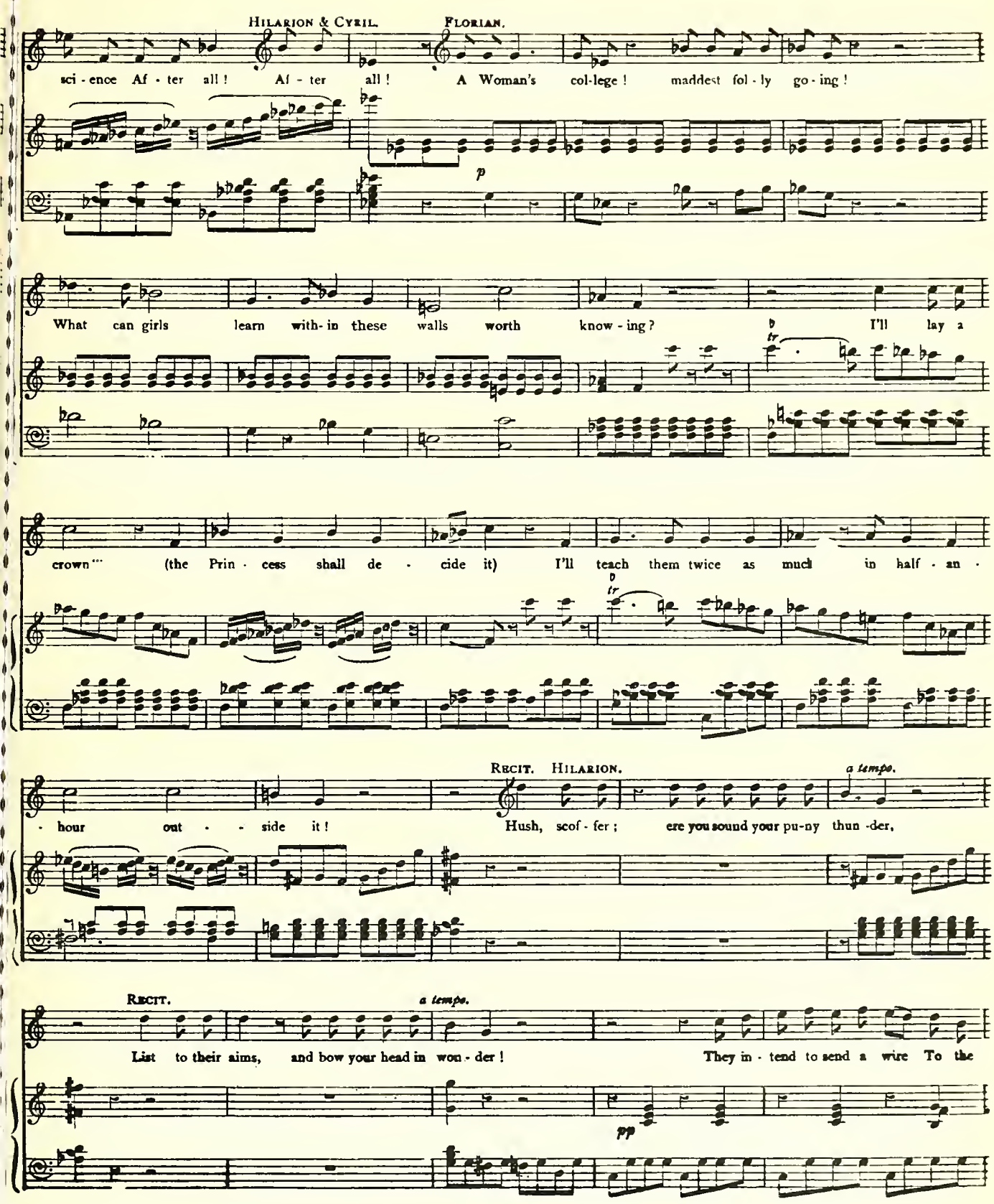


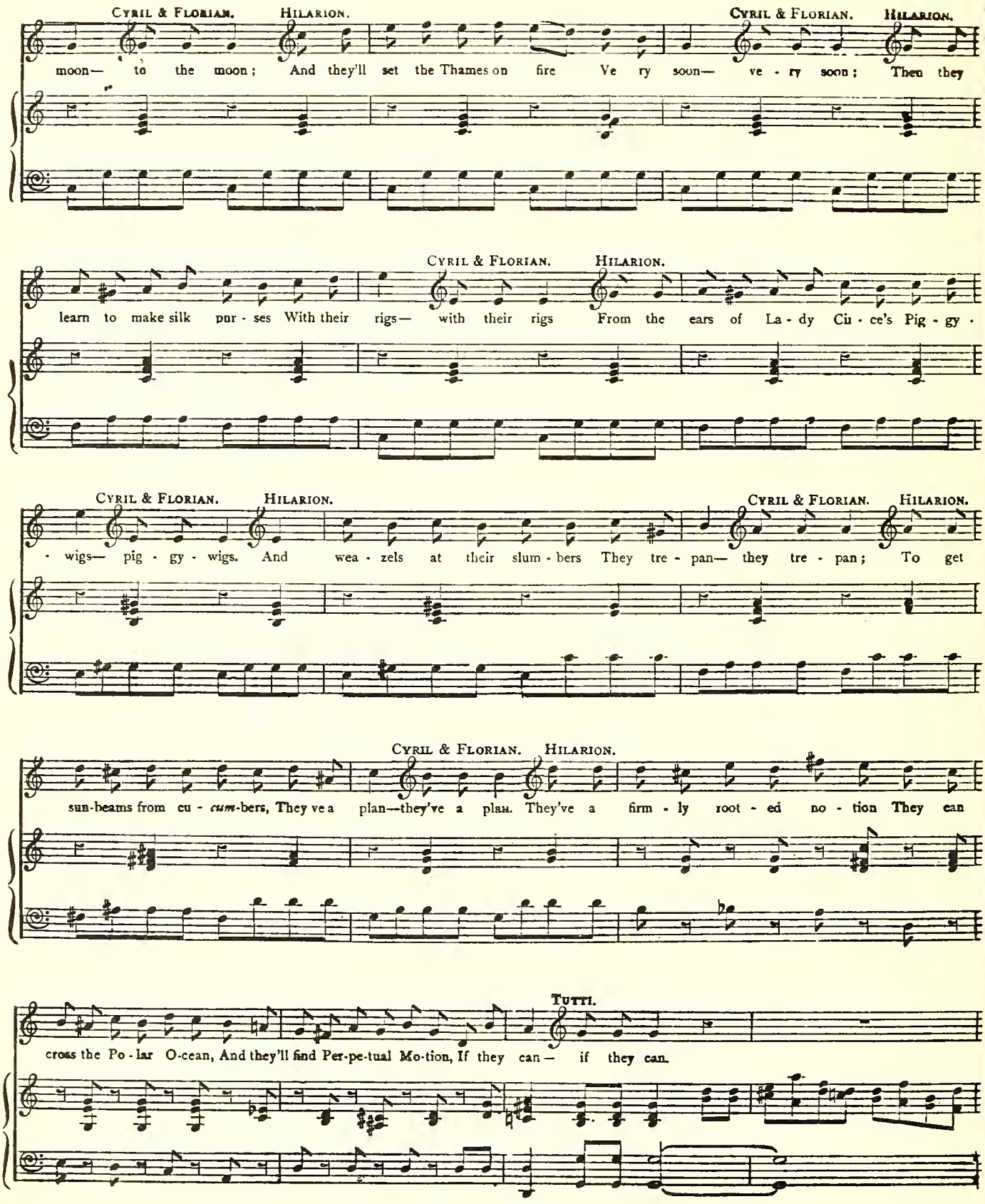

pow'r less ye For e - vil or for good! In ev - 'ry
sense Your moods I cheer-less call, What - e'er your tense Ye
dolce.
are Im - per - fect, all! Ye have de - ceiv'd . the trust I've shown In
p dolce.
ye! Ye have de - ceiv'd the trust I've shown In ye! I've shown in ye! A - way! . . .
più f
f
. . . The Migh - ty Must a - lone shall be!
f

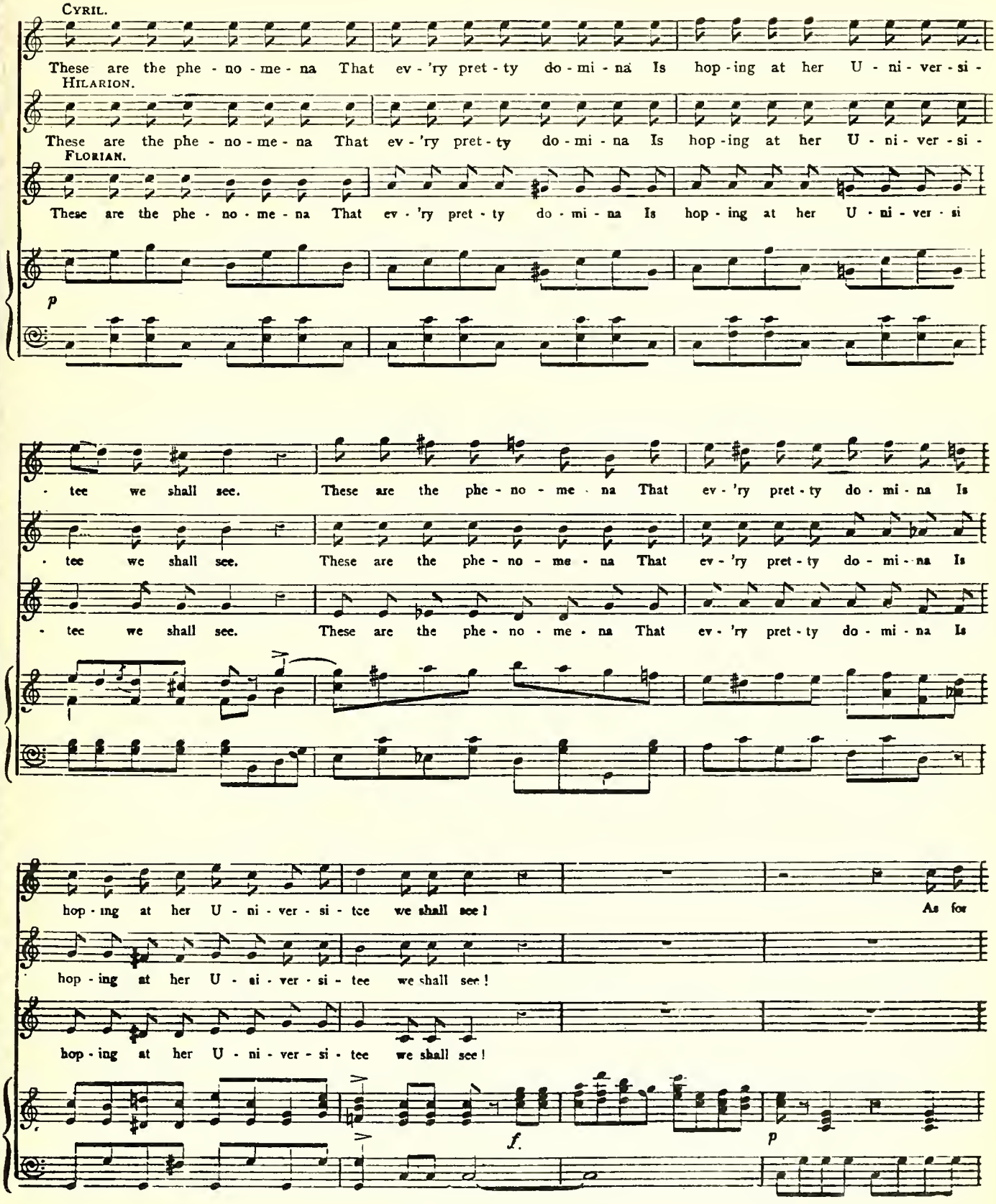
No. 12. TRIO—(Cyril, Hilarion, & Florian).

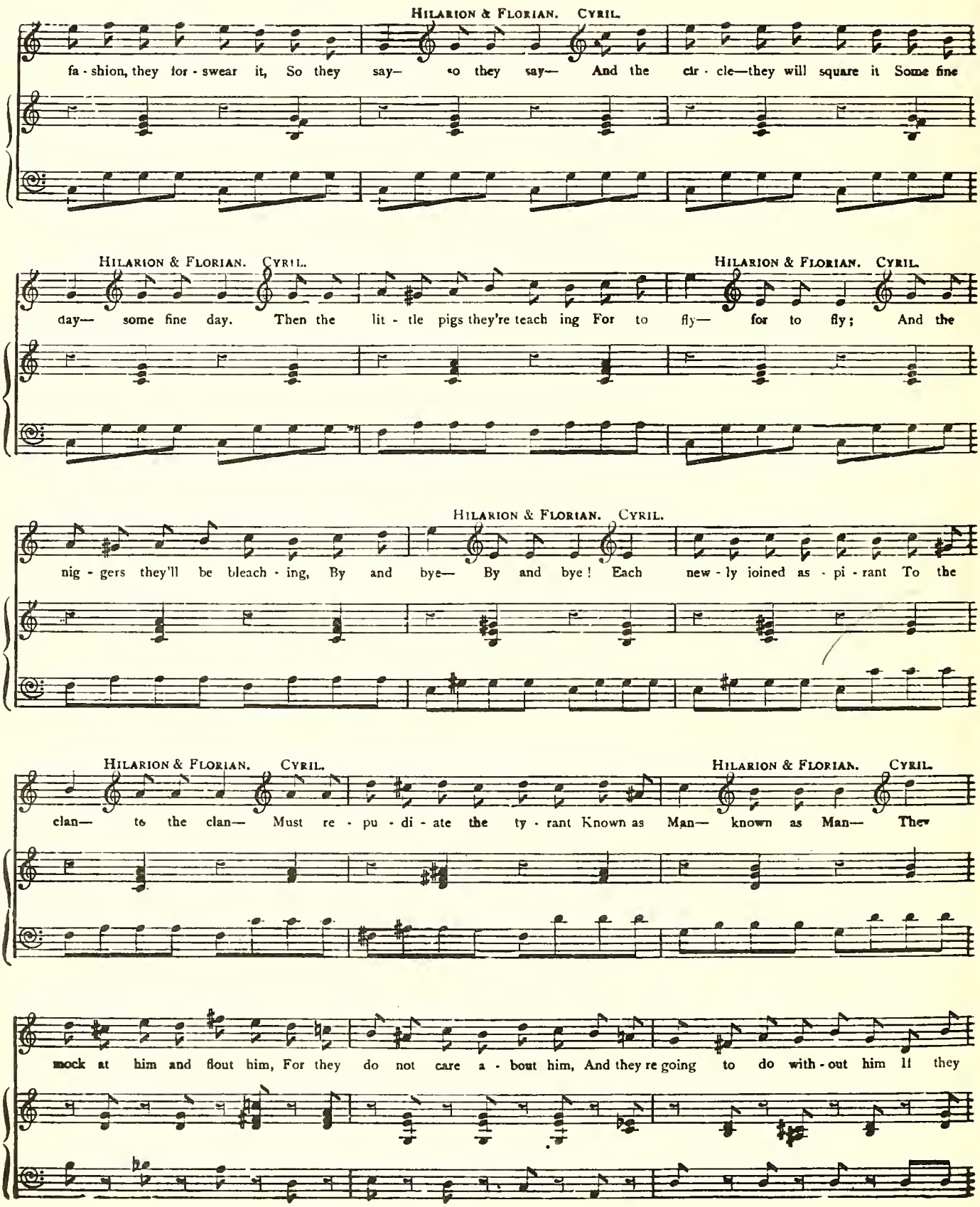


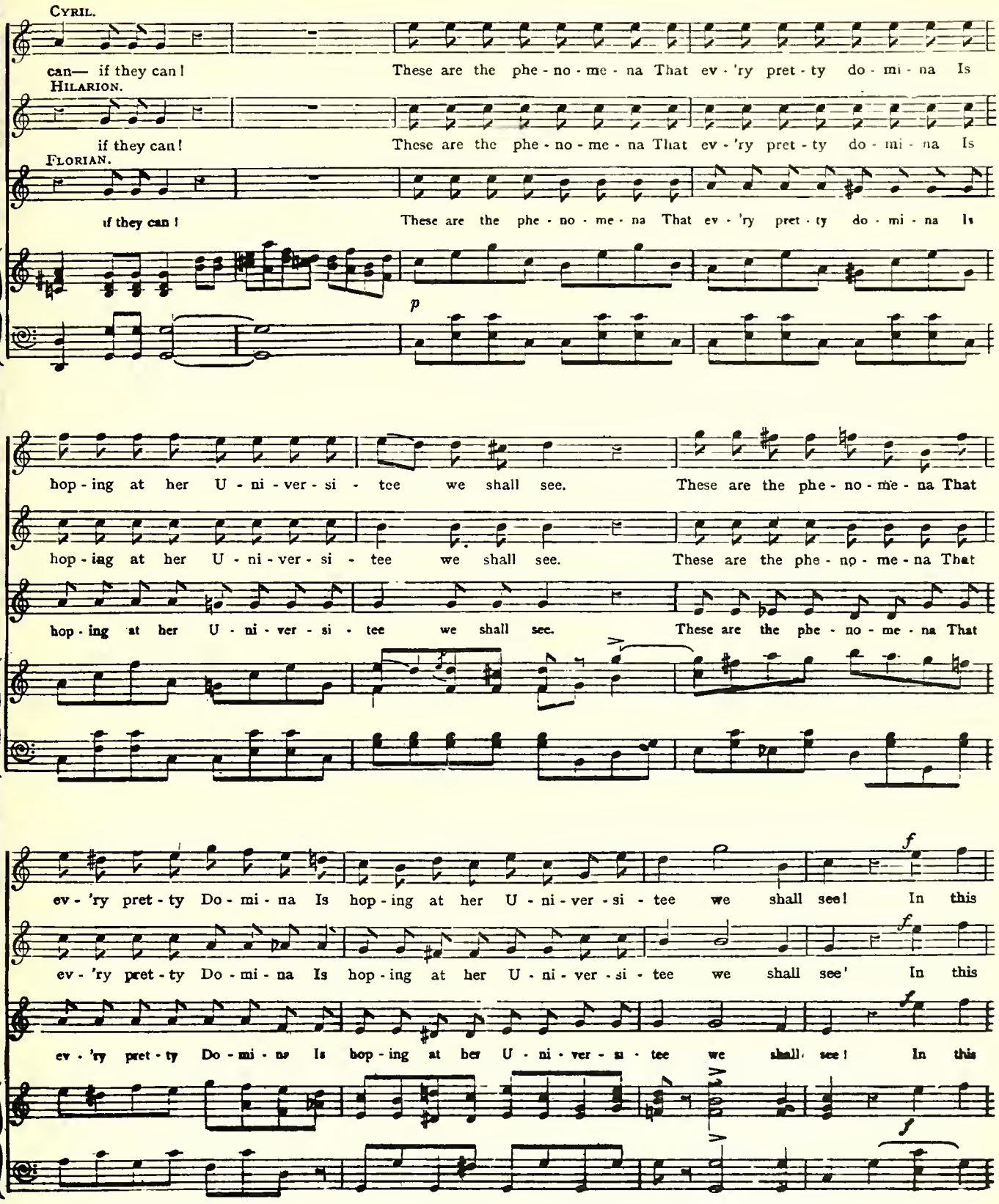

finds, . . And al rea - dy Grow - ing stea - dy, We've en - larg'd our minds.
CYRIL.
We've learnt that prick - ly cac - tus Has the pow - er to at - tract us When we fall.
HILARION & FLORIAN
When we
HILARION.
fall! That no - thing man u- set - tles Like a bed of sting - ing
CYRIL & FLORIAN.
net - tles, Short or tall. Short or tall!
FLORIAN.
That bull-dogs feed on throttles—That we don't like broken
CYRIL & HILARION.
bot - tles On a wall— On a wall.
HILARION.
That spring-guns breathe de- fi-ance! And that bur-glary's a

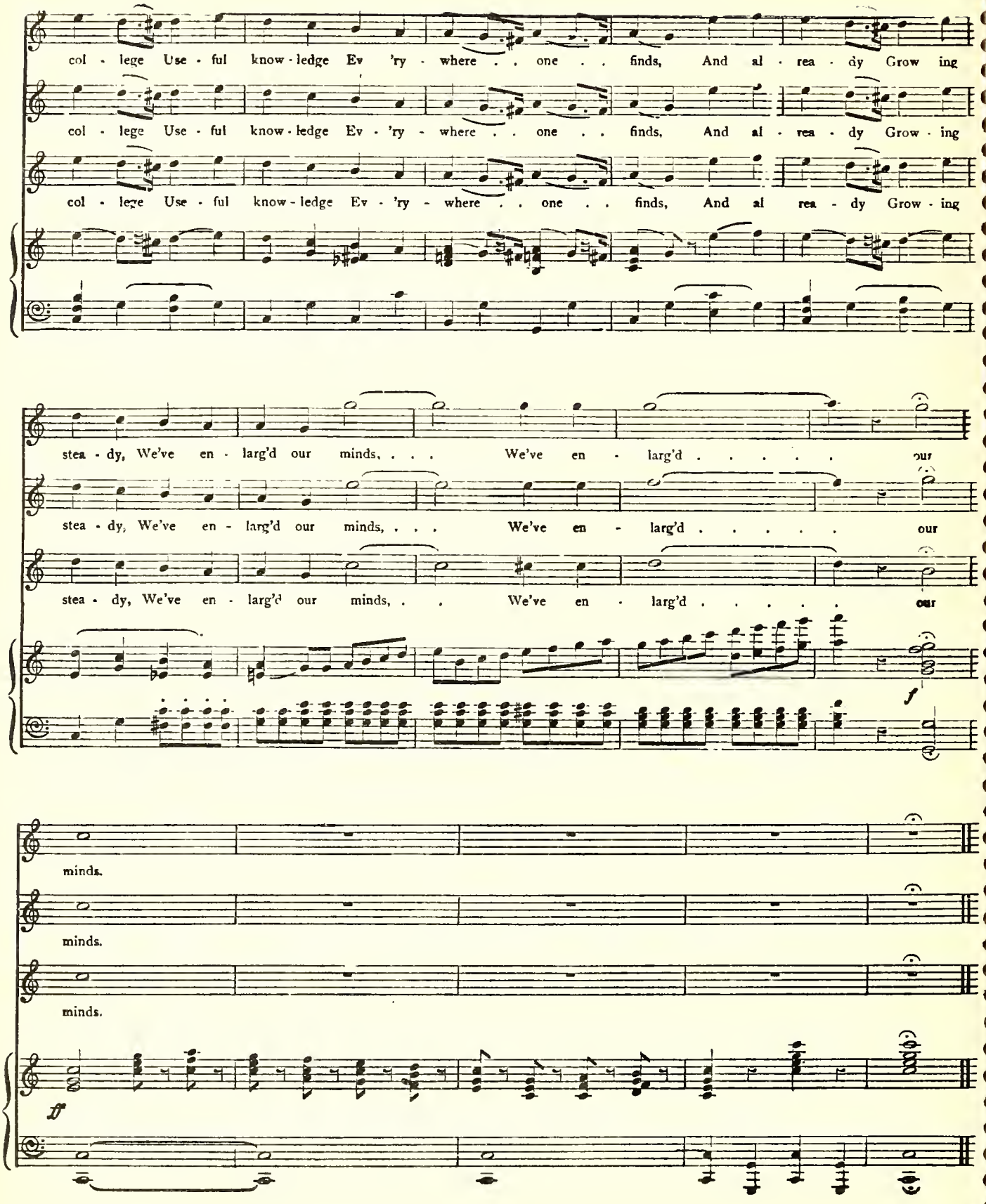

HILARION & CYRIL.
FLORIAN.
sci - ence Af - ter all! Af - ter all! A Woman's col-lege! maddest fol - ly go - ing!
p
What can girls learn with- in these walls worth know - ing? I'll lay a
crown''' (the Prin - cess shall de - cide it) I'll teach them twice as much in half - an -
RECIT. HILARION.
a tempo.
- hour out - - side it! Hush, scof - fer; ere you sound your pu-ny thun -der,
RECIT.
a tempo.
List to their aims, and bow your head in won - der! They in - tend to send a wire To the
pp


CYRIL & FLORIAN.
HILARION.
moon— to the moon; And they'll set the Thames on fire Ve ry soon— ve - ry soon; Then they
CYRIL & FLORIAN.
HILARION.
learn to make silk pur - ses With their rigs— with their rigs From the ears of La - dy Ci - ce's Pig - gy -
CYRIL & FLORIAN.
HILARION.
- wigs— pig - gy - wigs. And wea - zels at their slum - bers They tre - pan— they tre - pan; To get
CYRIL & FLORIAN.
HILARION.
sun-beams from cu - cum-bers, They've a plan—they've a plan. They've a firm - ly root - ed no - tion They can
TUTTI.
cross the Po - lar O-cean, And they'll find Per-pe-tual Mo-tion, If they can— if they can.

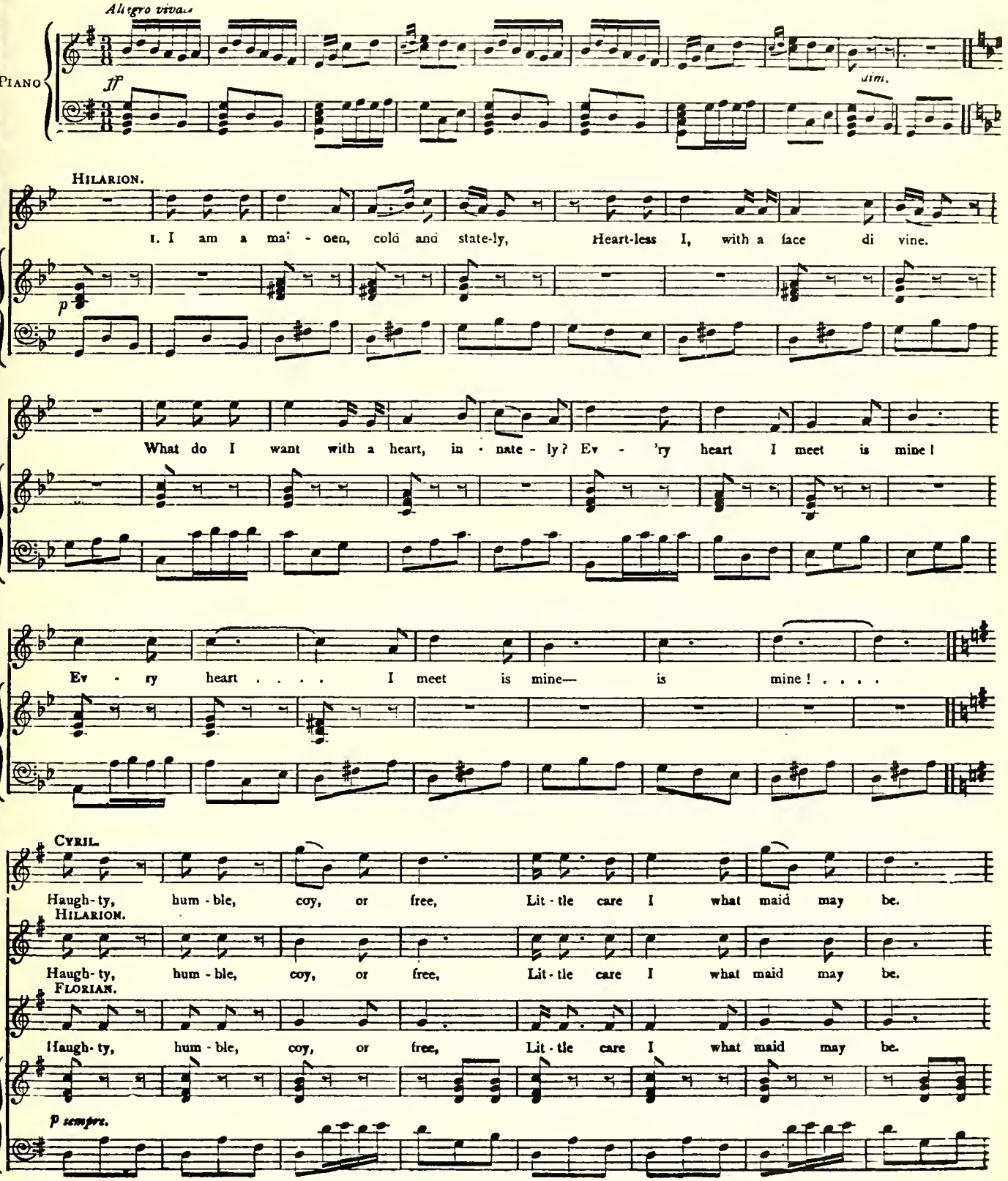

Cyril.
These are the phe - no - me - na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si -
Hilarion.
These are the phe - no - me - na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si -
Florian.
These are the phe - no - me - na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si
p
- tee we shall see. These are the phe - no - me - na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is
- tee we shall see. These are the phe - no - me - na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is
- tee we shall see. These are the phe - no - me - na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is
hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see! As for
hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see!
hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see!
f.
p

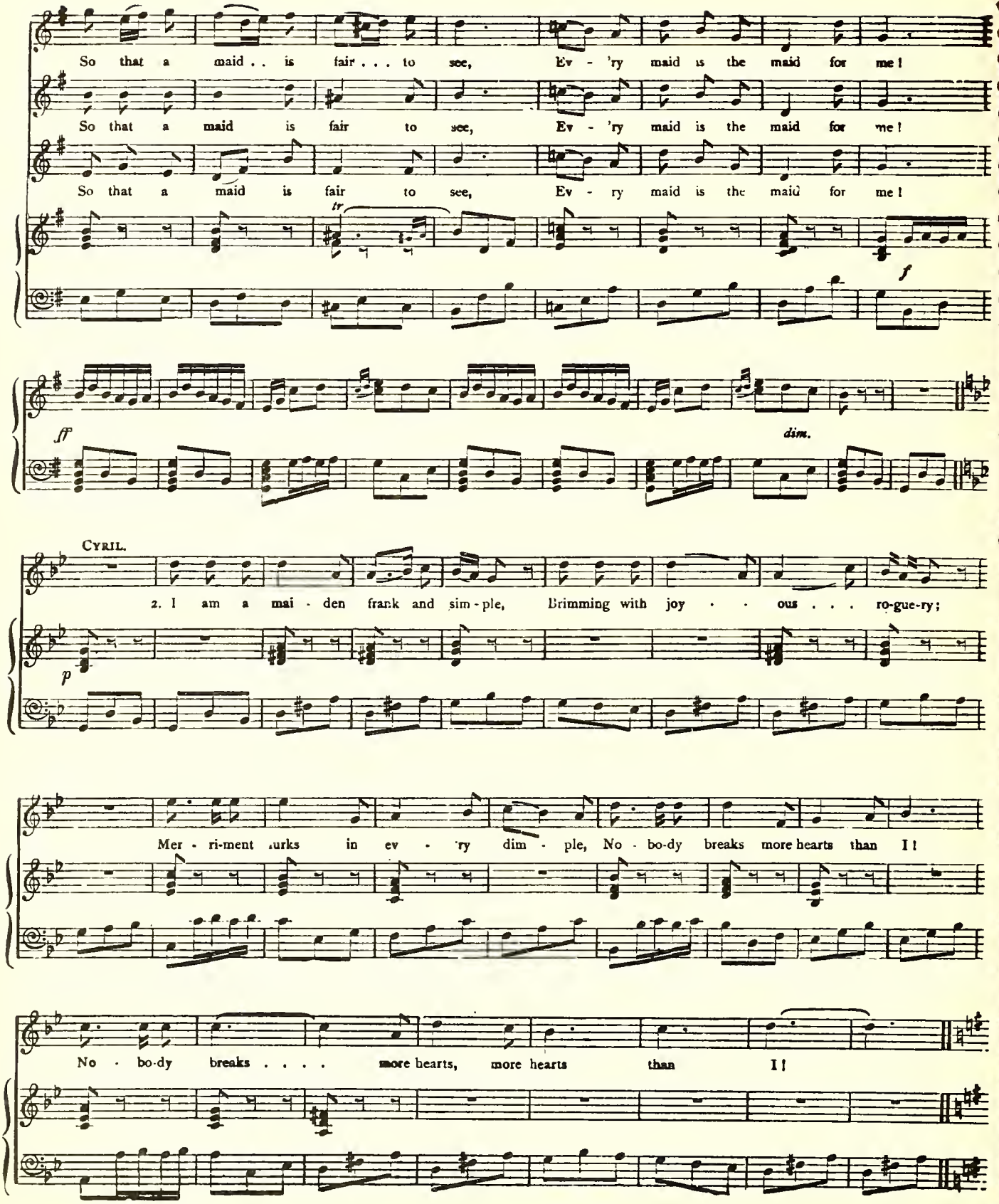

HILARION & FLORIAN. CYRIL.
fa - shion, they for - swear it, So they say— so they say— And the cir - cle—they will square it Some fine
HILARION & FLORIAN. CYRIL.
day— some fine day. Then the lit - tle pigs they're teach ing For to fly— for to fly; And the
HILARION & FLORIAN. CYRIL.
nig - gers they'll be bleach - ing, By and bye— By and bye! Each new - ly ioined as - pi - rant To the
HILARION & FLORIAN. CYRIL.
clan— to the clan— Must re - pu - di - ate the ty - rant Known as Man— known as Man— They
mock at him and flout him, For they do not care a - bout him, And they re going to do with - out him If they

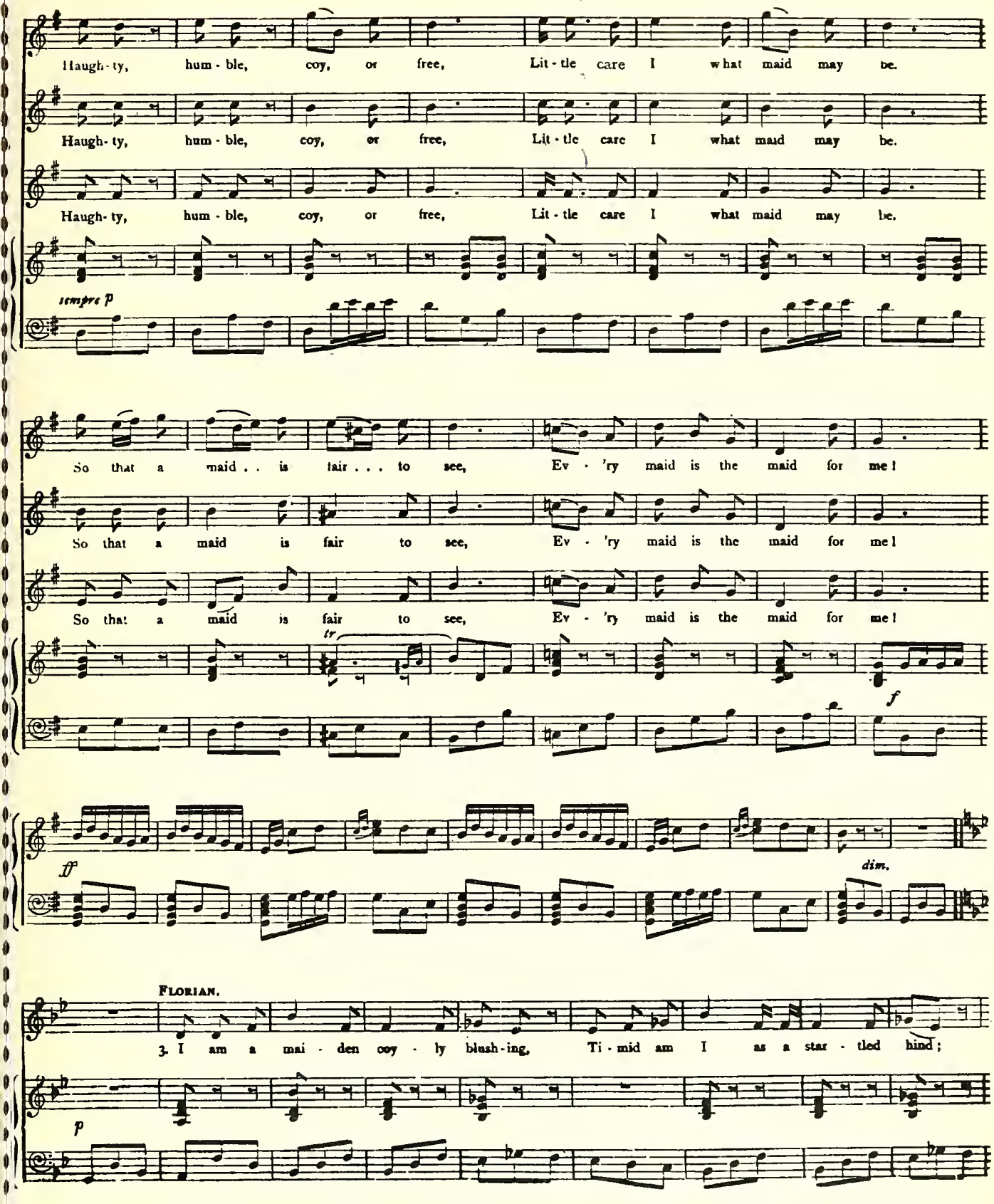

CYRIL.
can— if they can!
These are the phe - no - me - na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is
HILARION.
if they can!
These are the phe - no - me - na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is
FLORIAN.
if they can!
These are the phe - no - me - na That ev - 'ry pret - ty do - mi - na Is
p
hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see. These are the phe - no - me - na That
hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see. These are the phe - no - me - na That
hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see. These are the phe - no - me - na That
ev - 'ry pret - ty Do - mi - na Is hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see! In this
f
ev - 'ry pret - ty Do - mi - na Is hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see! In this
ev - 'ry pret - ty Do - mi - na Is hop - ing at her U - ni - ver - si - tee we shall see! In this
f

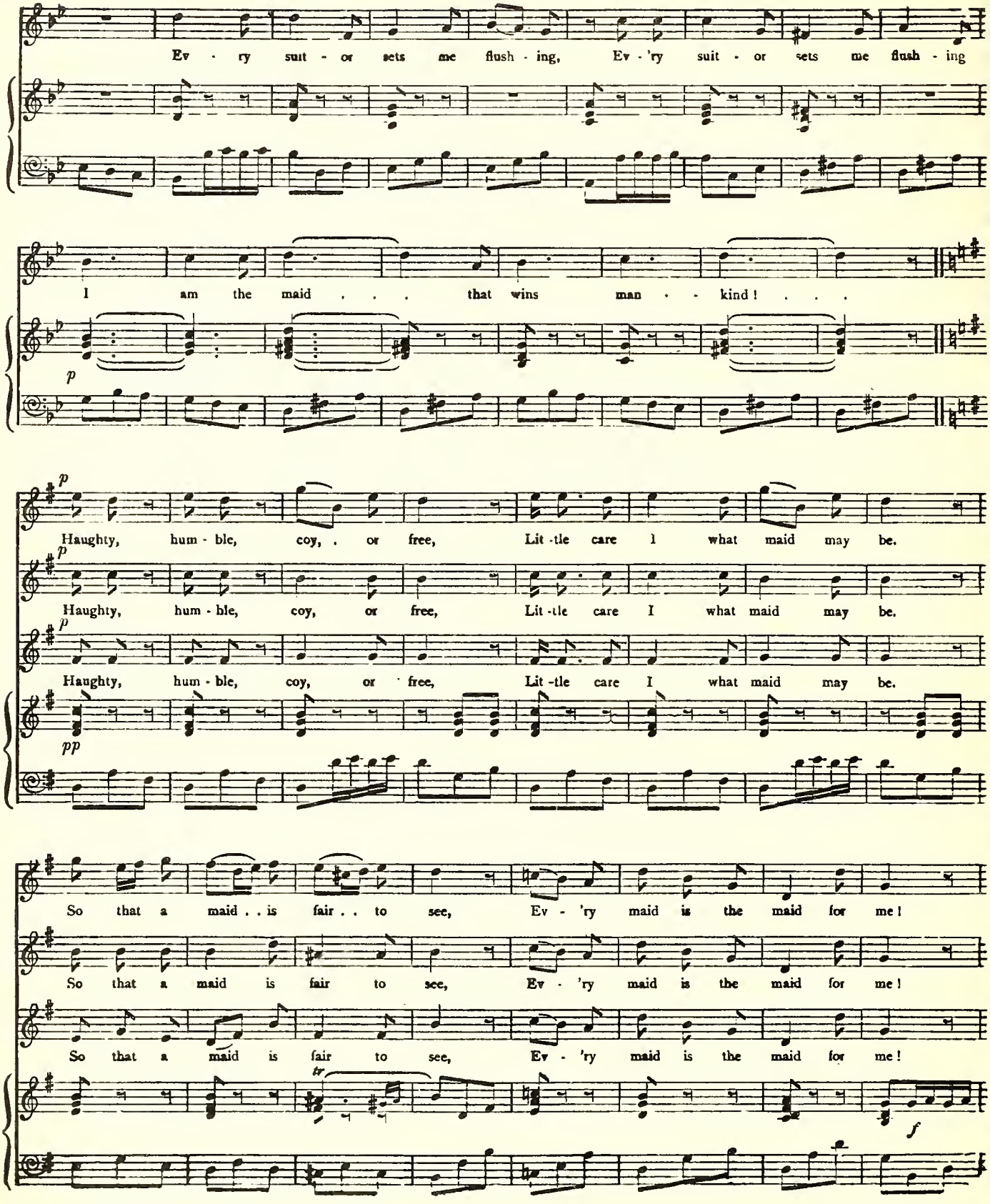

col - lege Use - ful know - ledge Ev 'ry - where . . one . . finds, And al - rea - dy Grow ing
col - lege Use - ful know - ledge Ev - 'ry - where . . one . . finds, And al - rea - dy Grow - ing
col - lege Use - ful know - ledge Ev - 'ry - where . . one . . finds, And al rea - dy Grow - ing
stea - dy, We've en - larg'd our minds, . . . We've en - larg'd . . . . . our
stea - dy, We've en - larg'd our minds, . . . We've en - larg'd . . . . . our
stea - dy, We've en - larg'd our minds, . . We've en - larg'd . . . . . our
f
minds.
minds.
minds.
ff

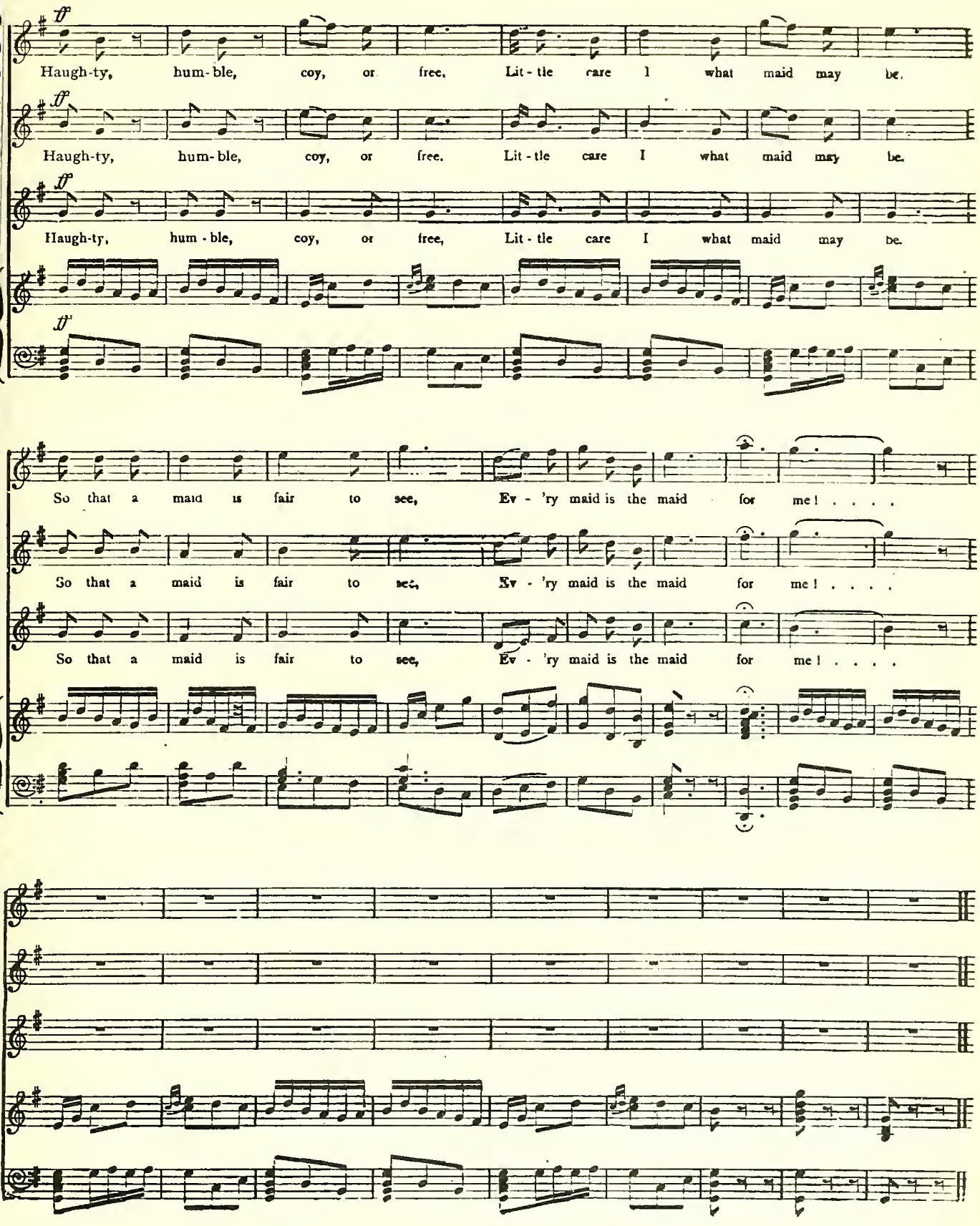
No. 13. TRIO.—(Cyril, Hilarion, & Florian.)



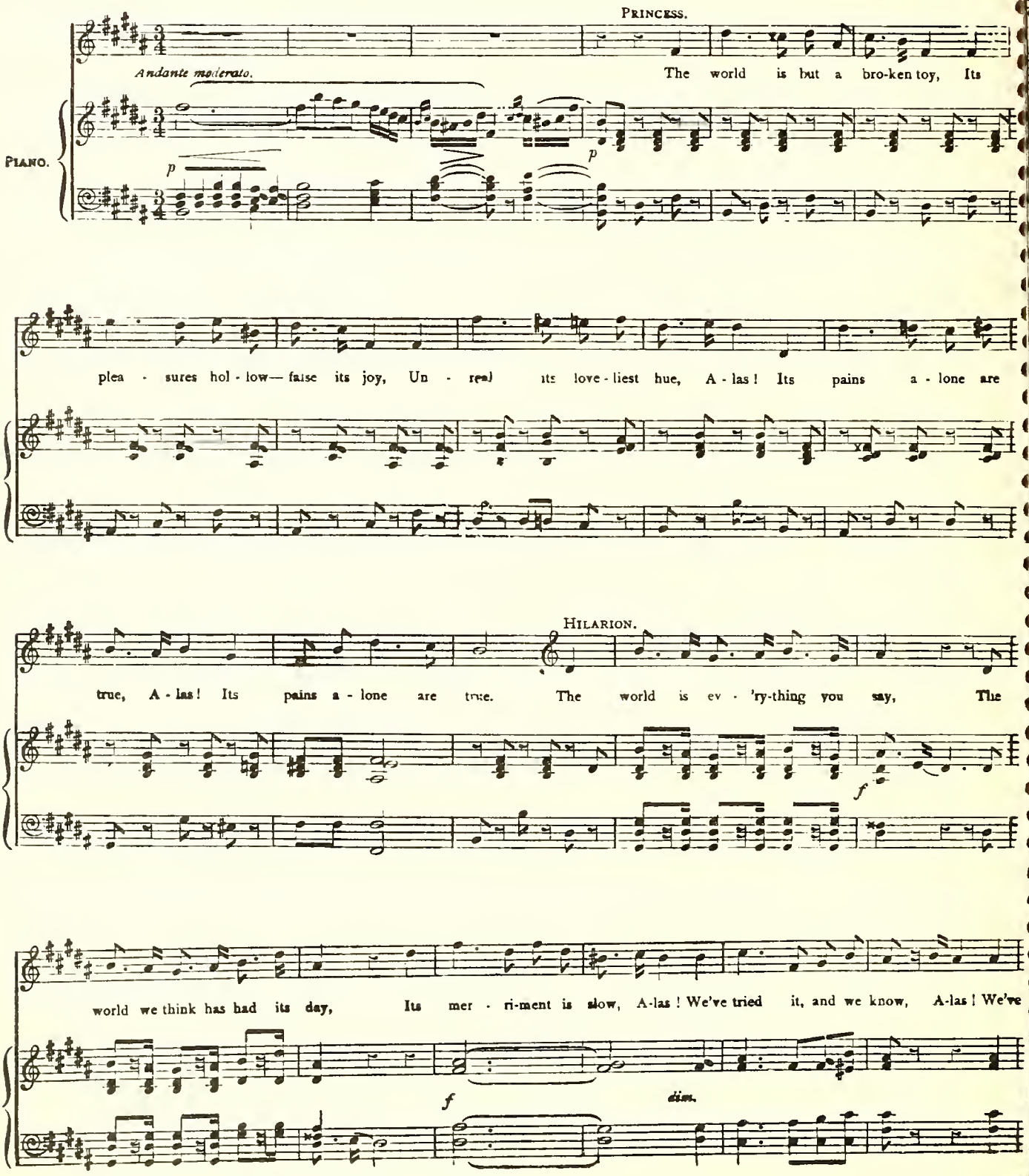

So that a maid . . is fair . . . to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the maid for me!
So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the maid for me!
So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - ry maid is the maid for me!
tr
f
ff
dim.
CYRIL.
2. I am a mai - den frank and sim - ple, Brimming with joy - - ous . . . ro-gue-ry;
p
Mer - ri-ment lurks in ev - 'ry dim - ple, No - bo-dy breaks more hearts than I!
No - bo-dy breaks . . . . more hearts, more hearts than I!

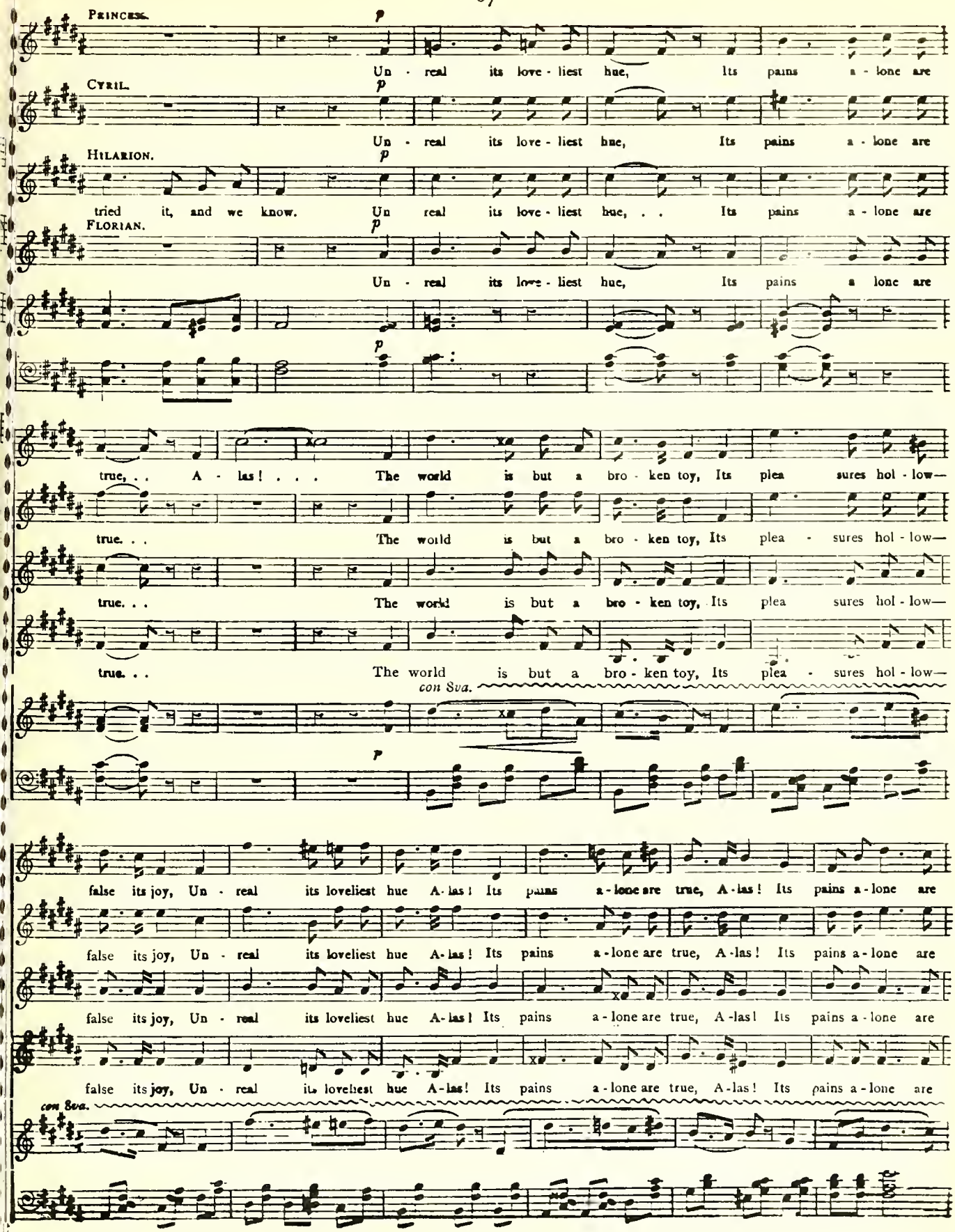

Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, or free, Lit-tle care I what maid may be.
Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, or free, Lit-tle care I what maid may be.
Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, or free, Lit-tle care I what maid may be.
sempre p
So that a maid . . is fair . . . to see, Ev-'ry maid is the maid for me!
So that a maid is fair to see, Ev-'ry maid is the maid for me!
So that a maid is fair to see, Ev-'ry maid is the maid for me!
tr
f
ff
dim.
FLORIAN.
3. I am a mai-den coy-ly blush-ing, Ti-mid am I as a star-tled hind;
p

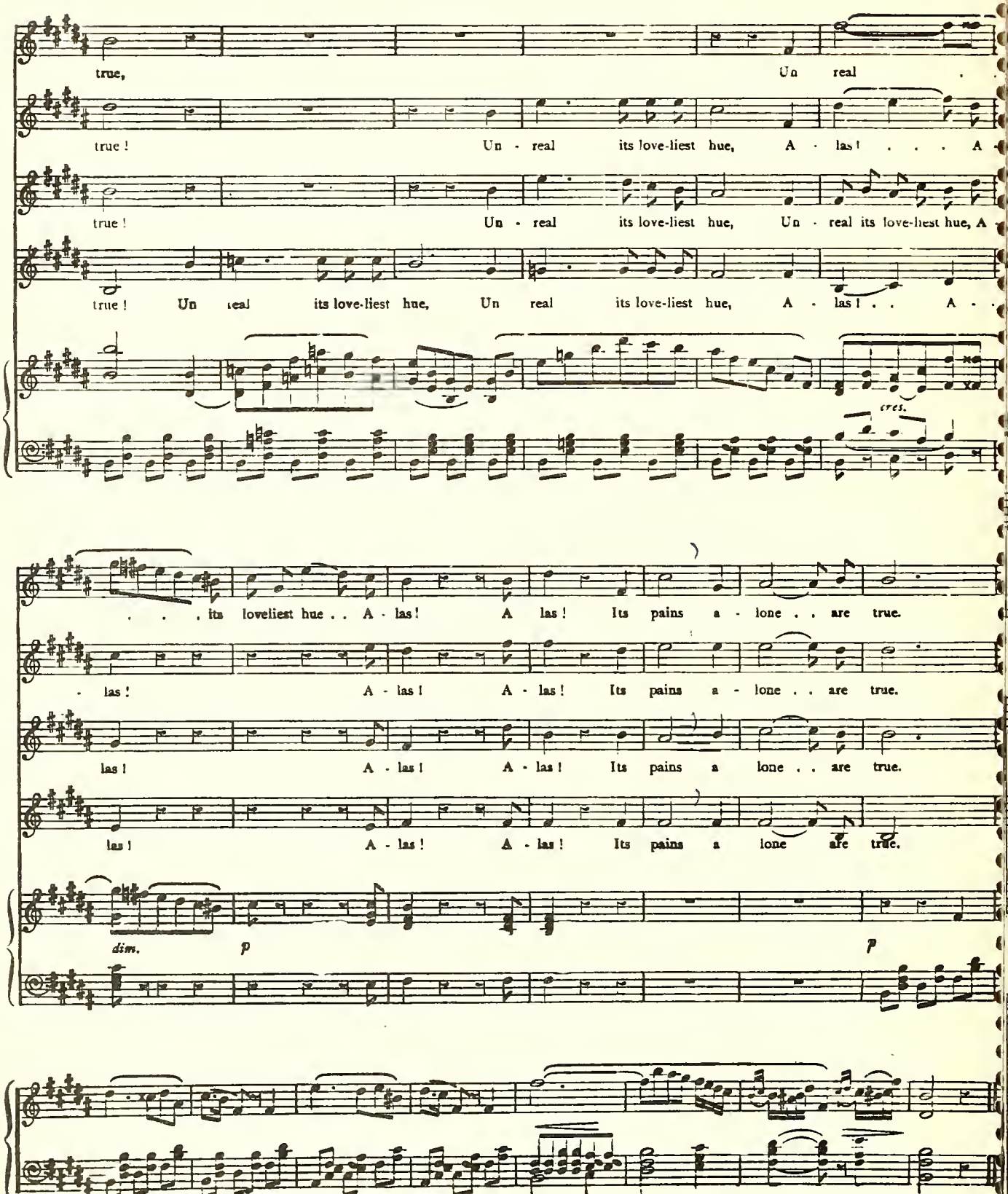

Ev - ry suit - or sets me flush - ing, Ev - 'ry suit - or sets me flush - ing
I am the maid . . . that wins man - - kind ! . . .
p
Haughty, hum - ble, coy, . or free, Lit - tle care I what maid may be.
Haughty, hum - ble, coy, or free, Lit - tle care I what maid may be.
Haughty, hum - ble, coy, or free, Lit - tle care I what maid may be.
pp
So that a maid . . is fair . . to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the maid for me !
So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the maid for me !
So that a maid is fair to see, Ev - 'ry maid is the maid for me !
tr
f


ff
Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, or free, Lit-tle care I what maid may be.
Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, or free. Lit-tle care I what maid may be.
Haugh-ty, hum-ble, coy, or free, Lit-tle care I what maid may be.
So that a maid is fair to see, Ev-'ry maid is the maid for me! . . . .
So that a maid is fair to see, Ev-'ry maid is the maid for me! . . . .
So that a maid is fair to see, Ev-'ry maid is the maid for me! . . . .

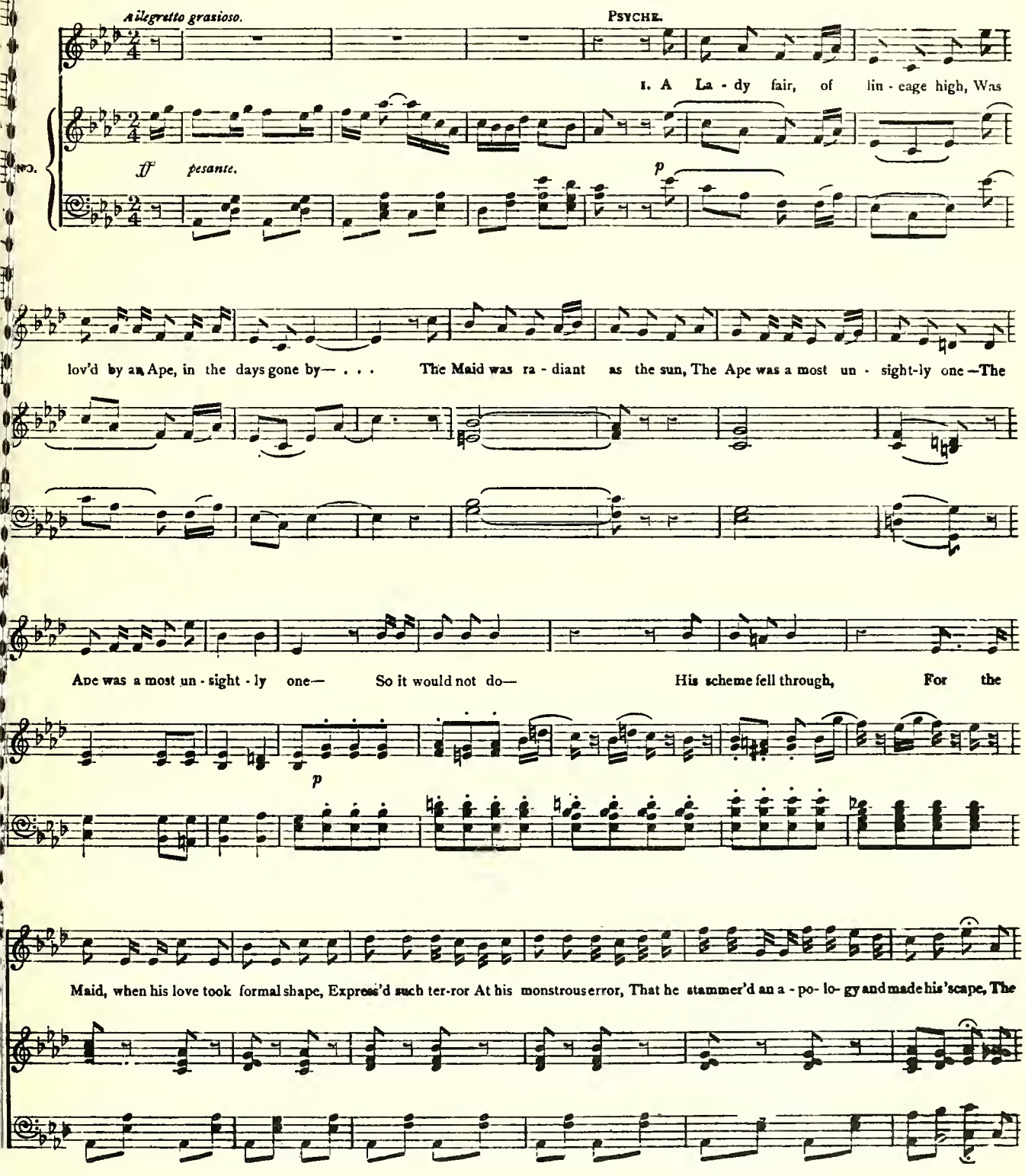
No. 14. QUARTET.—(Princess, Cyril, Hilarion, & Florian.)

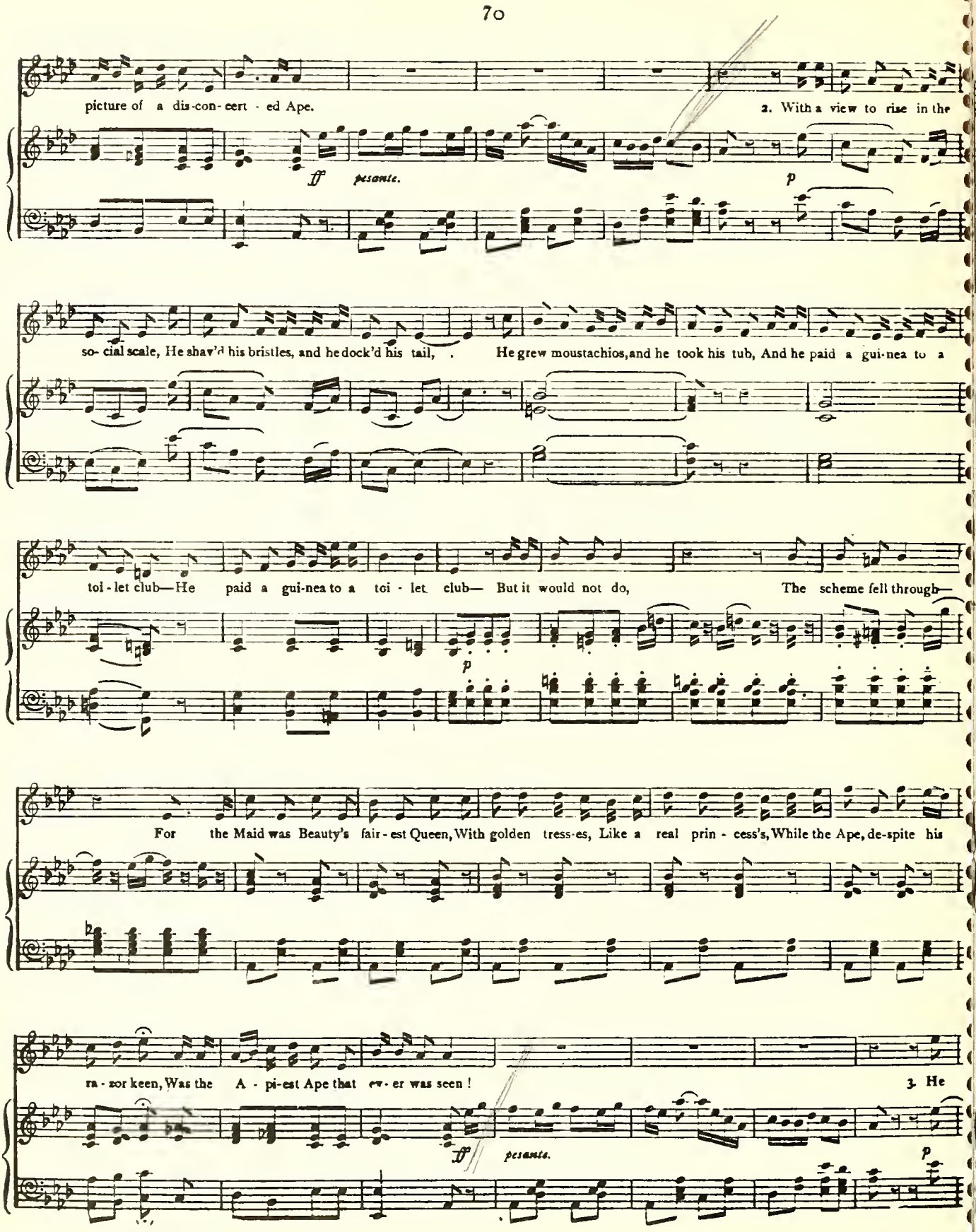


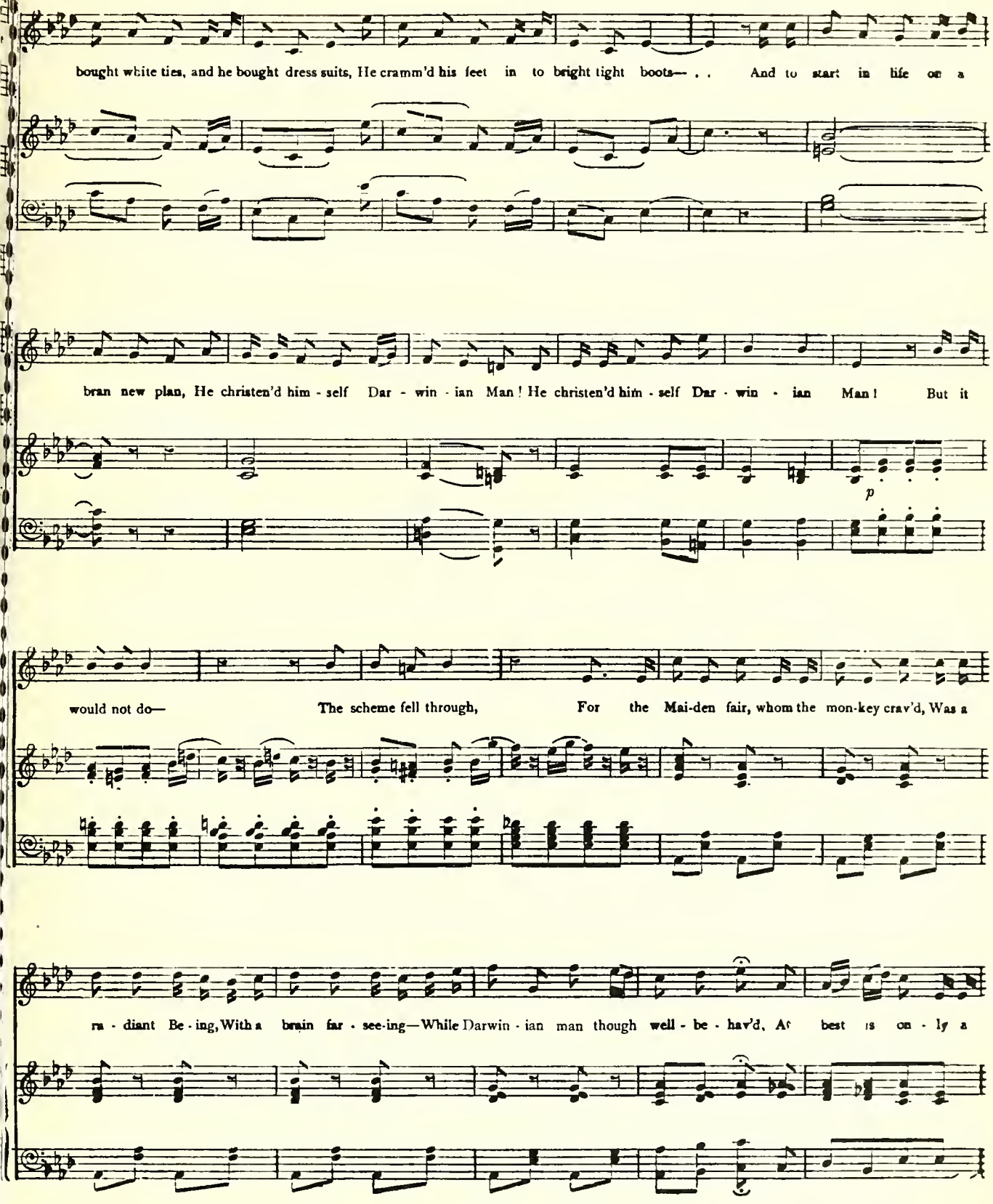

PRINCESS.
CYRIL.
HILARION.
FLORIAN.
p
Un - real its love - liest hue, Its pains a - lone are
tried it, and we know. Un real its love - liest hue, . . Its pains a - lone are
Un - real its love - liest hue, Its pains a lone are
true, . . A - las! . . . The world is but a bro - ken toy, Its plea sures hol - low—
true. . . The world is but a bro - ken toy, Its plea - sures hol - low—
true. . . The world is but a bro - ken toy, Its plea sures hol - low—
true. . . The world is but a bro - ken toy, Its plea - sures hol - low—
con 8va.
false its joy, Un - real its loveliest hue A-las! Its pains a-lone are true, A-las! Its pains a-lone are
false its joy, Un - real its loveliest hue A-las! Its pains a-lone are true, A-las! Its pains a-lone are
false its joy, Un - real its loveliest hue A-las! Its pains a-lone are true, A-las! Its pains a-lone are
false its joy, Un - real its loveliest hue A-las! Its pains a-lone are true, A-las! Its pains a-lone are
con 8va.

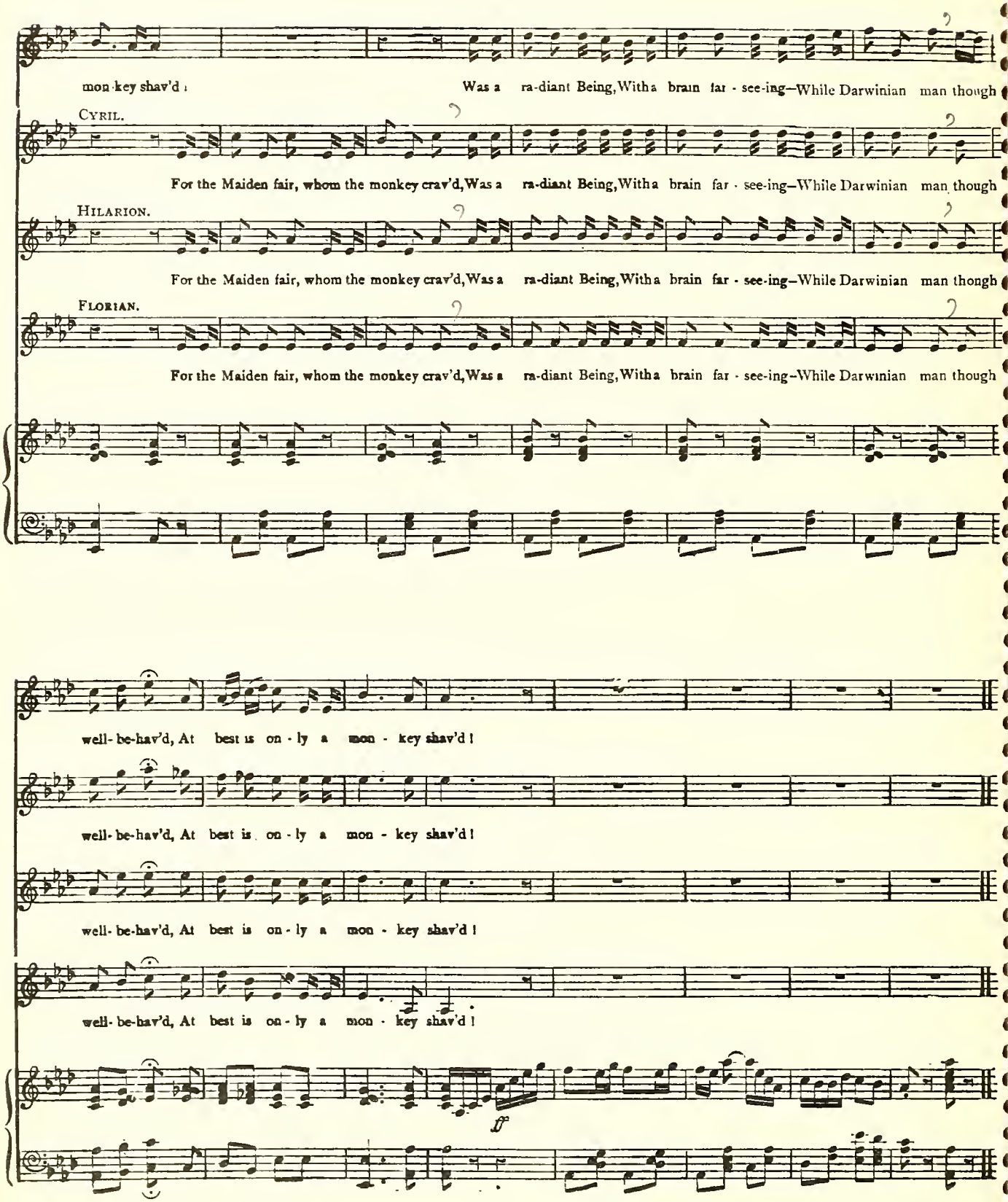

true,
Un real
true ! Un - real its love-liest hue, A - las ! . . . A
true ! Un - real its love-liest hue, Un - real its love-liest hue, A
true ! Un real its love-liest hue, Un real its love-liest hue, A - las ! . . A - .
cres.
. . . its loveliest hue . . A - las ! A las ! Its pains a - lone . . are true.
- las ! A - las ! A - las ! Its pains a - lone . . are true.
las ! A - las ! A - las ! Its pains a lone . . are true.
las ! A - las ! A - las ! Its pains a lone are true.
dim.
p
p

No. 15. SONG—(Lady Psyche, with Cyril, Hilarion, & Florian).

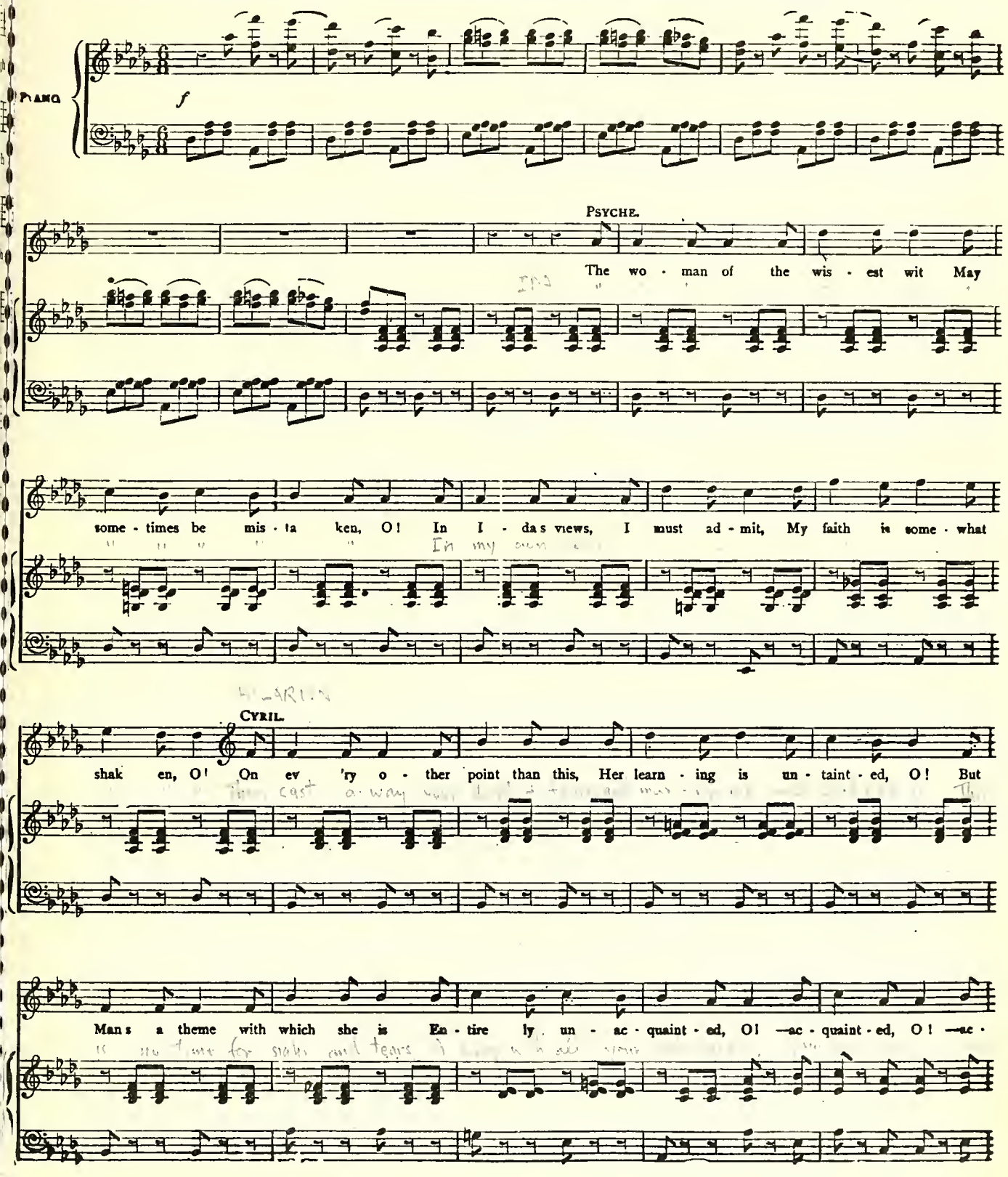


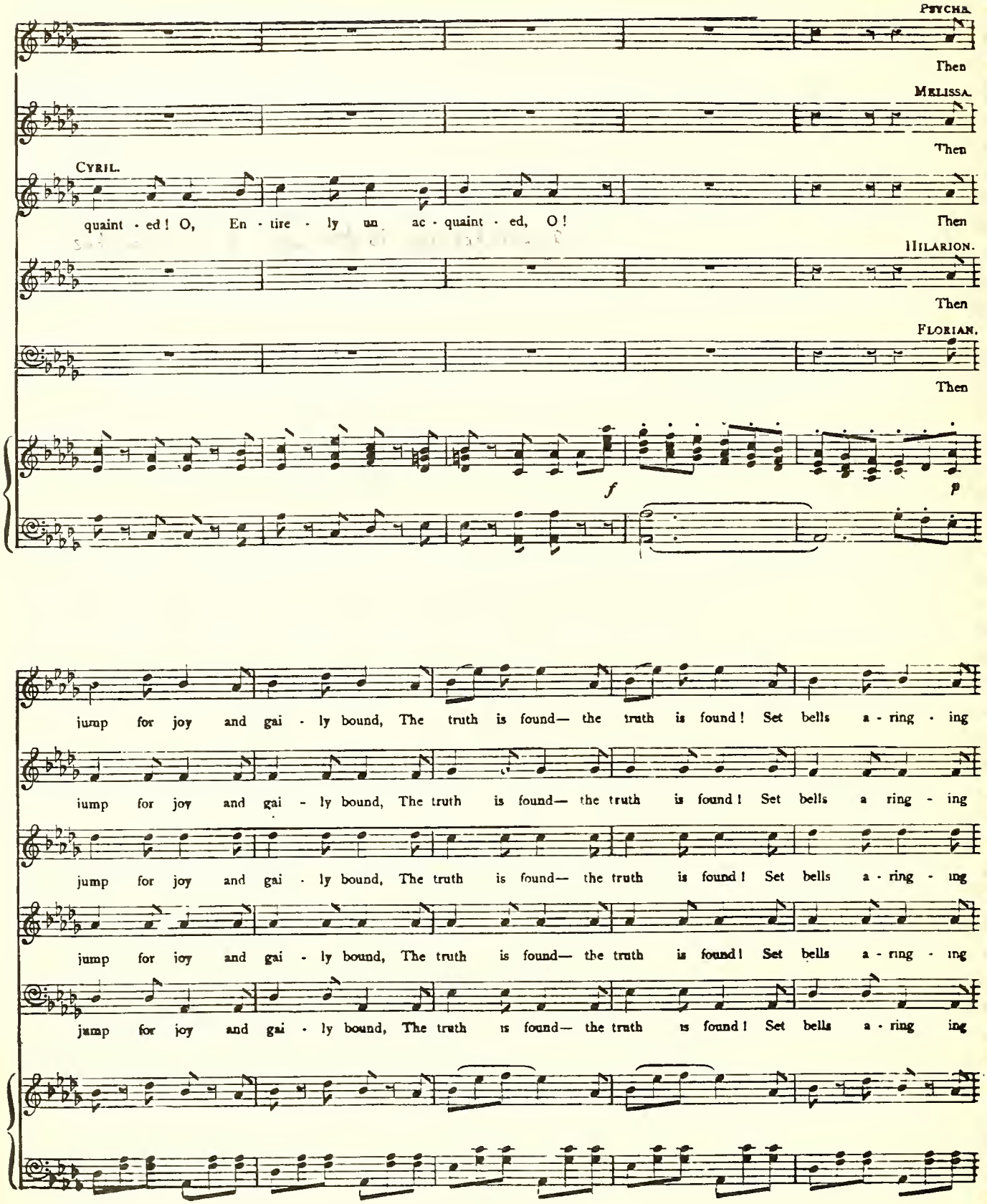

picture of a dis-con-cert-ed Ape.
2. With a view to rise in the
ff pesante.
p
so-cial scale, He shav'd his bristles, and he dock'd his tail, . He grew moustachios, and he took his tub, And he paid a gui-nea to a
toi-let club—He paid a gui-nea to a toi-let club— But it would not do, The scheme fell through—
p
For the Maid was Beauty's fair-est Queen, With golden tress-es, Like a real prin-cess's, While the Ape, de-spite his
ra-zor keen, Was the A-pi-est Ape that ev-er was seen !
3. He
ff pesante.
p

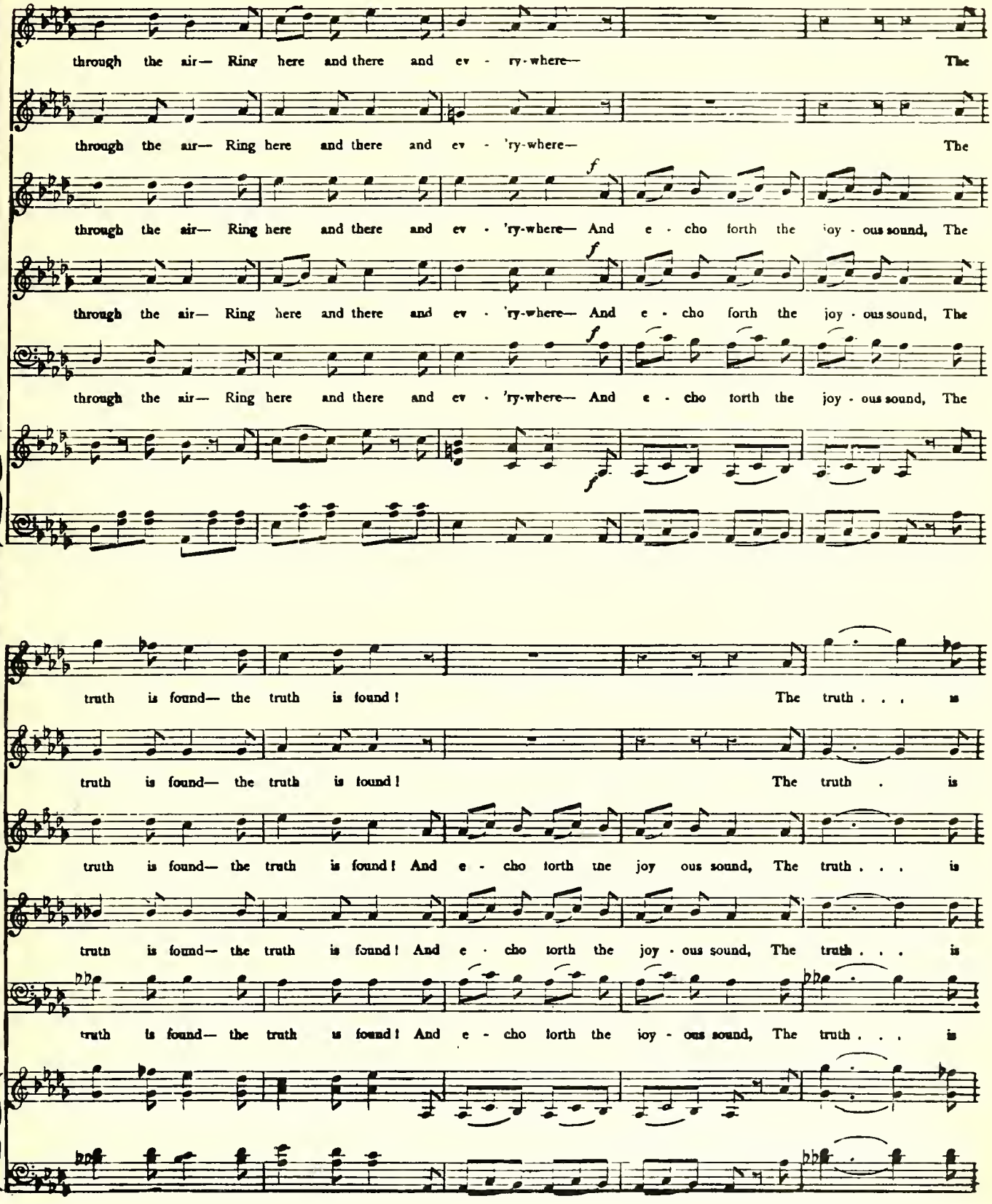

bought white ties, and he bought dress suits, He cramm'd his feet in to bright tight boots— . . And to start in life on a
bran new plan, He christen'd him - self Dar - win - ian Man! He christen'd him - self Dar - win - ian Man! But it
p
would not do— The scheme fell through, For the Mai-den fair, whom the mon-key crav'd, Was a
ra - diant Be - ing, With a brain far - see-ing—While Darwin - ian man though well - be - hav'd, At best is on - ly a

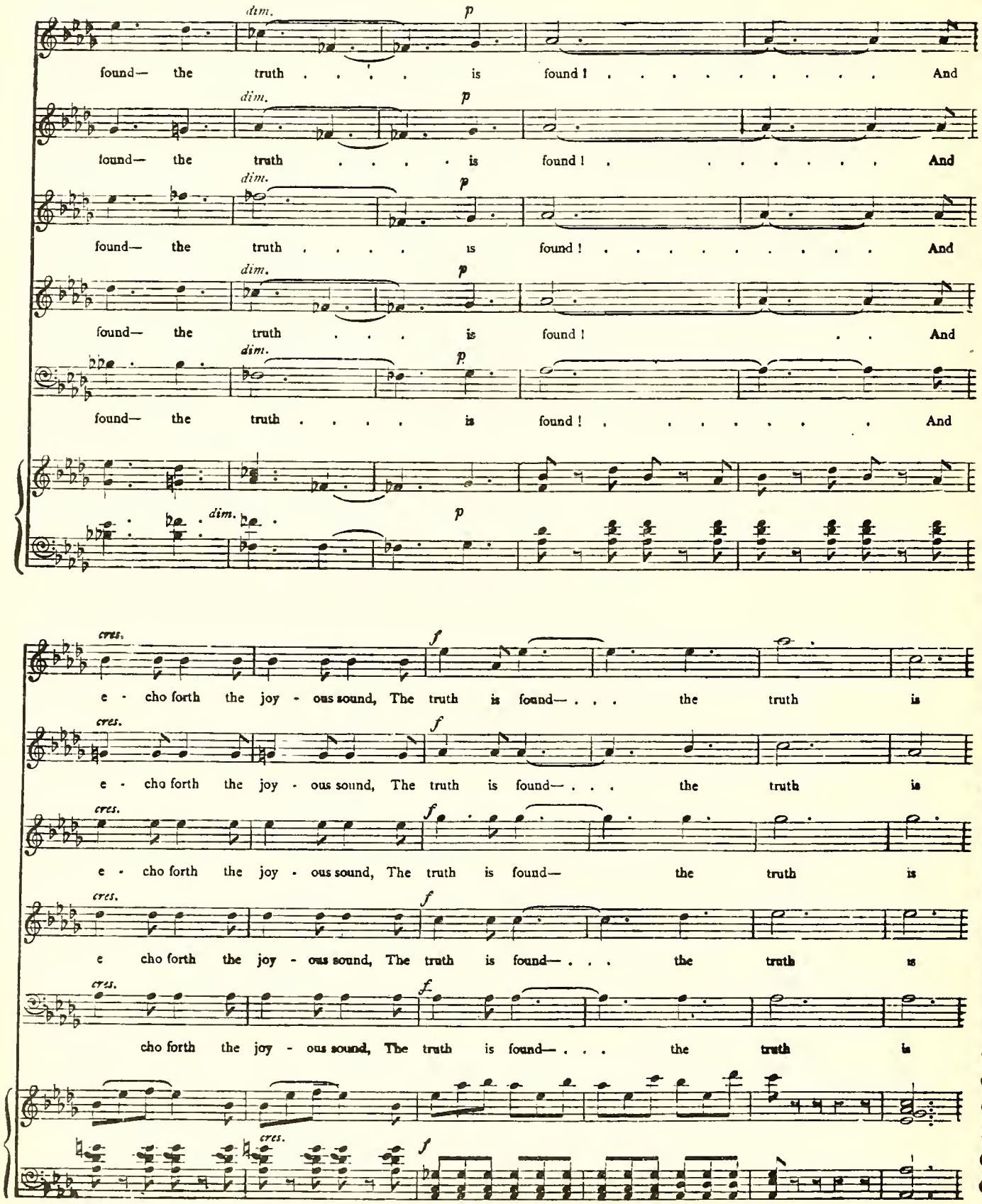

mon-key shav'd ; Was a ra-diant Being, With a brain far-see-ing—While Darwinian man though
CYRIL.
For the Maiden fair, whom the monkey crav'd, Was a ra-diant Being, With a brain far-see-ing—While Darwinian man though
HILARION.
For the Maiden fair, whom the monkey crav'd, Was a ra-diant Being, With a brain far-see-ing—While Darwinian man though
FLORIAN.
For the Maiden fair, whom the monkey crav'd, Was a ra-diant Being, With a brain far-see-ing—While Darwinian man though
well-be-hav'd, At best is on-ly a mon-key shav'd!
well-be-hav'd, At best is on-ly a mon-key shav'd!
well-be-hav'd, At best is on-ly a mon-key shav'd!
well-be-hav'd, At best is on-ly a mon-key shav'd!
ff

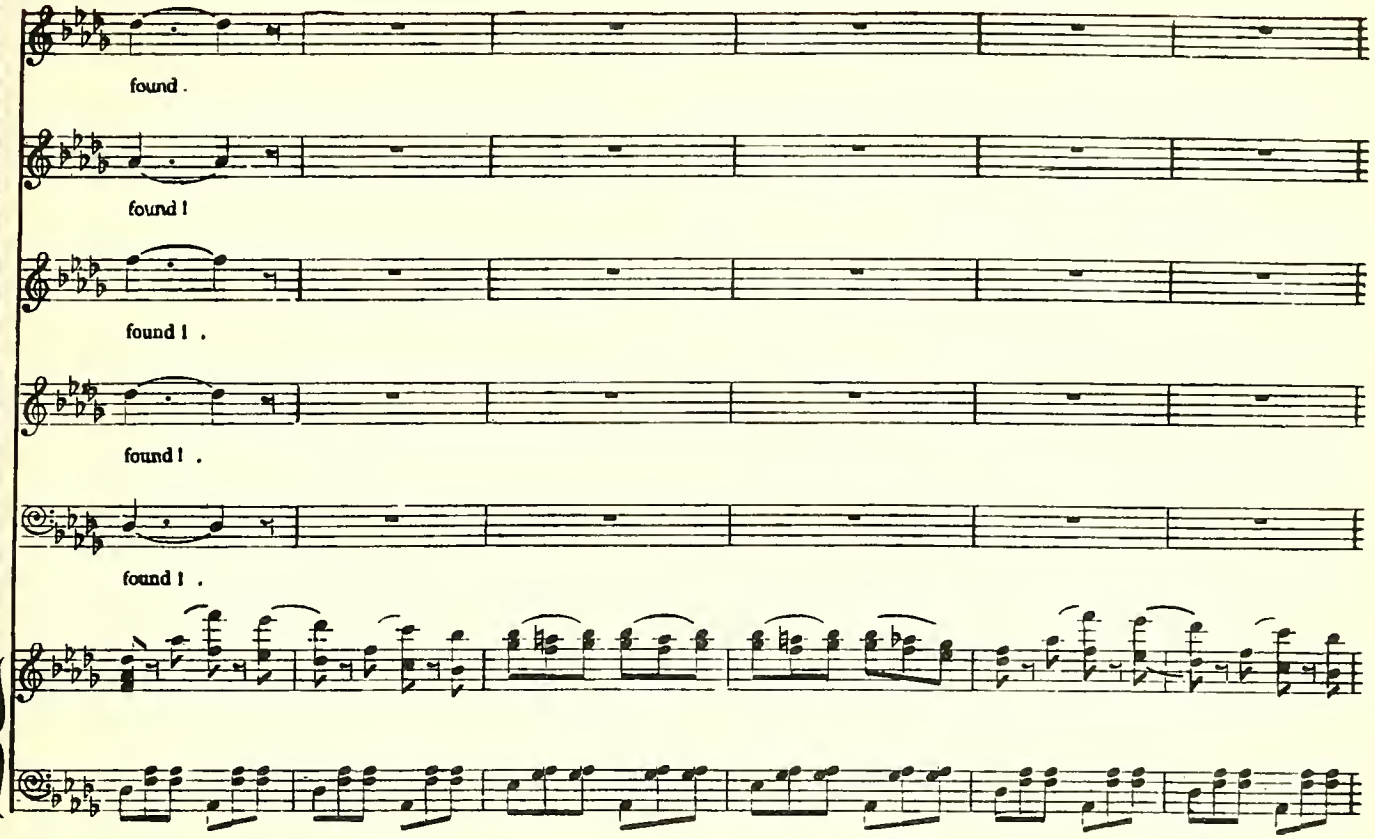
No. 16. QUINTET. —(Psyche, Melissa, Cyril, Hilarion, & Florian).

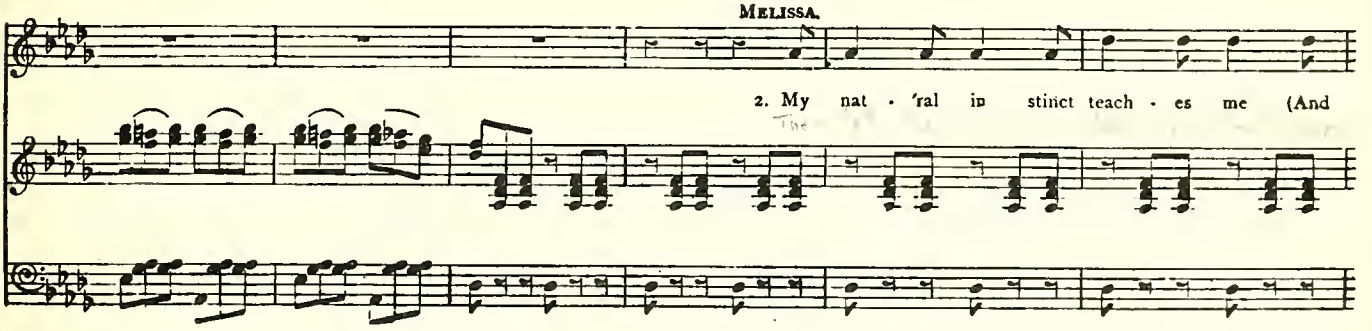


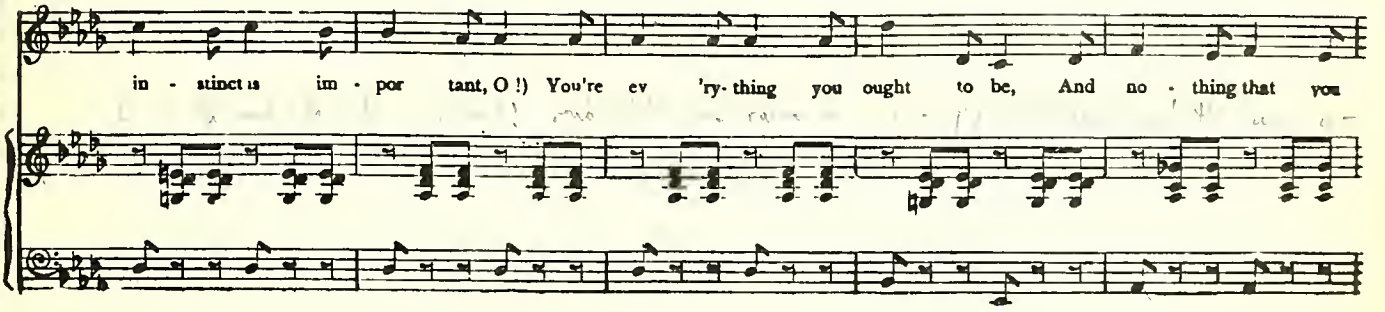

PSYCHE.
Then
MELISSA.
Then
CYRIL.
quaint - ed! O, En - tire - ly un ac - quaint - ed, O!
Then
HILARION.
Then
FLORIAN.
Then
f
p
jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a - ring - ing
jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a ring - ing
jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a - ring - ing
jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a - ring - ing
jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a - ring ing

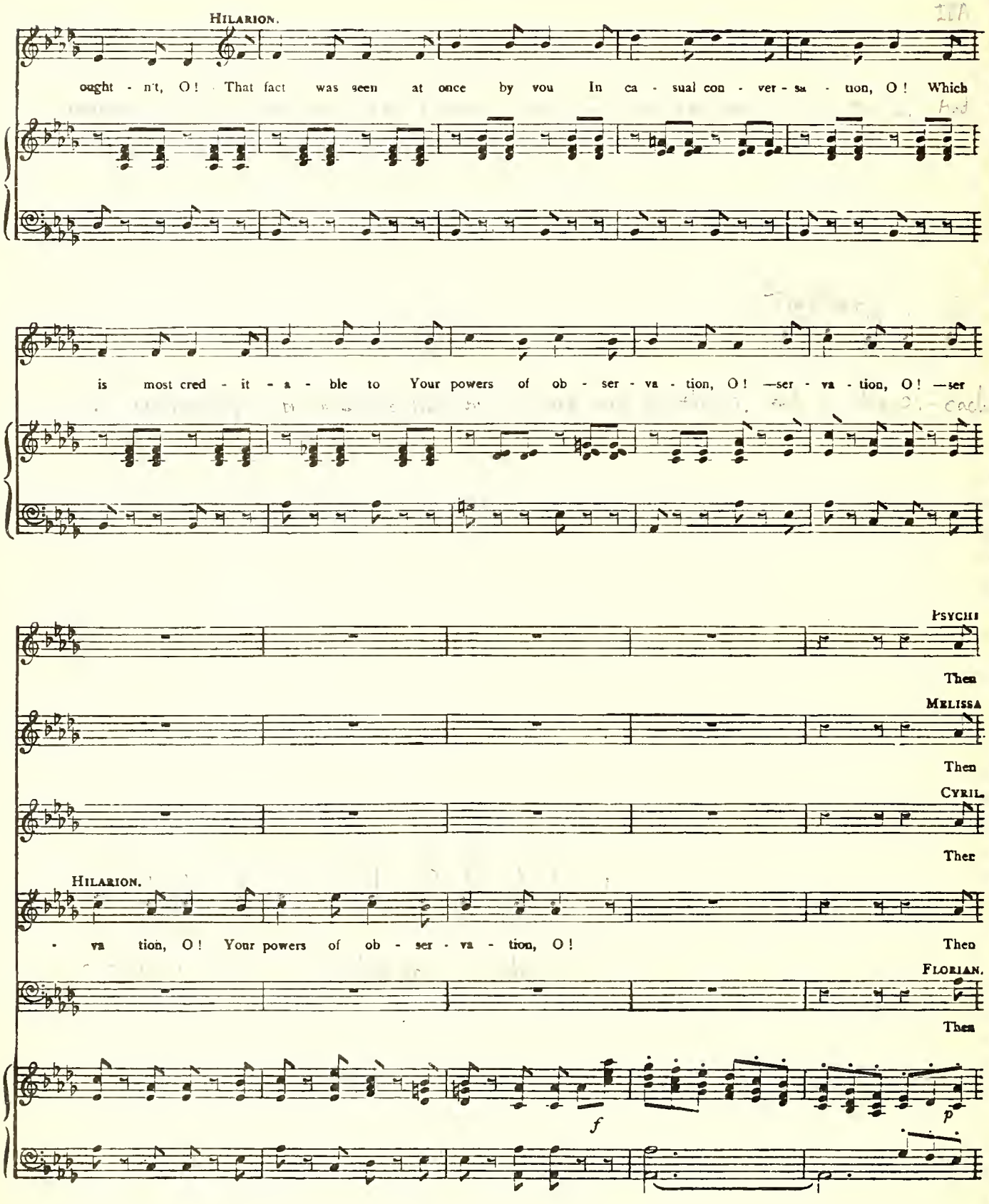

through the air— Ring here and there and ev - ry-where— The
through the air— Ring here and there and ev - 'ry-where— The
through the air— Ring here and there and ev - 'ry-where— And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The
through the air— Ring here and there and ev - 'ry-where— And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The
through the air— Ring here and there and ev - 'ry-where— And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The
truth is found— the truth is found! The truth . . . is
truth is found— the truth is found! The truth . is
truth is found— the truth is found! And e - cho forth the joy ous sound, The truth . . . is
truth is found— the truth is found! And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth . . . is
truth is found— the truth is found! And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth . . . is

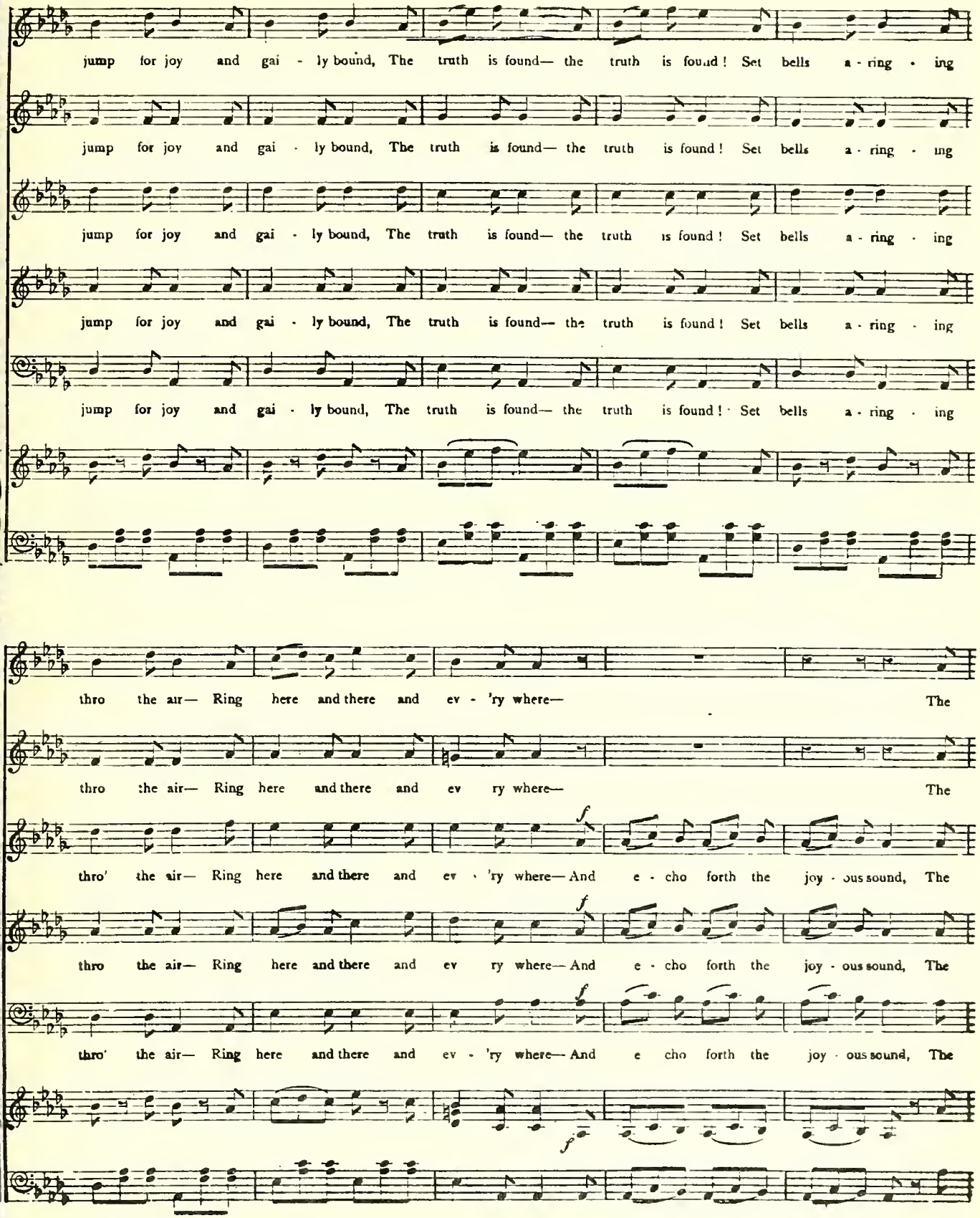

dim.
p
found— the truth . . . . is found ! . . . . . And
found— the truth . . . . is found ! . . . . . And
found— the truth . . . . is found ! . . . . . And
found— the truth . . . is found ! . . And
found— the truth . . . . is found ! . . . . . And
cres.
f
e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found— . . . the truth is
e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found— . . . the truth is
e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found— the truth is
e cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found— . . . the truth is
cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found— . . . the truth is

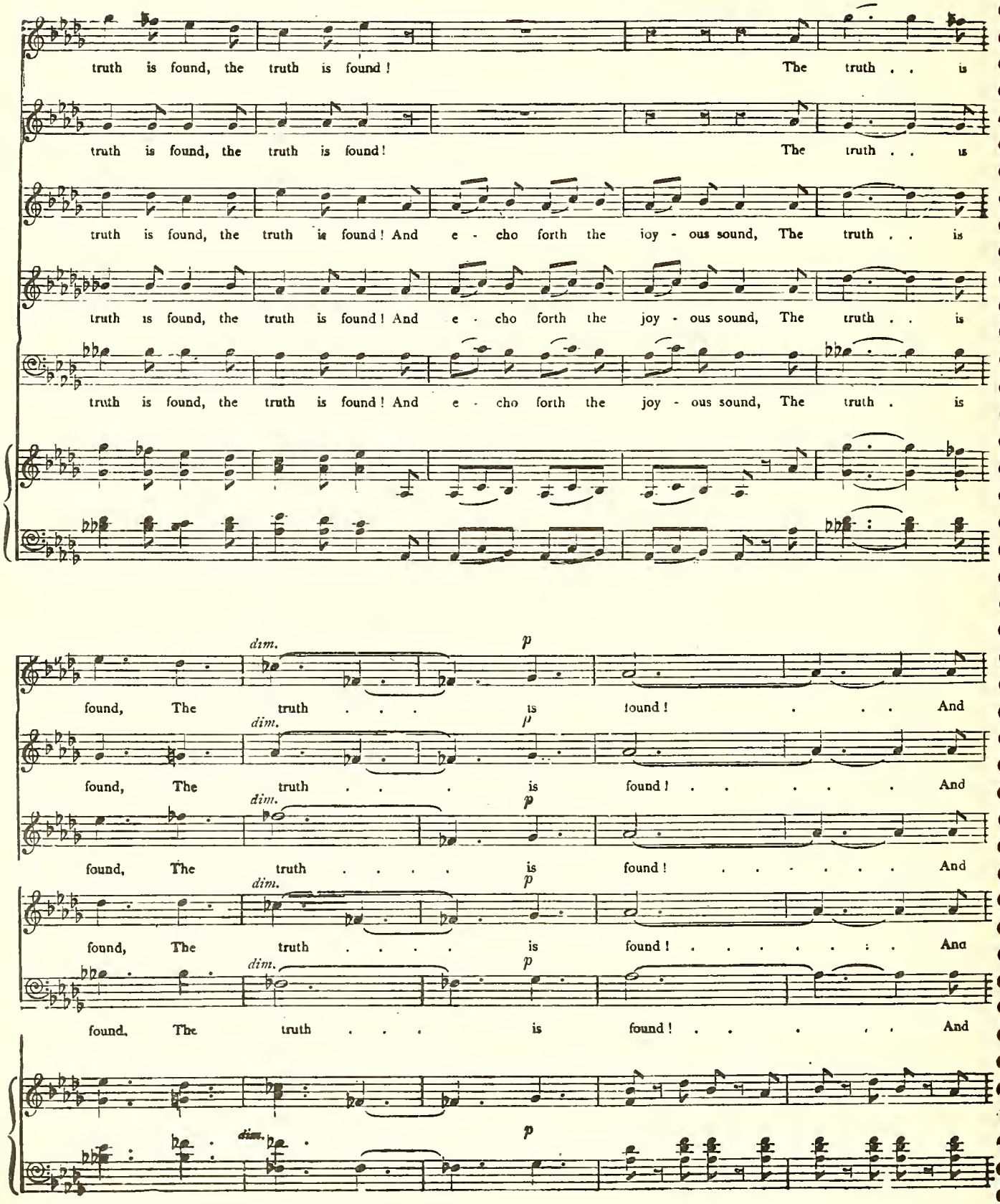

found .
found !
found ! .
found ! .
found ! .

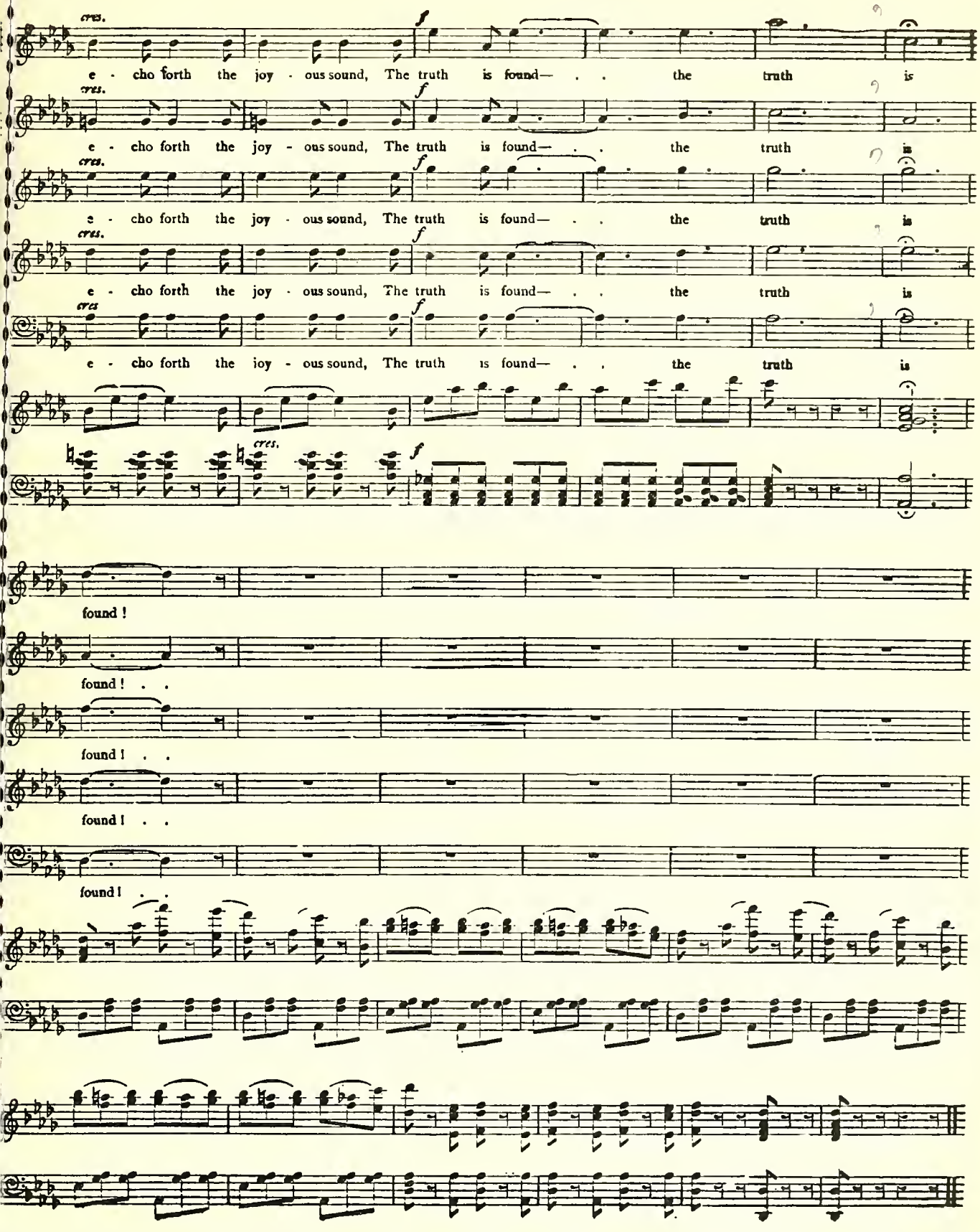

MELISSA.
2. My nat - 'ral in stinct teach - es me (And


in - stinct is im - por tant, O !) You're ev 'ry- thing you ought to be, And no - thing that you

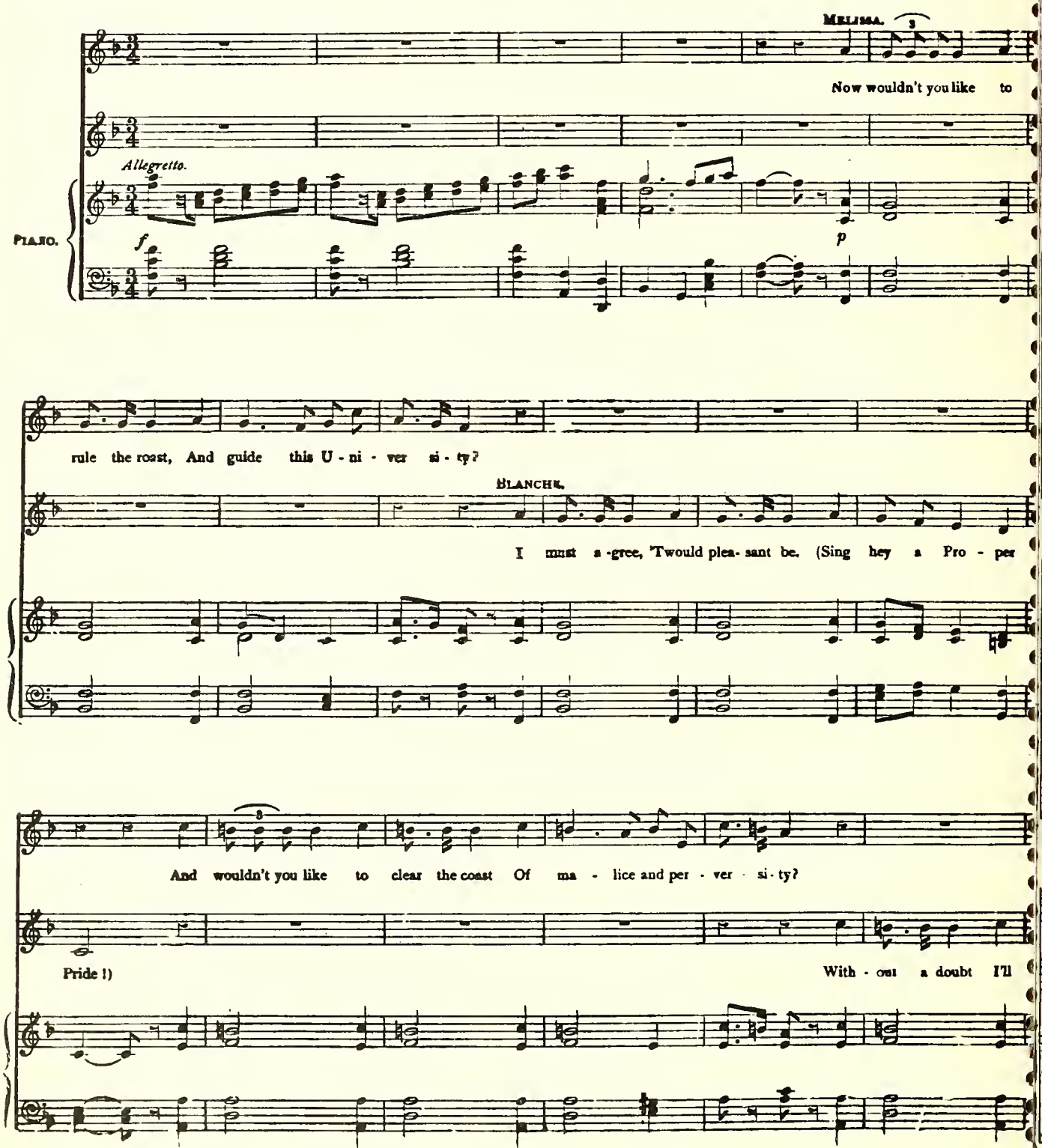

HILARION.
ought - n't, O! That fact was seen at once by you In ca - sual con - ver - sa - tion, O! Which
is most cred - it - a - ble to Your powers of ob - ser - va - tion, O! —ser - va - tion, O! —ser
PSYCHE
Then
MELISSA
Then
CYRIL
Then
HILARION.
- va tion, O! Your powers of ob - ser - va - tion, O!
Then
FLORIAN.
Then
f
p

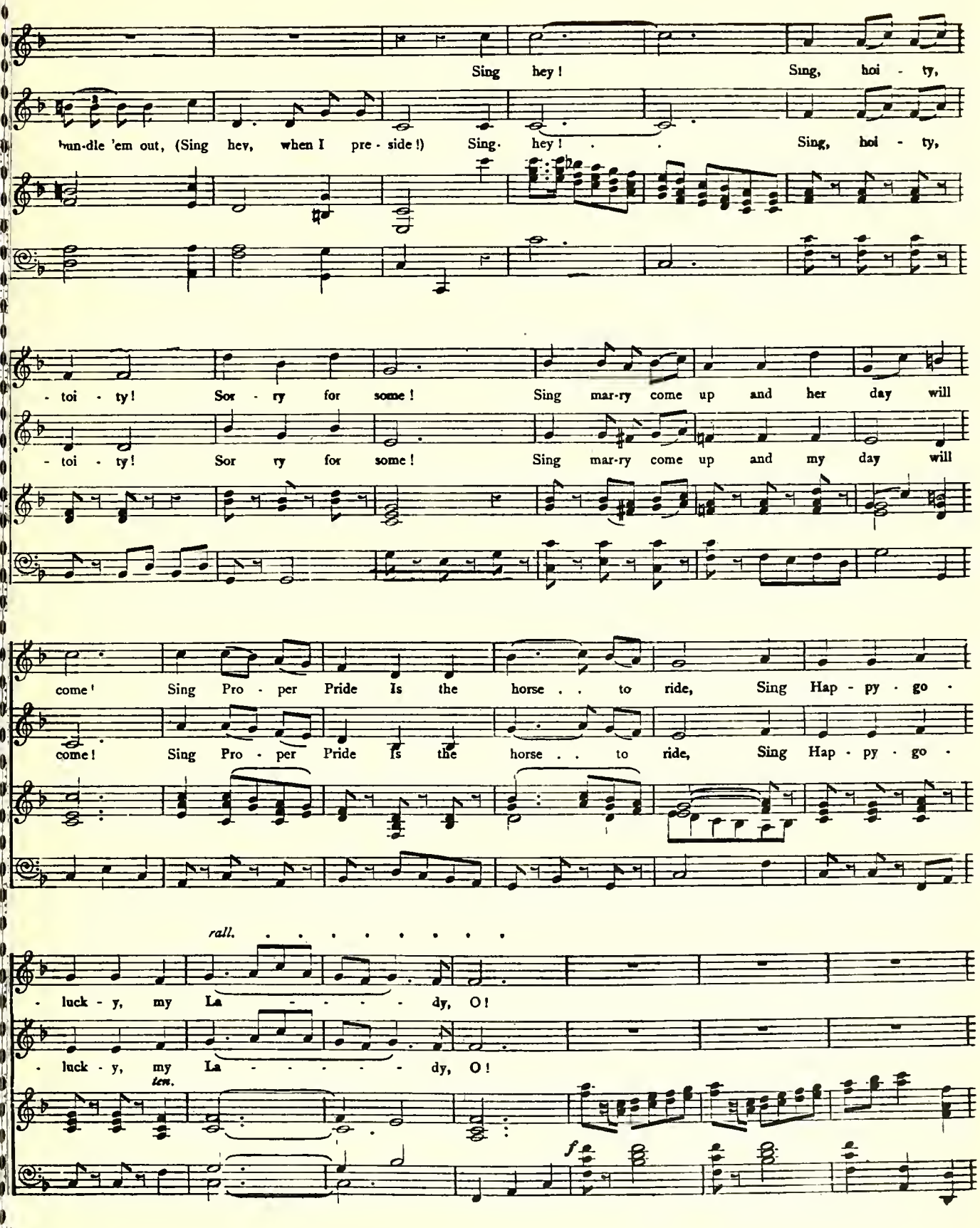

jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a - ring - ing
jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a - ring - ing
jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a - ring - ing
jump for joy and gai - ly bound, The truth is found— the truth is found! Set bells a - ring - ing
thro the air— Ring here and there and ev - 'ry where— The
thro the air— Ring here and there and ev ry where— The
thro' the air— Ring here and there and ev - 'ry where— And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The
thro the air— Ring here and there and ev ry where— And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The
thro' the air— Ring here and there and ev - 'ry where— And e cho forth the joy - ous sound, The

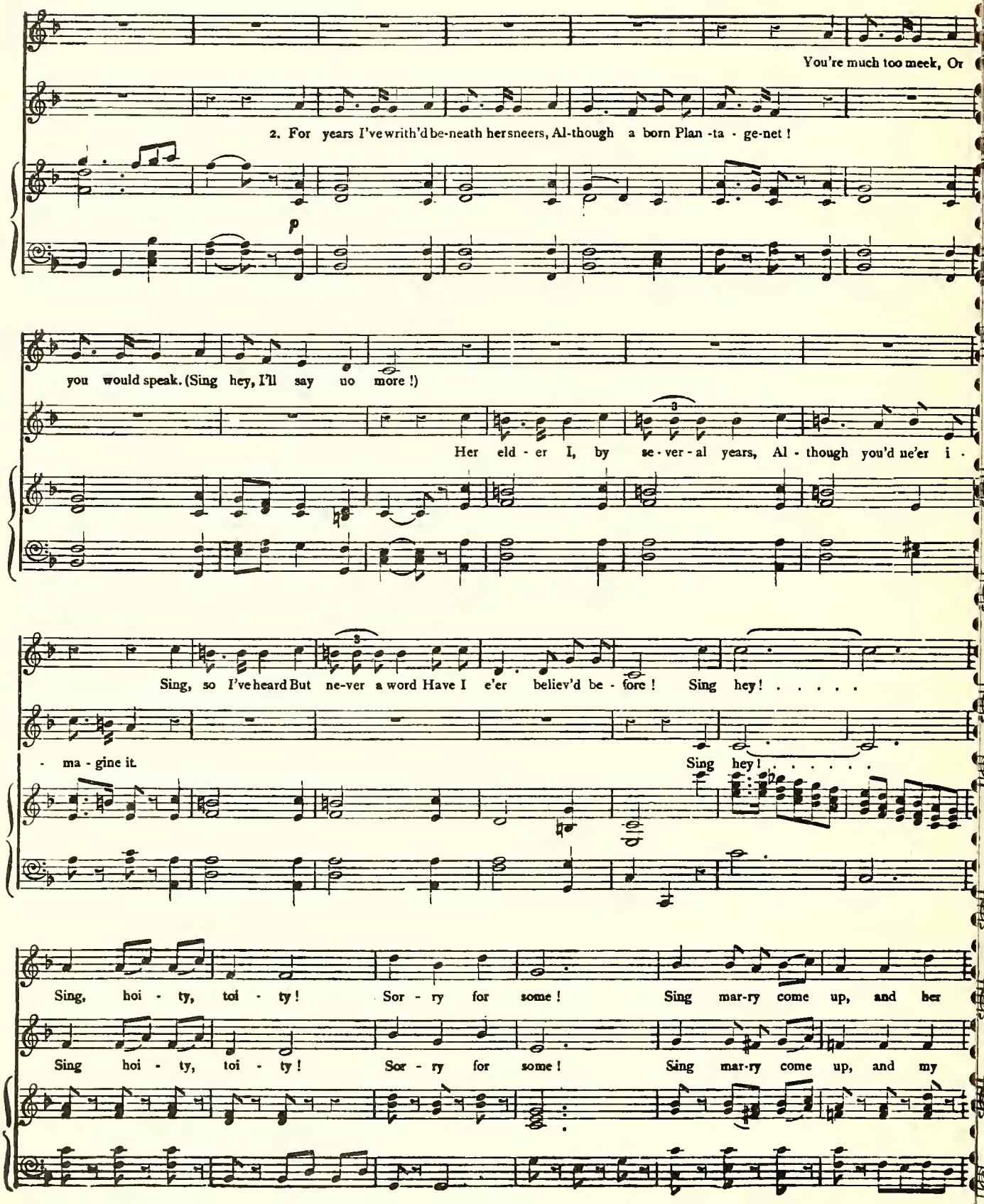

truth is found, the truth is found! The truth . . is
truth is found, the truth is found! The truth . . is
truth is found, the truth is found! And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth . . is
truth is found, the truth is found! And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth . . is
truth is found, the truth is found! And e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth . is
dim. p
found, The truth . . . is found! . . . And
dim. p
found, The truth . . . is found! . . . . . And
dim. p
found, The truth . . . . is found! . . . . . And
dim. p
found, The truth . . . . is found! . . . . . And
dim. p
found. The truth . . . is found! . . . . . And
dim. p

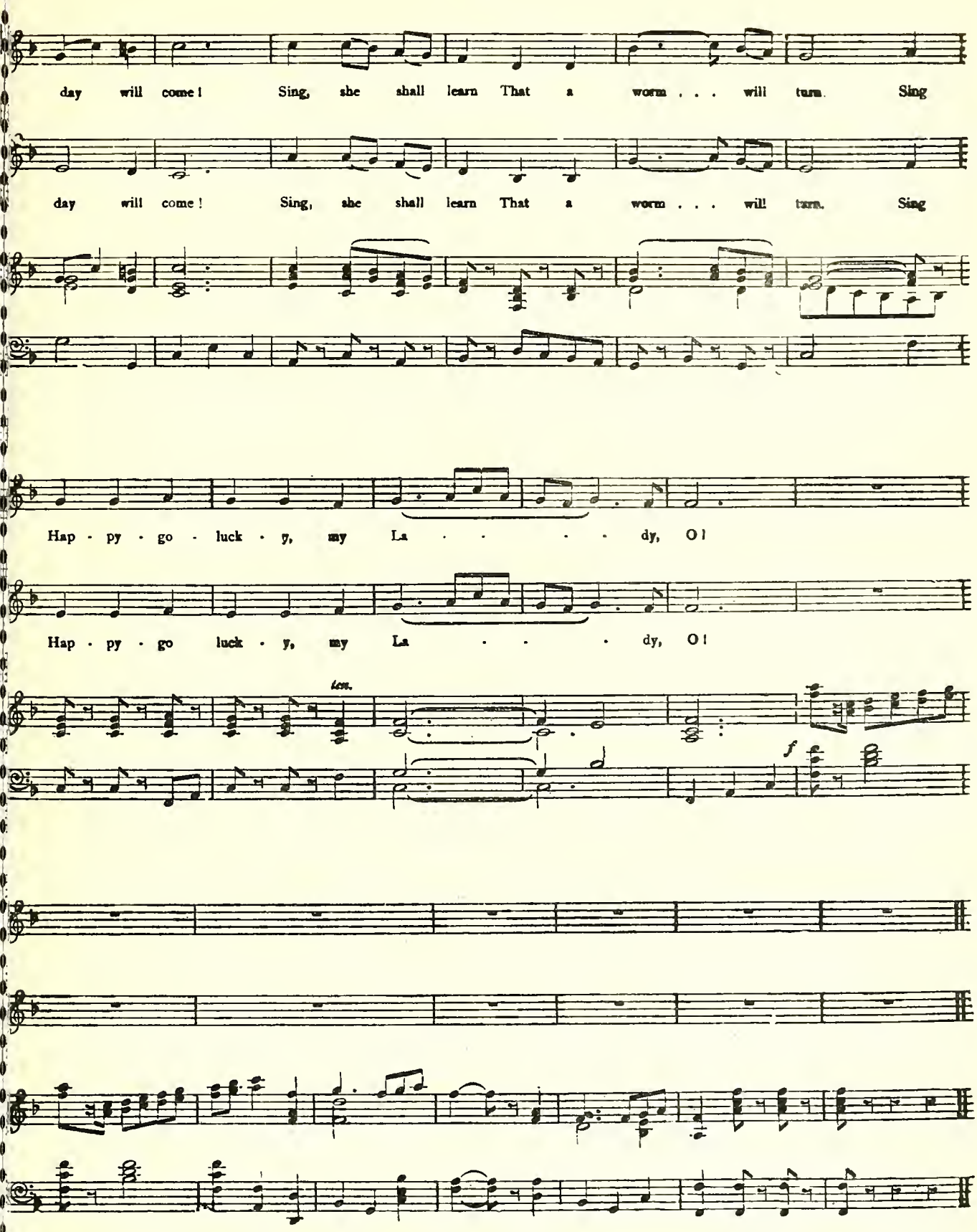

cres.
f
e - cho forth the joy - ous sound, The truth is found— . . the truth is
found !
found ! . .
found ! . .
found ! . .

No. 17 DUET—(Melissa & Lady Blanche).

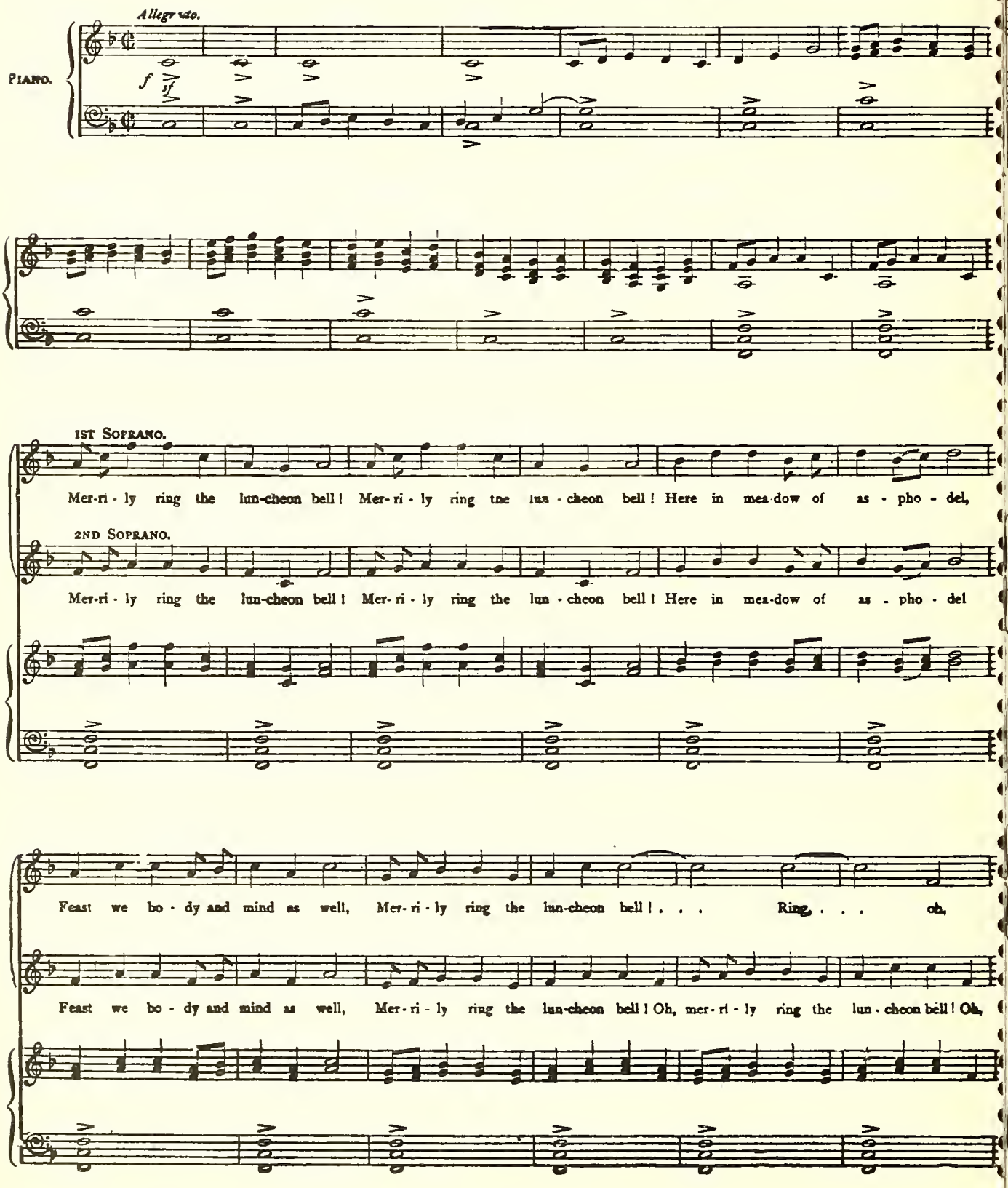


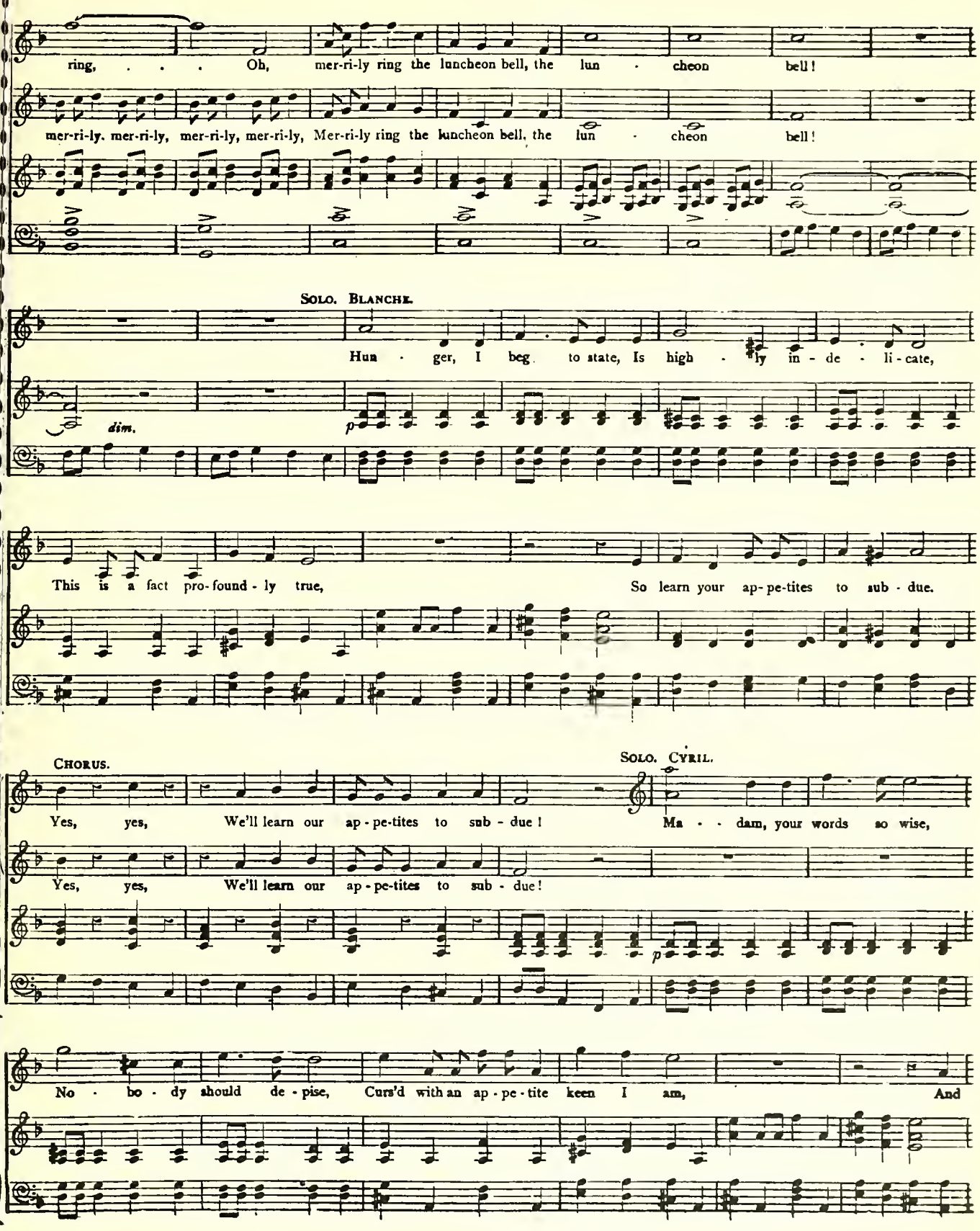

Sing hey! Sing, hoi - ty,
-dle 'em out, (Sing hey, when I pre - side!) Sing. hey! . . Sing, hoi - ty,
- toi - ty! Sor - ry for some! Sing mar-ry come up and her day will
- toi - ty! Sor ry for some! Sing mar-ry come up and my day will
come! Sing Pro - per Pride Is the horse . . to ride, Sing Hap - py - go -
come! Sing Pro - per Pride Is the horse . . to ride, Sing Hap - py - go -
rall. . . . . .
- luck - y, my La - - - - - dy, O!
- luck - y, my La - - - - - dy, O!
ten.
f

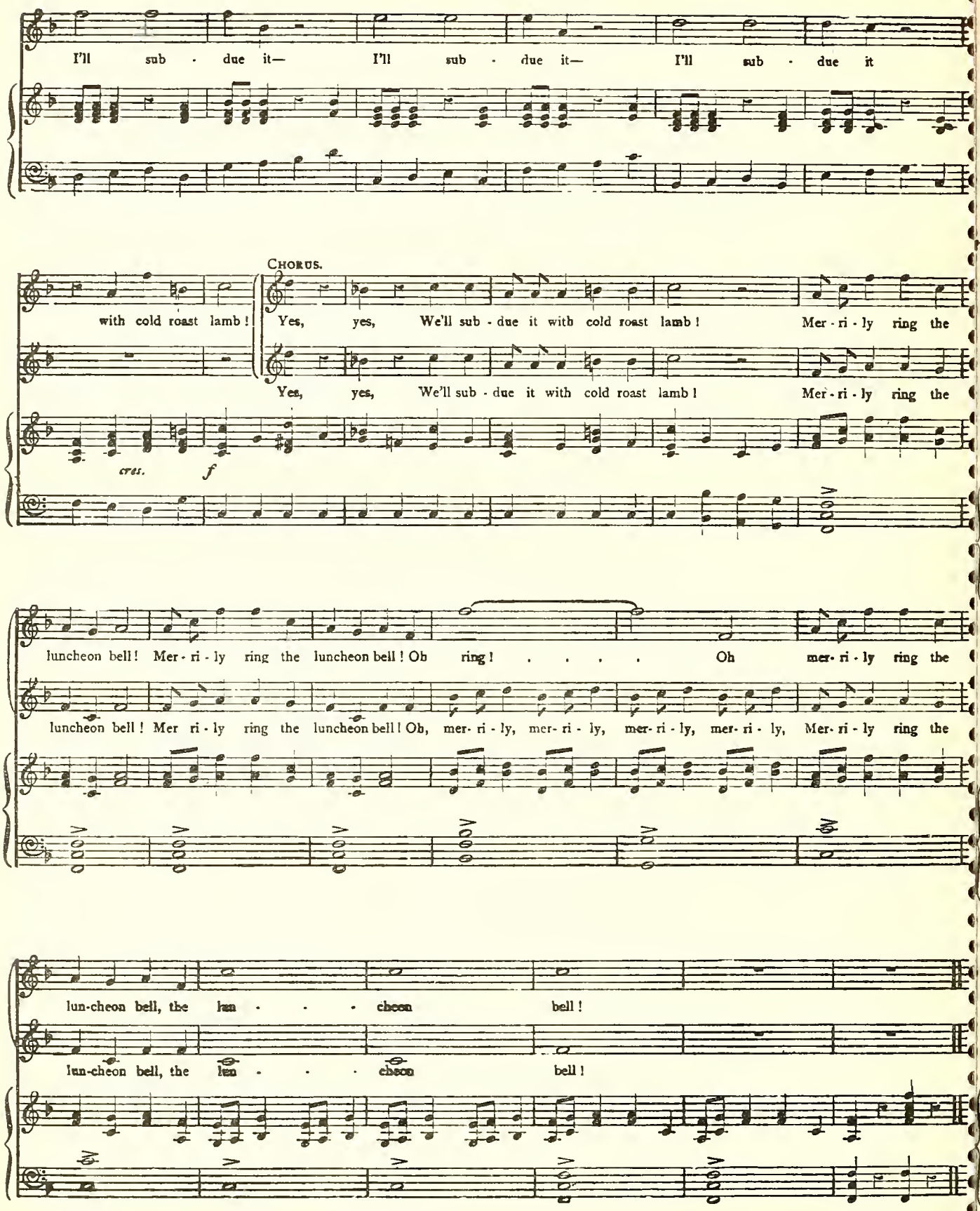

You're much too meek, Or
2. For years I've writh'd be-neath her sneers, Al-though a born Plan-ta-ge-net!
p
you would speak. (Sing hey, I'll say no more!)
Her eld-er I, by se-ver-al years, Al-though you'd ne'er i-
Sing, so I've heard But ne-ver a word Have I e'er believ'd be-fore! Sing hey!
-ma-gine it.
Sing hey!
Sing, hoi-ty, toi-ty! Sor-ry for some! Sing mar-ry come up, and her
Sing hoi-ty, toi-ty! Sor-ry for some! Sing mar-ry come up, and my


day will come! Sing, she shall learn That a worm . . . will turn. Sing
day will come! Sing, she shall learn That a worm . . . will turn. Sing
Hap - py - go - luck - y, my La . . . . dy, O!
Hap - py - go luck - y, my La . . . . dy, O!
ten.
f

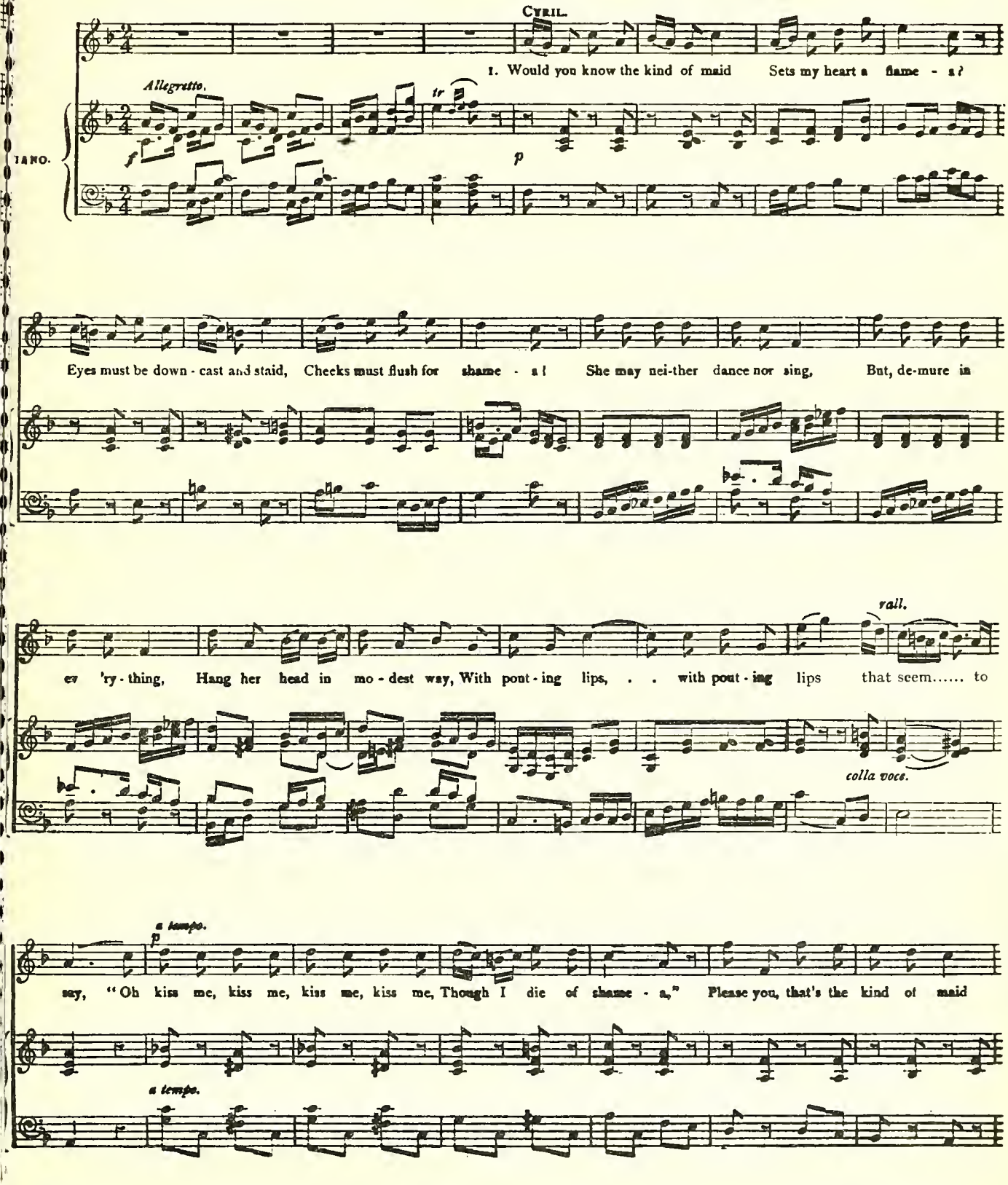
No. 18. CHORUS OF GIRLS & SOLOS—(Blanche & Cyril).

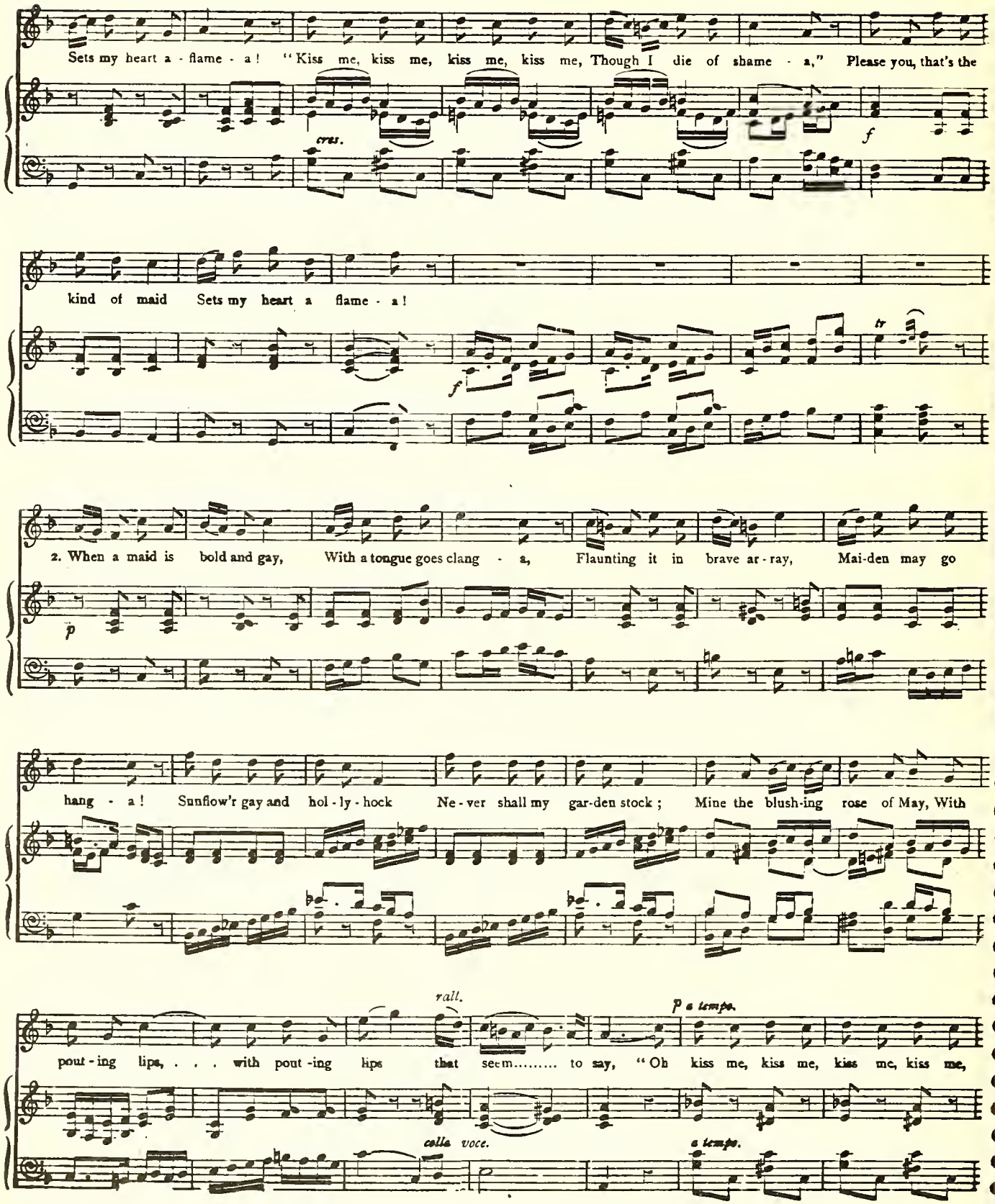


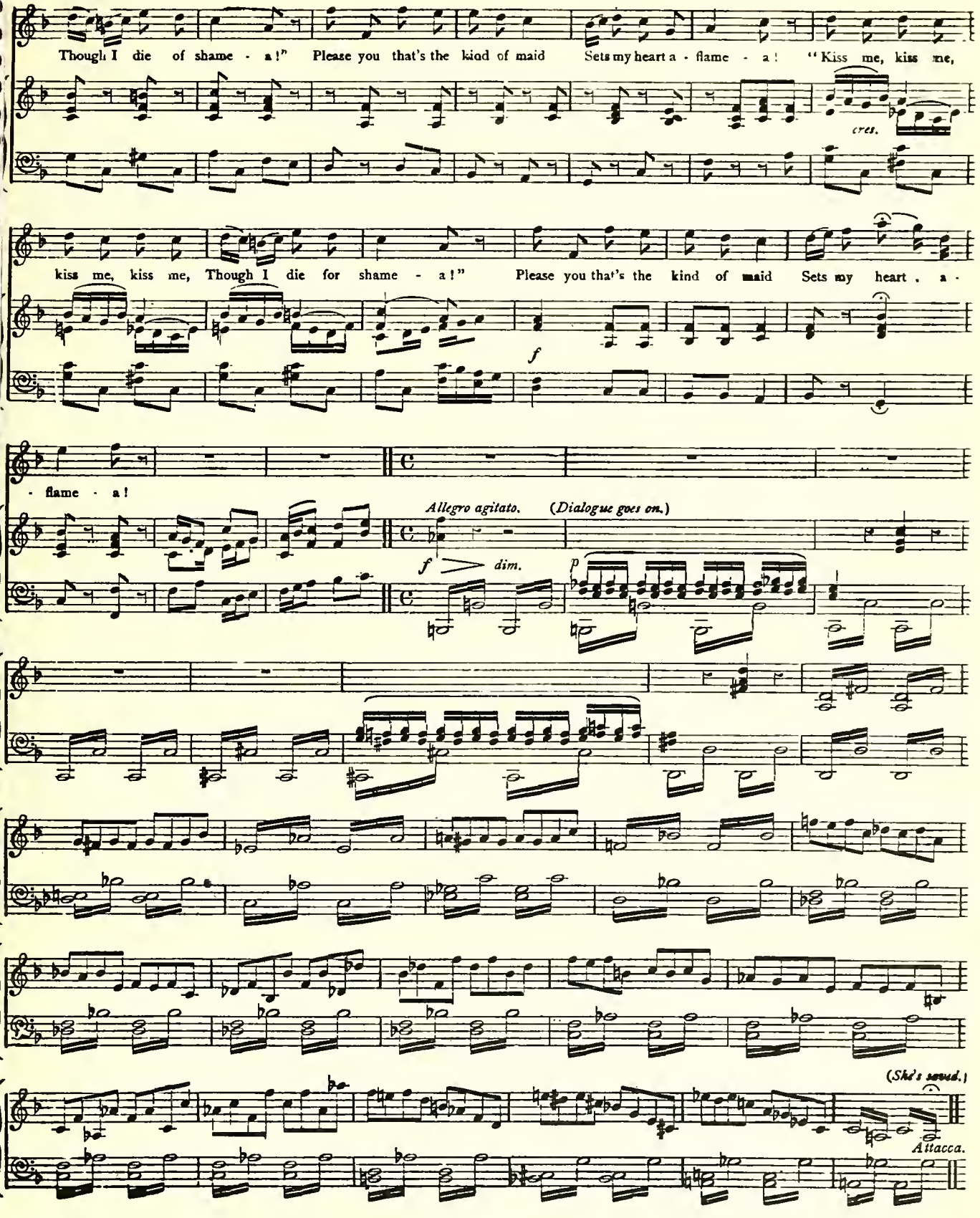

ring, . . . Oh, mer-ri-ly ring the luncheon bell, the lun - cheon bell!
mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Mer-ri-ly ring the luncheon bell, the lun - cheon bell!
SOLO. BLANCHE.
Hun - ger, I beg to state, Is high - ly in - de - li - cate,
dim.
p
This is a fact pro-found - ly true, So learn your ap-pe-tites to sub - due.
CHORUS.
SOLO. CYRIL.
Yes, yes, We'll learn our ap - pe-tites to sub - due! Ma - - dam, your words so wise,
Yes, yes, We'll learn our ap - pe-tites to sub - due!
p
No - bo - dy should de - pise, Curs'd with an ap - pe - tite keen I am, And


I'll sub - due it— I'll sub - due it— I'll sub - due it
with cold roast lamb!
CHORUS.
Yes, yes, We'll sub - due it with cold roast lamb! Mer - ri - ly ring the
Yes, yes, We'll sub - due it with cold roast lamb! Mer - ri - ly ring the
cres.
f
luncheon bell! Mer - ri - ly ring the luncheon bell! Oh ring! . . . . Oh mer- ri - ly ring the
luncheon bell! Mer ri - ly ring the luncheon bell! Oh, mer- ri - ly, mer- ri - ly, mer- ri - ly, mer- ri - ly, Mer- ri - ly ring the
lun-cheon bell, the lun - - - cheon bell!
lun-cheon bell, the lun - - - cheon bell!

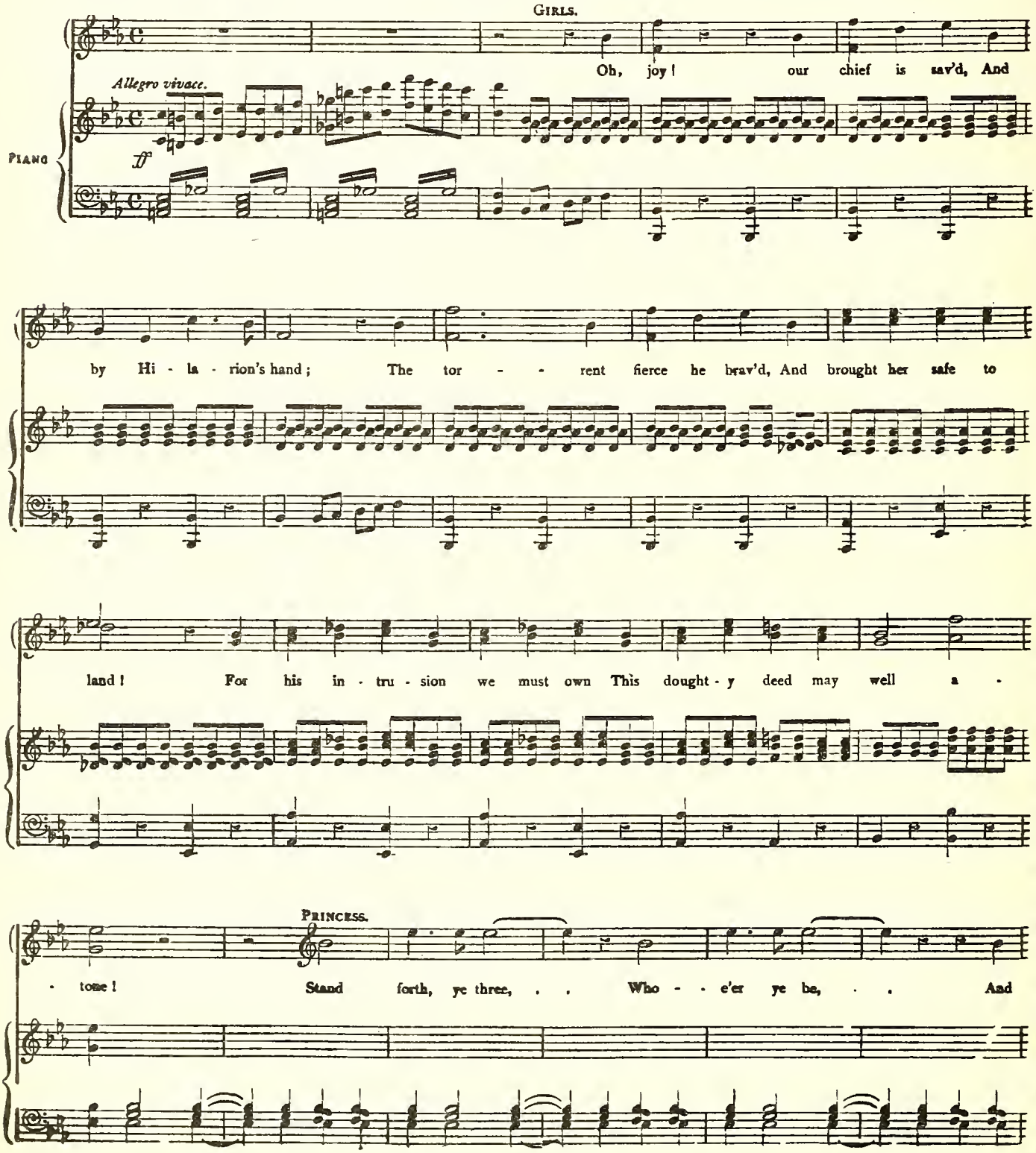
No. 19. SONG—(Cyril).

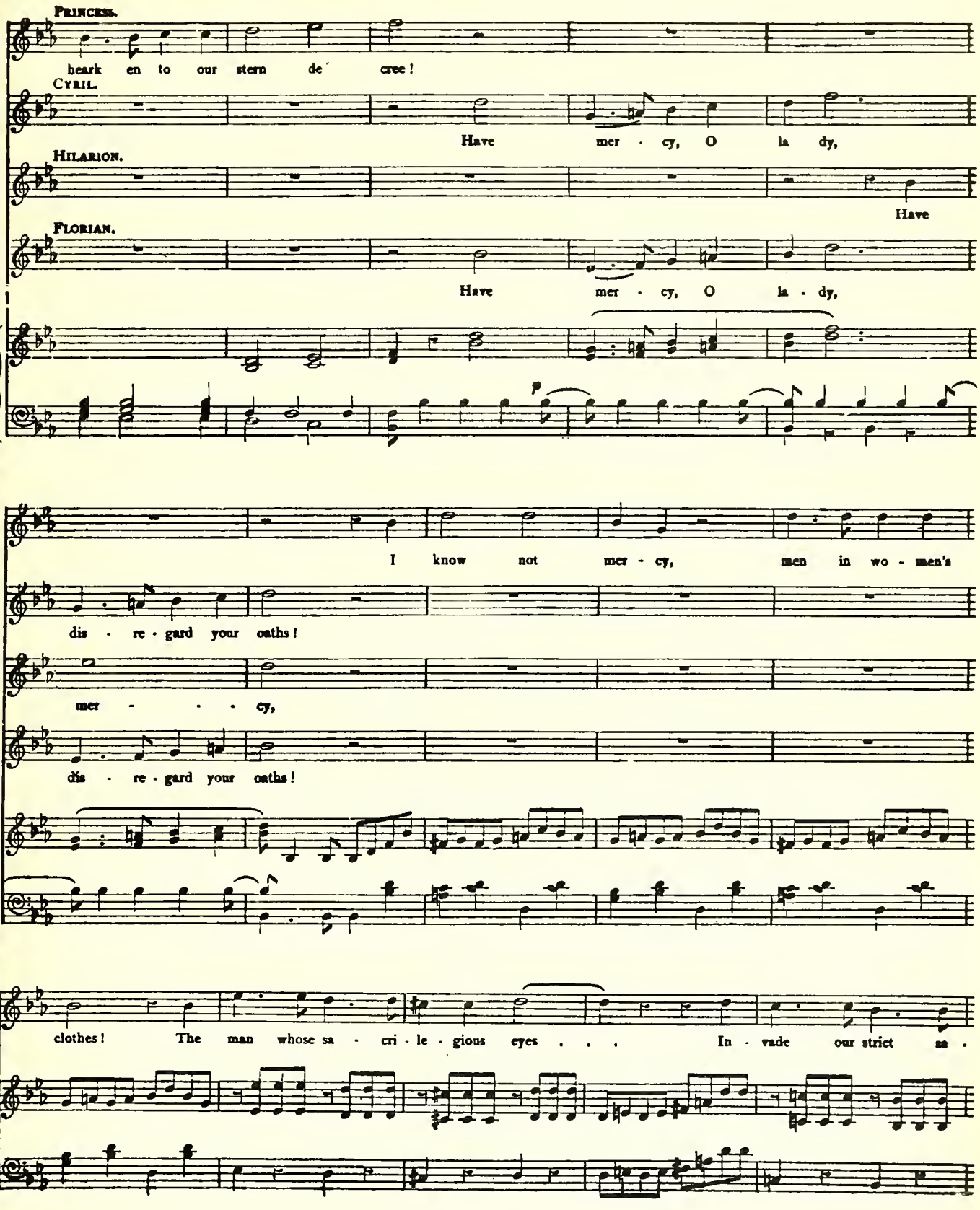


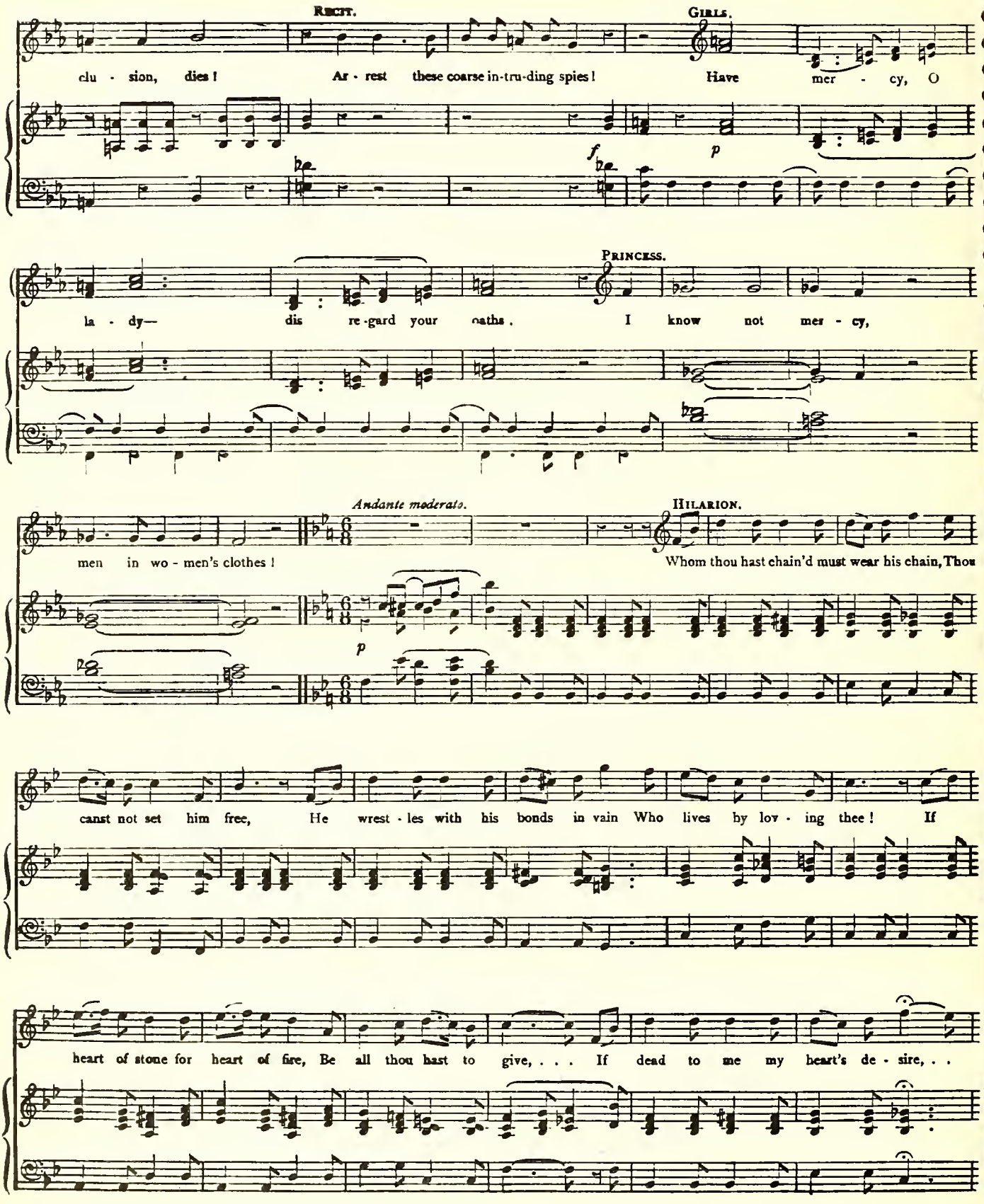

Sets my heart a - flame - a! "Kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, Though I die of shame - a," Please you, that's the
cres.
f
kind of maid Sets my heart a flame - a!
f
tr
2. When a maid is bold and gay, With a tongue goes clang - a, Flaunting it in brave ar - ray, Mai-den may go
p
hang - a! Sunflow'r gay and hol - ly - hock Ne - ver shall my gar-den stock; Mine the blush-ing rose of May, With
rall.
p a tempo.
pout - ing lips, . . . with pout - ing lips that seem..... to say, "Oh kiss me, kiss me, kiss me, kiss me,
colla voce.
a tempo.

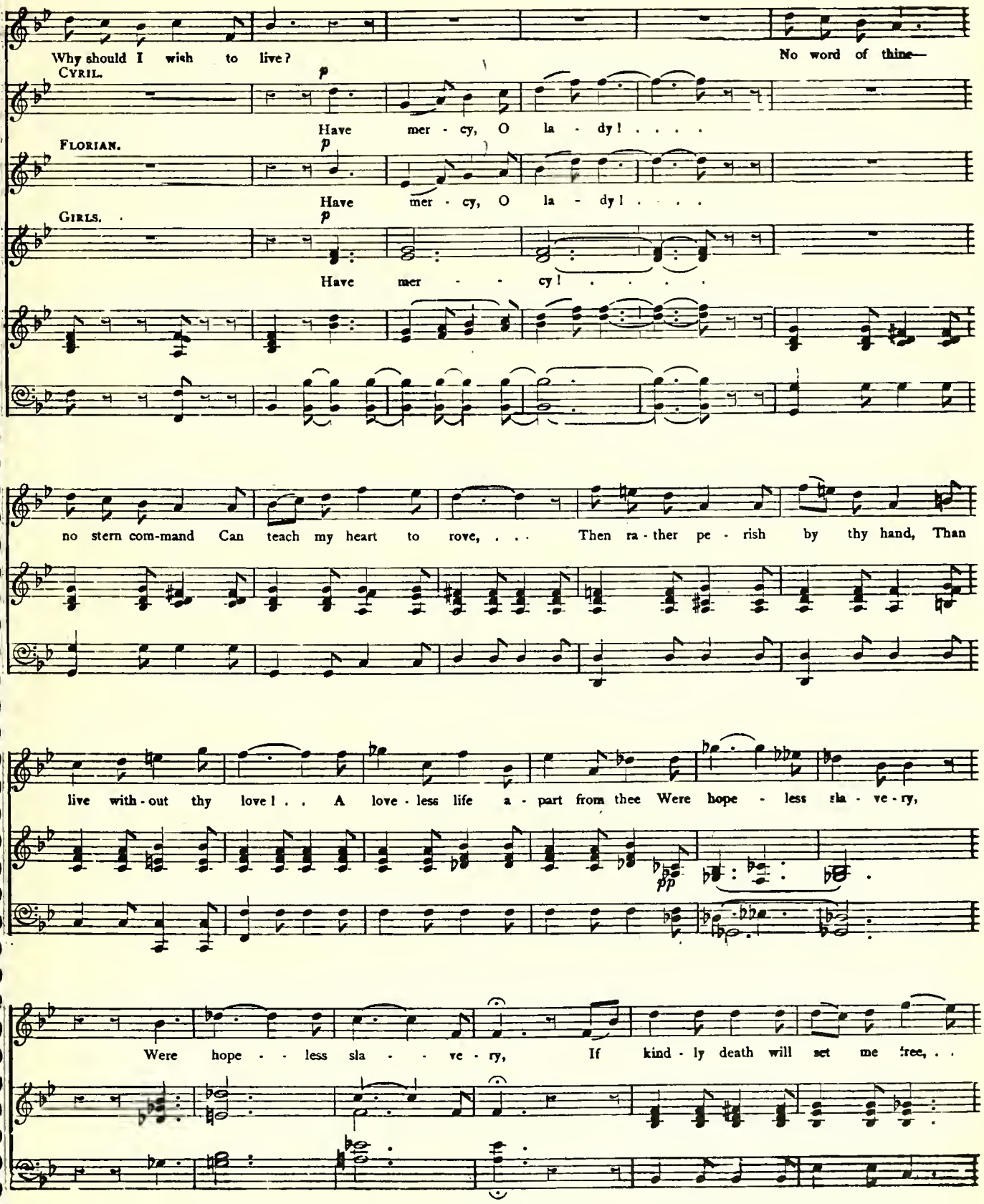

Though I die of shame - a!" Please you that's the kind of maid Sets my heart a - flame - a! "Kiss me, kiss me,
cres.
kiss me, kiss me, Though I die for shame - a!" Please you that's the kind of maid Sets my heart . a -
f
- flame - a!
Allegro agitato. (Dialogue goes on.)
f dim.
p
(She's saved.)
Attacca.

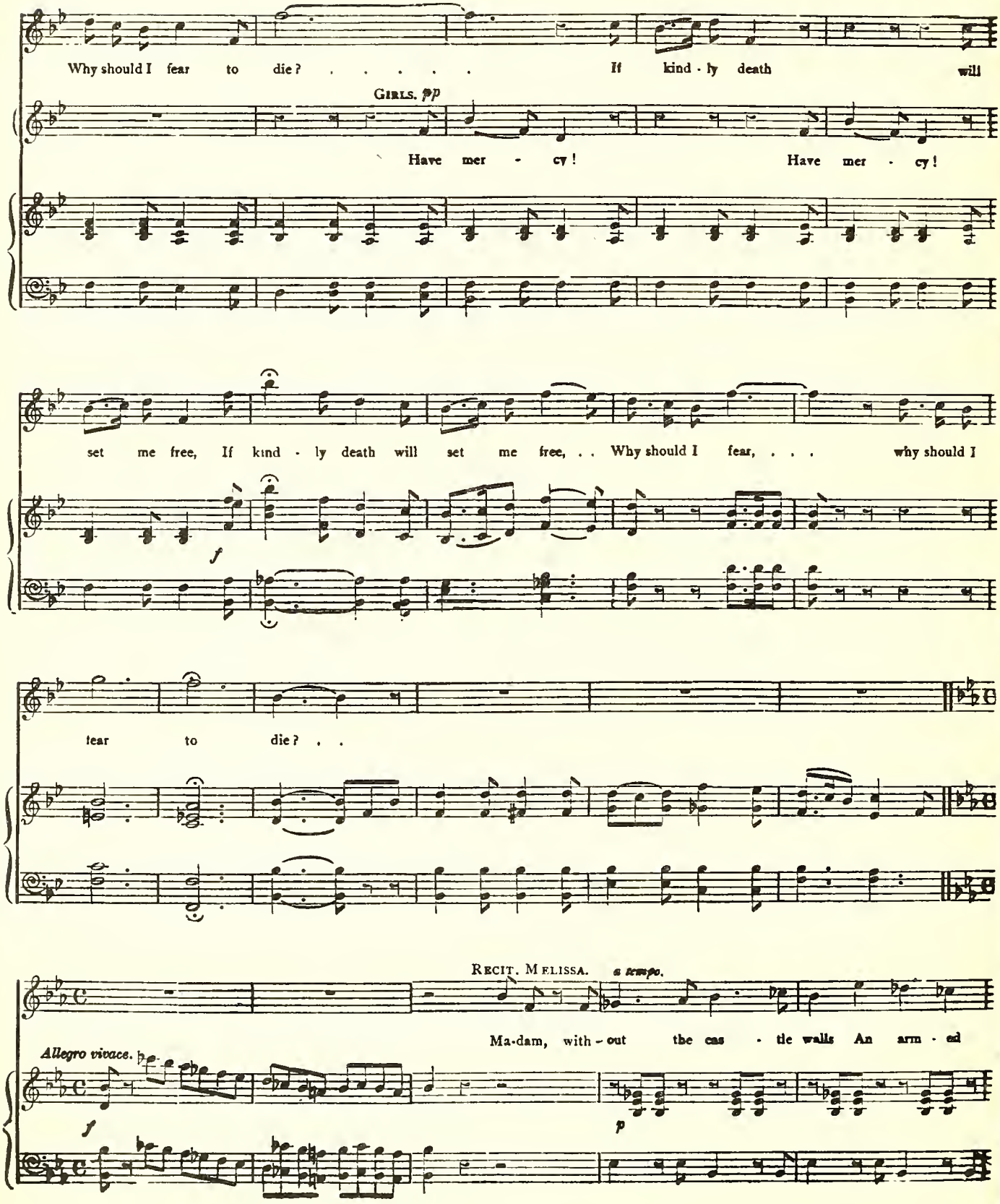
No. 20. FINALE, ACT II—(Princess, Hildebrand, Melissa, Lady Psyche, Blanche, Cyril, Hilarion, Florian, Arac, Guron, Scynthius, & Chorus of Girls & Men.)

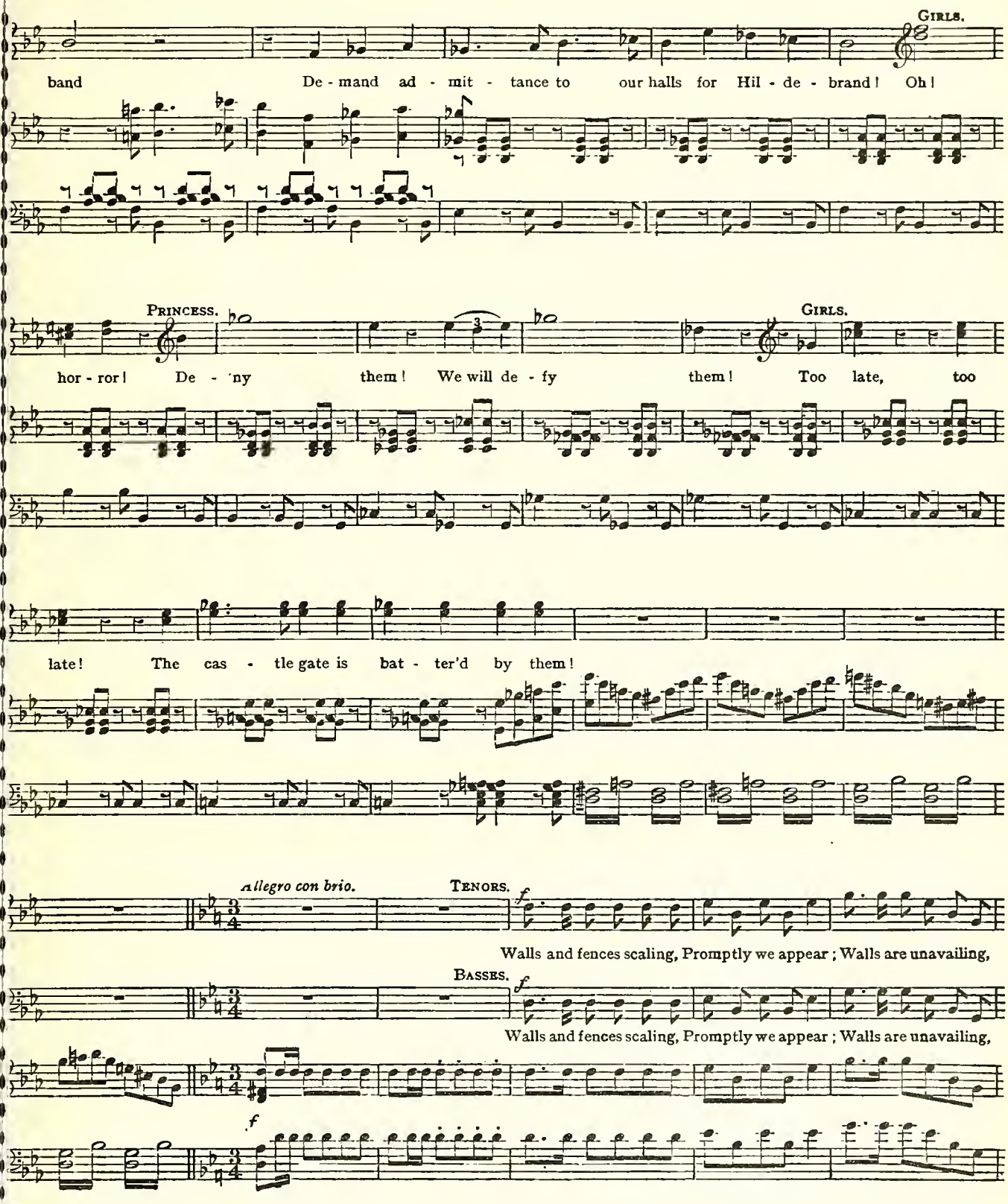


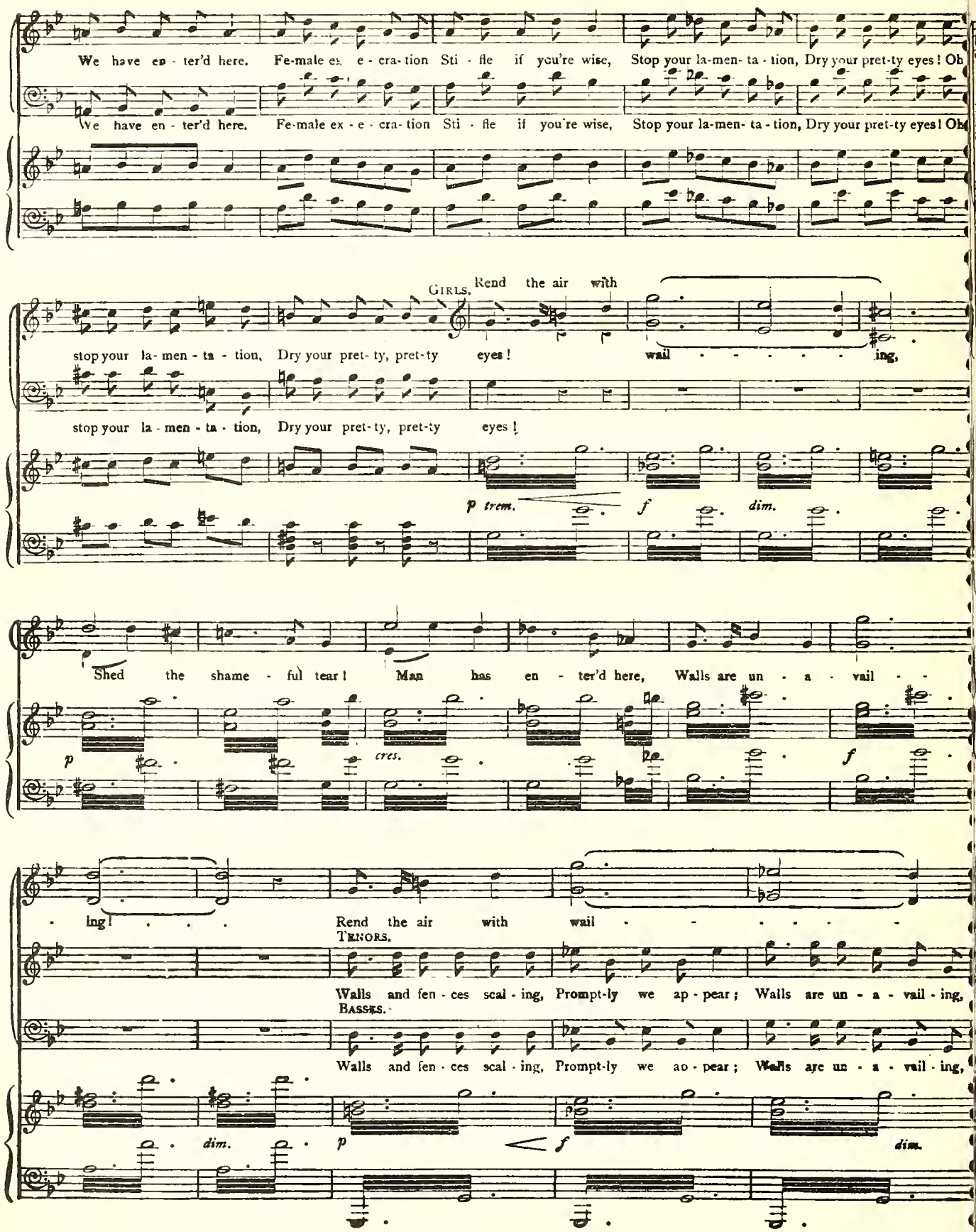

PRINCESS.
hearken to our stern de cree!
CYRIL.
Have mer - cy, O la dy,
HILARION.
Have
FLORIAN.
Have mer - cy, O la - dy,
I know not mer - cy, men in wo - men's
dis - re - gard your oaths!
mer - - - cy,
dis - re - gard your oaths!
clothes! The man whose sa - cri - le - gious eyes . . . In - vade our strict se -

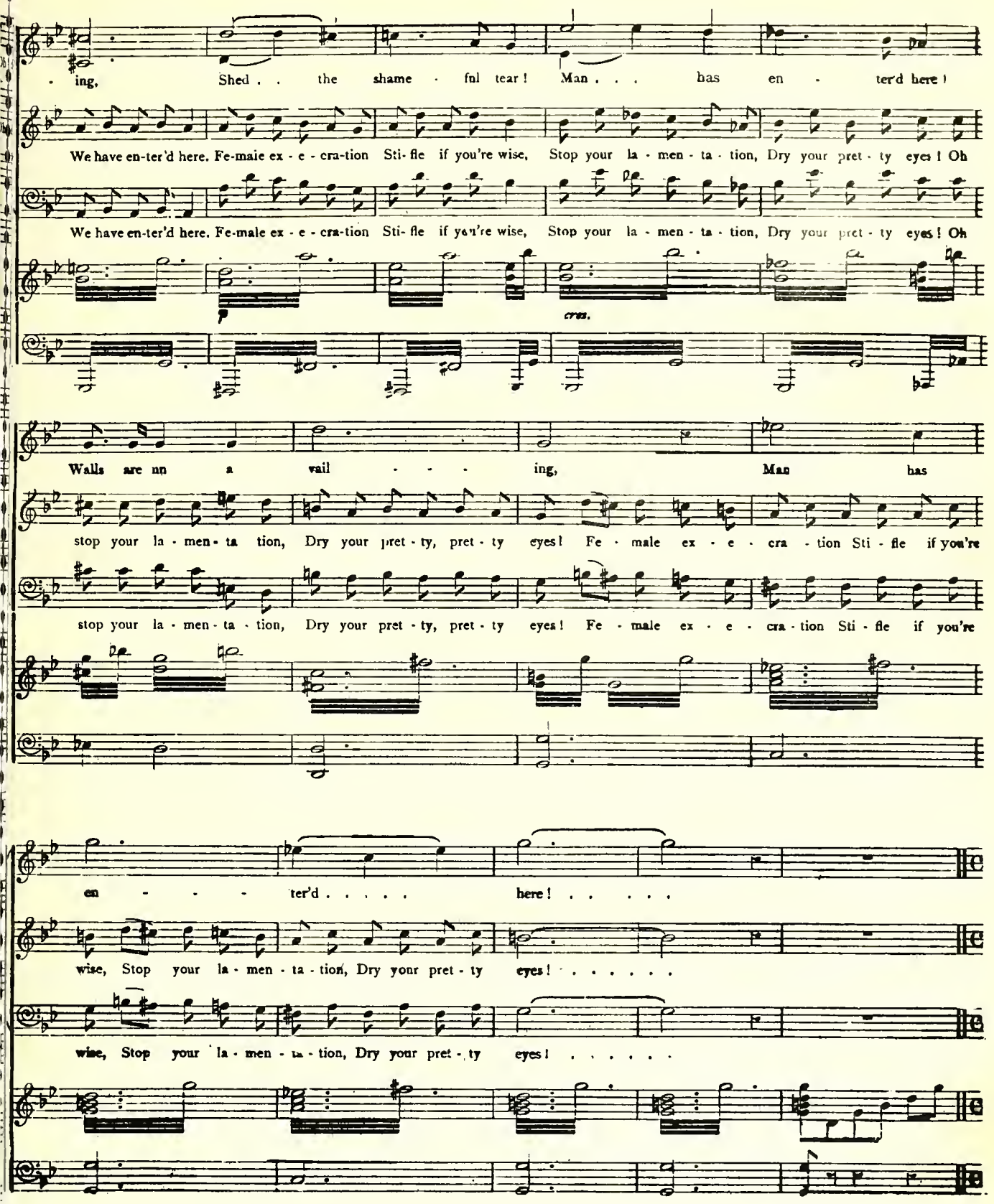

RECIT.
GIRLS.
clu - sion, dies! Ar - rest these coarse in-tru-ding spies! Have mer - cy, O
f
p
PRINCESS.
la - dy— dis re-gard your oaths. I know not mer - cy,
Andante moderato.
HILARION.
men in wo - men's clothes! Whom thou hast chain'd must wear his chain, Thou
p
canst not set him free, He wrest - les with his bonds in vain Who lives by lov - ing thee! If
heart of stone for heart of fire, Be all thou hast to give, . . . If dead to me my heart's de - sire, . .

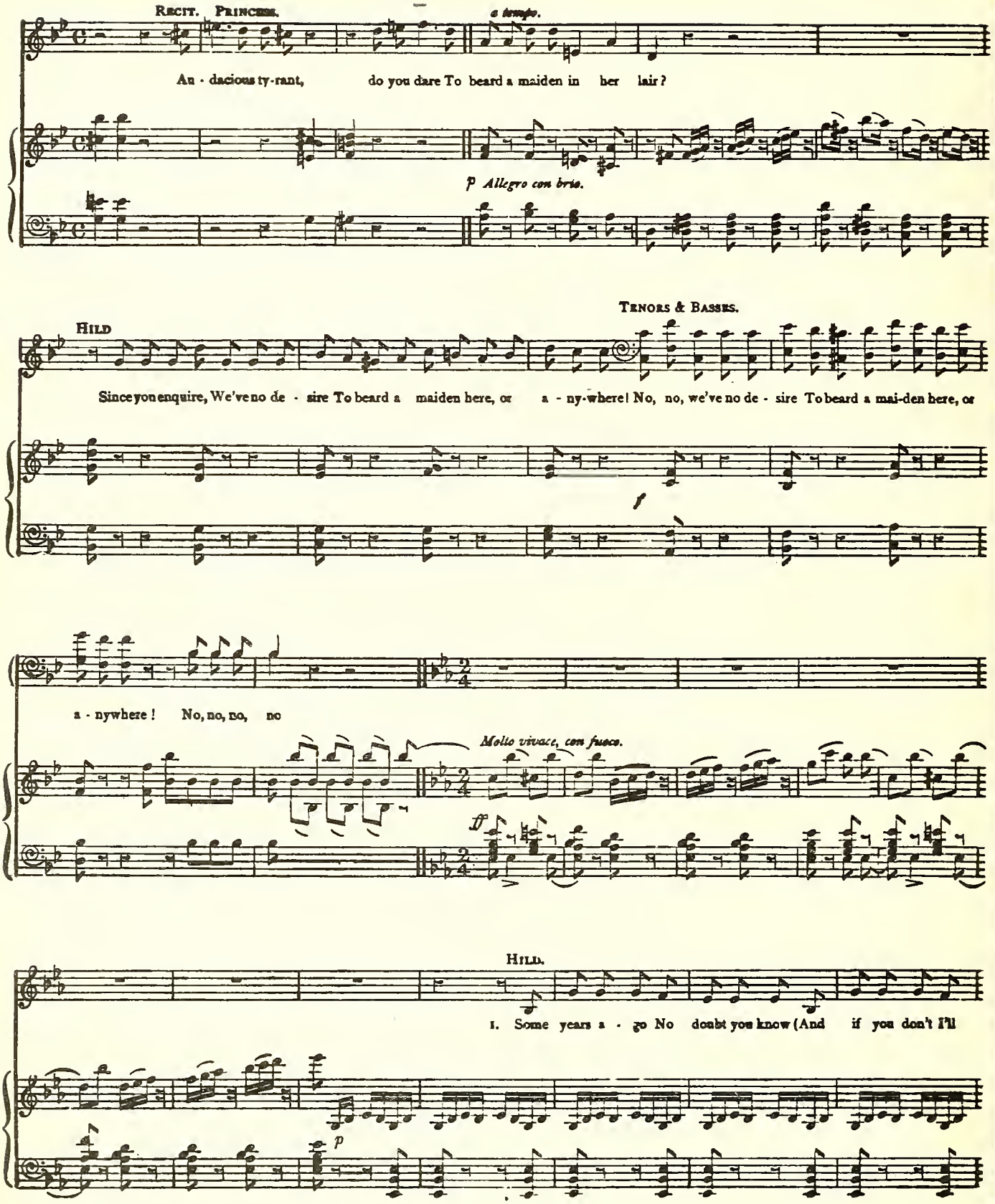

Why should I wish to live?
No word of thine—
CYRIL.
p
Have mer - cy, O la - dy! . . . .
FLORIAN.
p
Have mer - cy, O la - dy! . . . .
GIRLS.
p
Have mer - - - cy! . . . . .
no stern com-mand Can teach my heart to rove, . . . Then ra - ther pe - rish by thy hand, Than
live with - out thy love! . . A love - less life a - part from thee Were hope - less sla - ve - ry,
pp
Were hope - - less sla - - ve - ry, If kind - ly death will set me free, . .

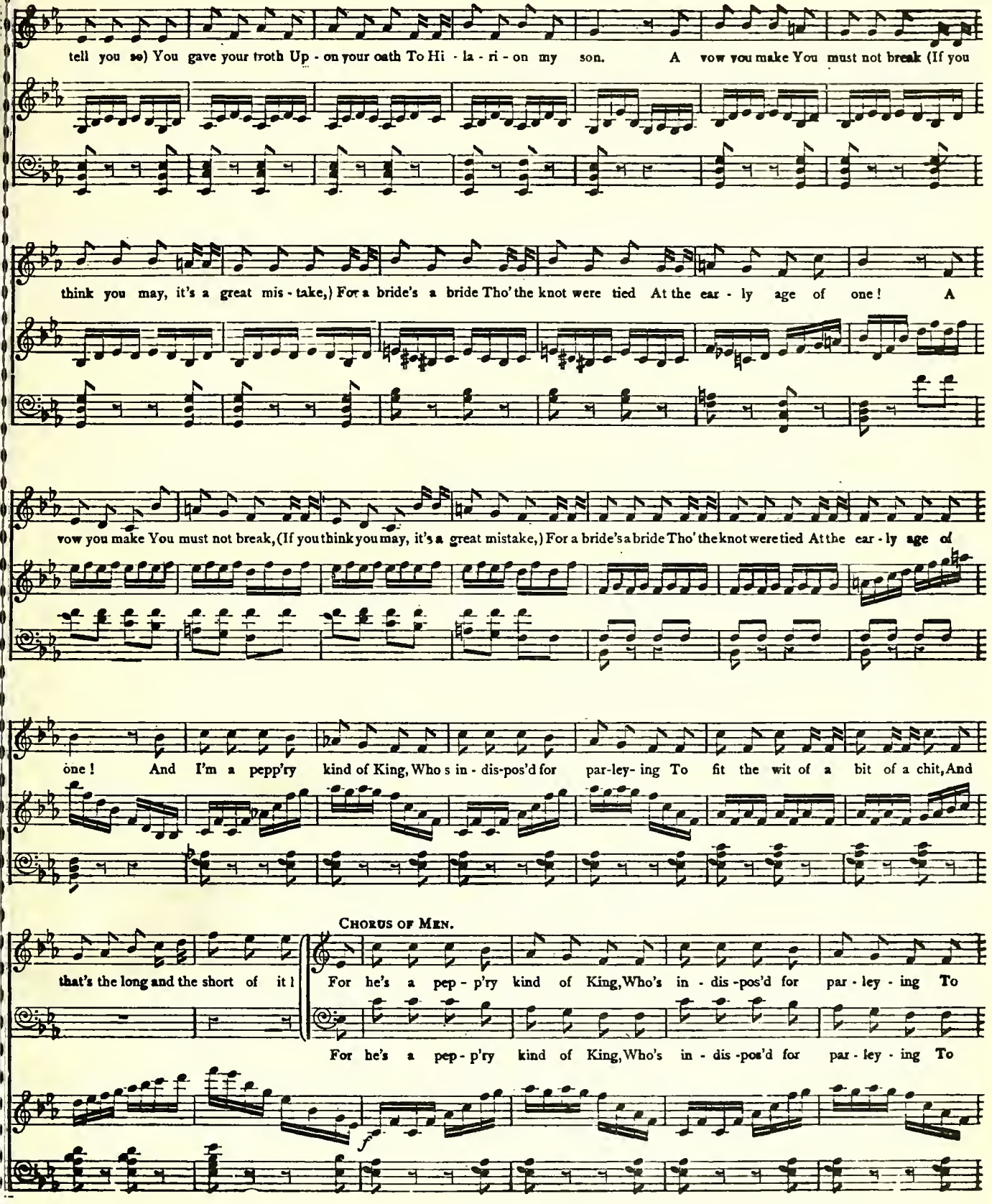

Why should I fear to die? . . . . . If kind - ly death will
GIRLS. pp
Have mer - cy! Have mer - cy!
set me free, If kind - ly death will set me free, . . Why should I fear, . . . why should I
f
fear to die? . .
RECIT. MELISSA. a tempo.
Ma-dam, with - out the cas - tle walls An arm - ed
Allegro vivace.
f
p

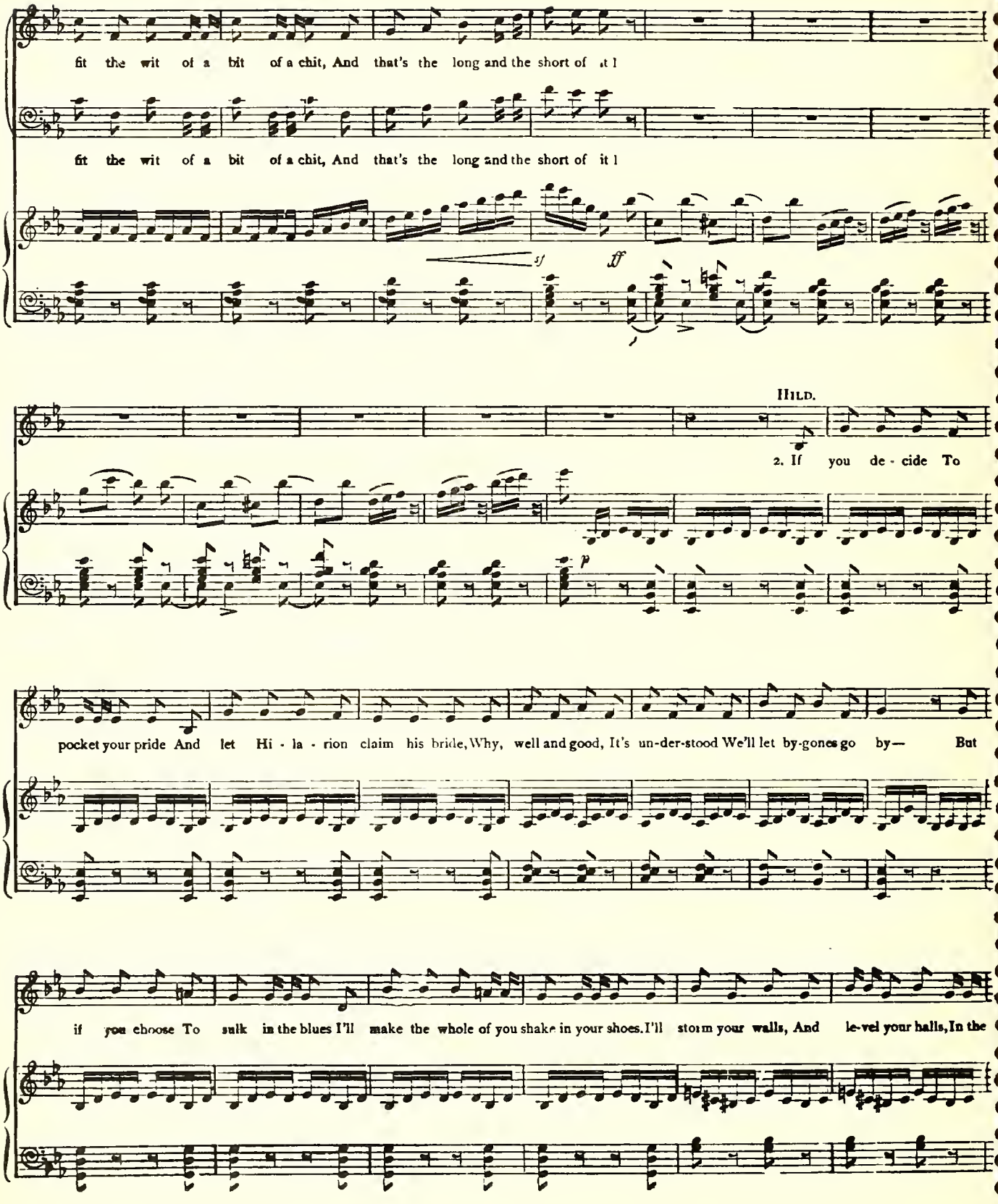

GIRLS.
band De - mand ad - mit - tance to our halls for Hil - de - brand! Oh!
PRINCESS.
GIRLS.
hor - ror! De - ny them! We will de - fy them! Too late, too
late! The cas - tle gate is bat - ter'd by them!
Allegro con brio.
TENORS.
Walls and fences scaling, Promptly we appear; Walls are unavailing,
BASSES.
Walls and fences scaling, Promptly we appear; Walls are unavailing,

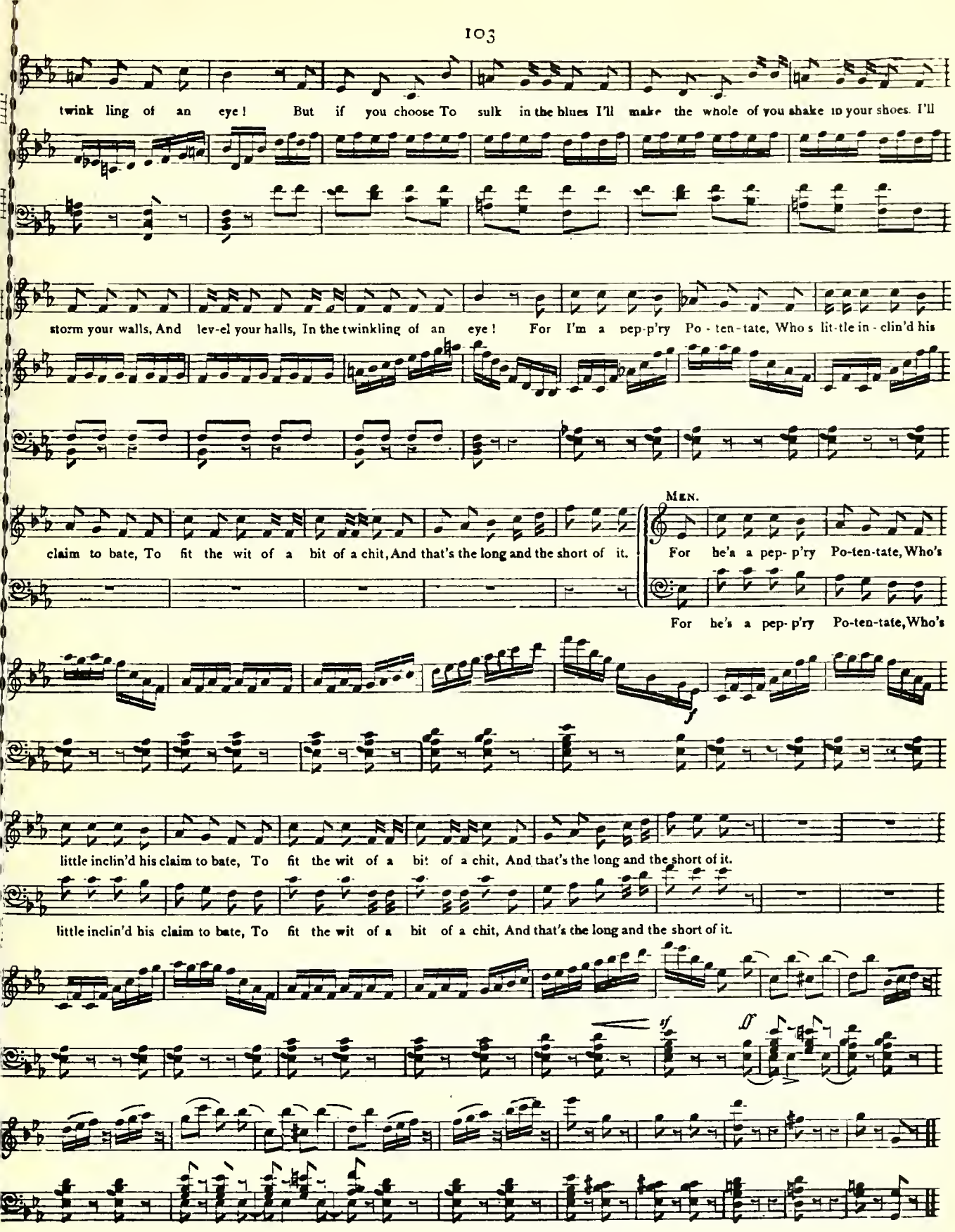

We have en - ter'd here. Fe-male ex - e - cra- tion Sti - fle if you're wise, Stop your la-men- ta - tion, Dry your pret-ty eyes! Oh
We have en - ter'd here. Fe-male ex - e - cra- tion Sti - fle if you're wise, Stop your la-men- ta - tion, Dry your pret-ty eyes! Oh
GIRLS.
Rend the air with
stop your la- men - ta - tion, Dry your pret- ty, pret-ty eyes! wail - - - - - ing,
stop your la - men - ta - tion, Dry your pret-ty, pret-ty eyes!
p trem. f dim.
Shed the shame - ful tear! Man has en - ter'd here, Walls are un - a - vail - -
p cres. f
ing! - - - Rend the air with wail - - - - -
TENORS.
Walls and fen - ces scal - ing, Prompt-ly we ap - pear; Walls are un - a - vail - ing,
BASSES.
Walls and fen - ces scal - ing, Prompt-ly we ao - pear; Walls are un - a - vail - ing,
dim. p f dim.

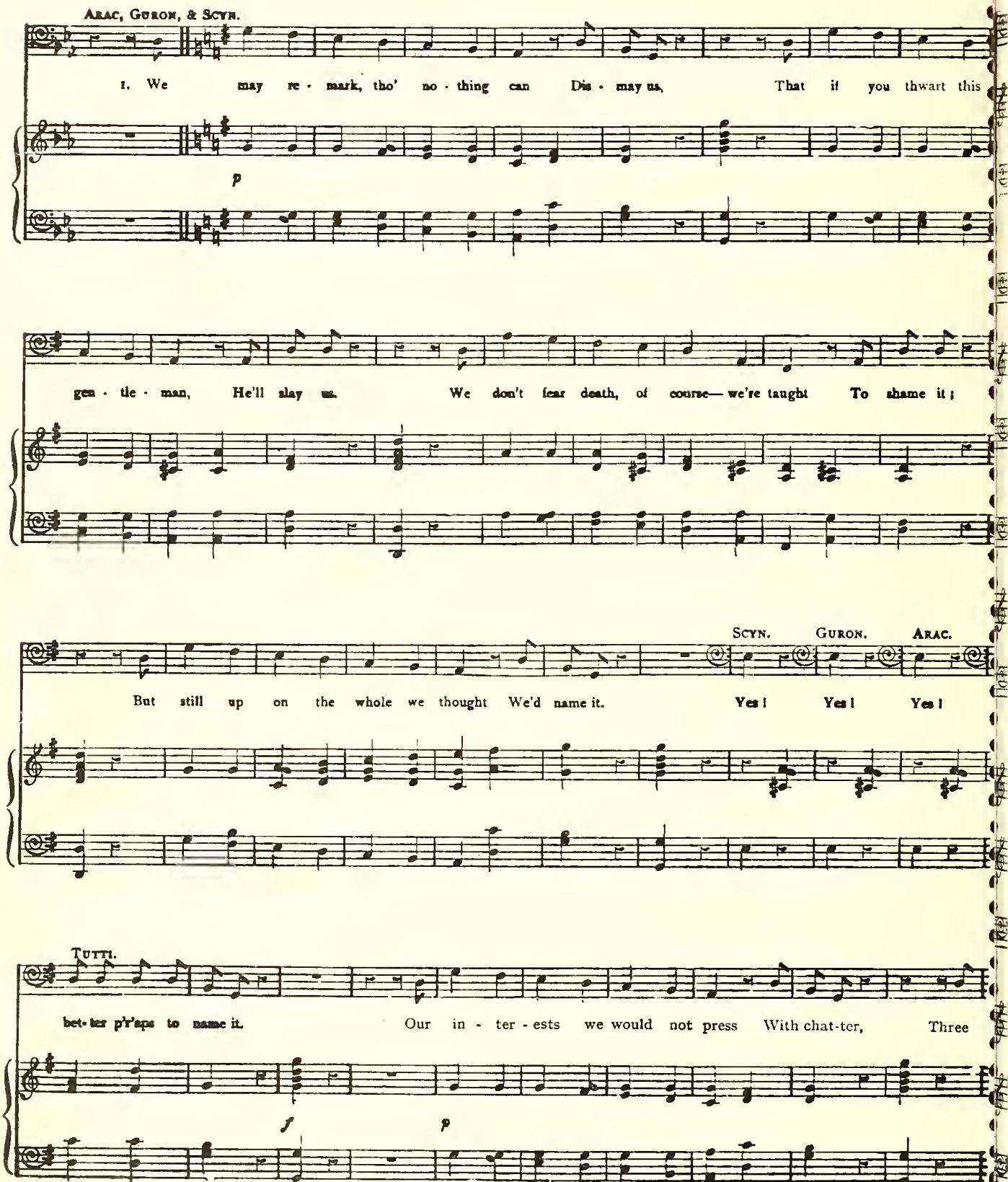

ing, Shed . . the shame - ful tear! Man . . . has en - ter'd here!
We have en-ter'd here. Fe-male ex - e - cra-tion Sti- fle if you're wise, Stop your la - men - ta - tion, Dry your pret - ty eyes! Oh
We have en-ter'd here. Fe-male ex - e - cra-tion Sti- fle if you're wise, Stop your la - men - ta - tion, Dry your pret - ty eyes! Oh
cres.
Walls are nn a vail - - - ing, Man has
stop your la - men - ta tion, Dry your pret - ty, pret - ty eyes! Fe - male ex - e - cra - tion Sti - fle if you're
stop your la - men - ta - tion, Dry your pret - ty, pret - ty eyes! Fe - male ex - e - cra - tion Sti - fle if you're
en - - - - ter'd . . . . . here! . . . . . .
wise, Stop your la - men - ta - tion, Dry your pret - ty eyes! . . . . . .
wise, Stop your la - men - ta - tion, Dry your pret - ty eyes! . . . . . .

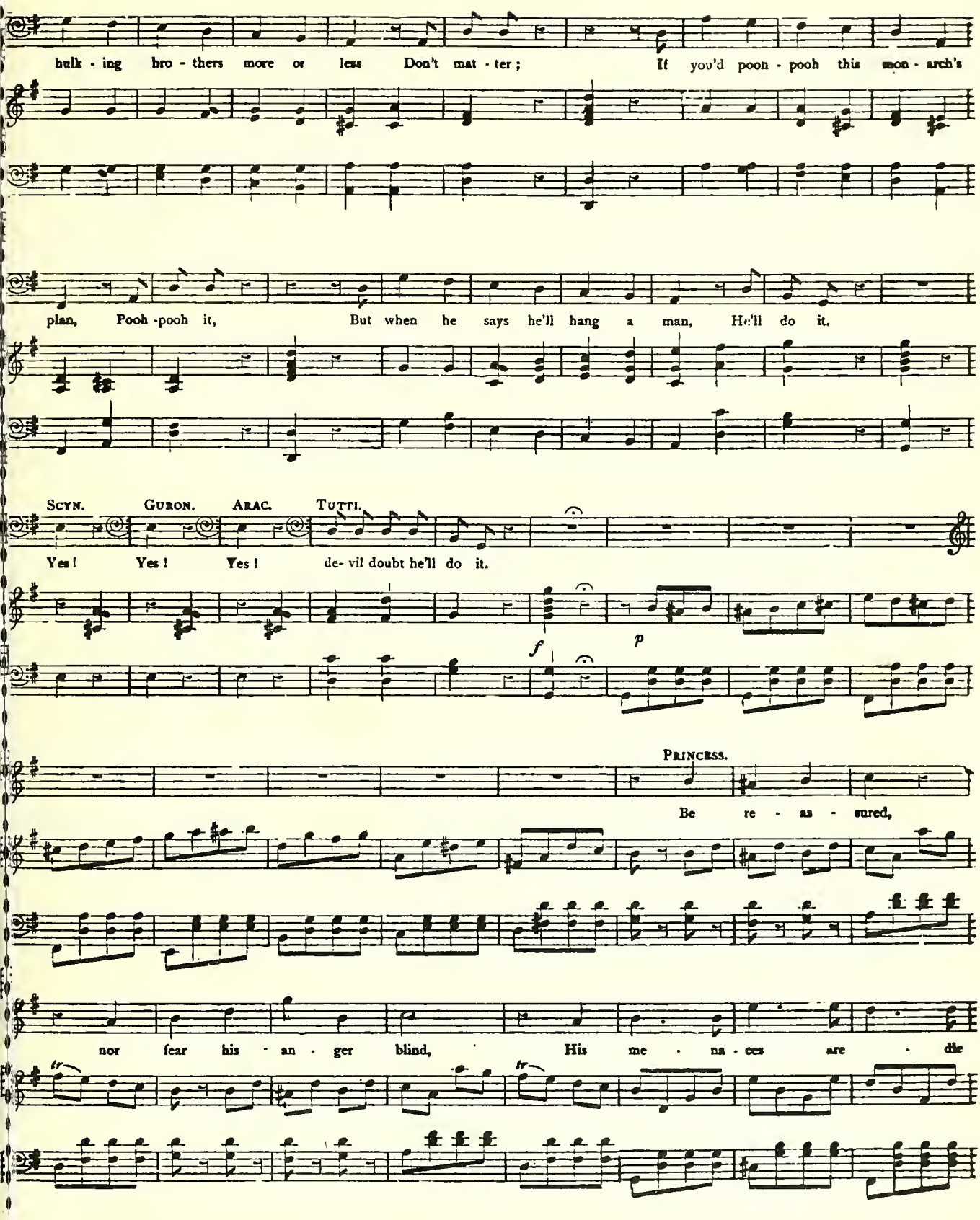

RECIT. PRINCESS.
a tempo.
An - dacious ty-rant, do you dare To beard a maiden in her lair?
p Allegro con brio.
TENORS & BASSES.
HILD
Since you enquire, We've no de - sire To beard a maiden here, or a - ny-where! No, no, we've no de - sire To beard a mai-den here, or
f
a - nywhere! No, no, no, no
Molto vivace, con fuoco.
ff
HILD.
1. Some years a - go No doubt you know (And if you don't I'll
p

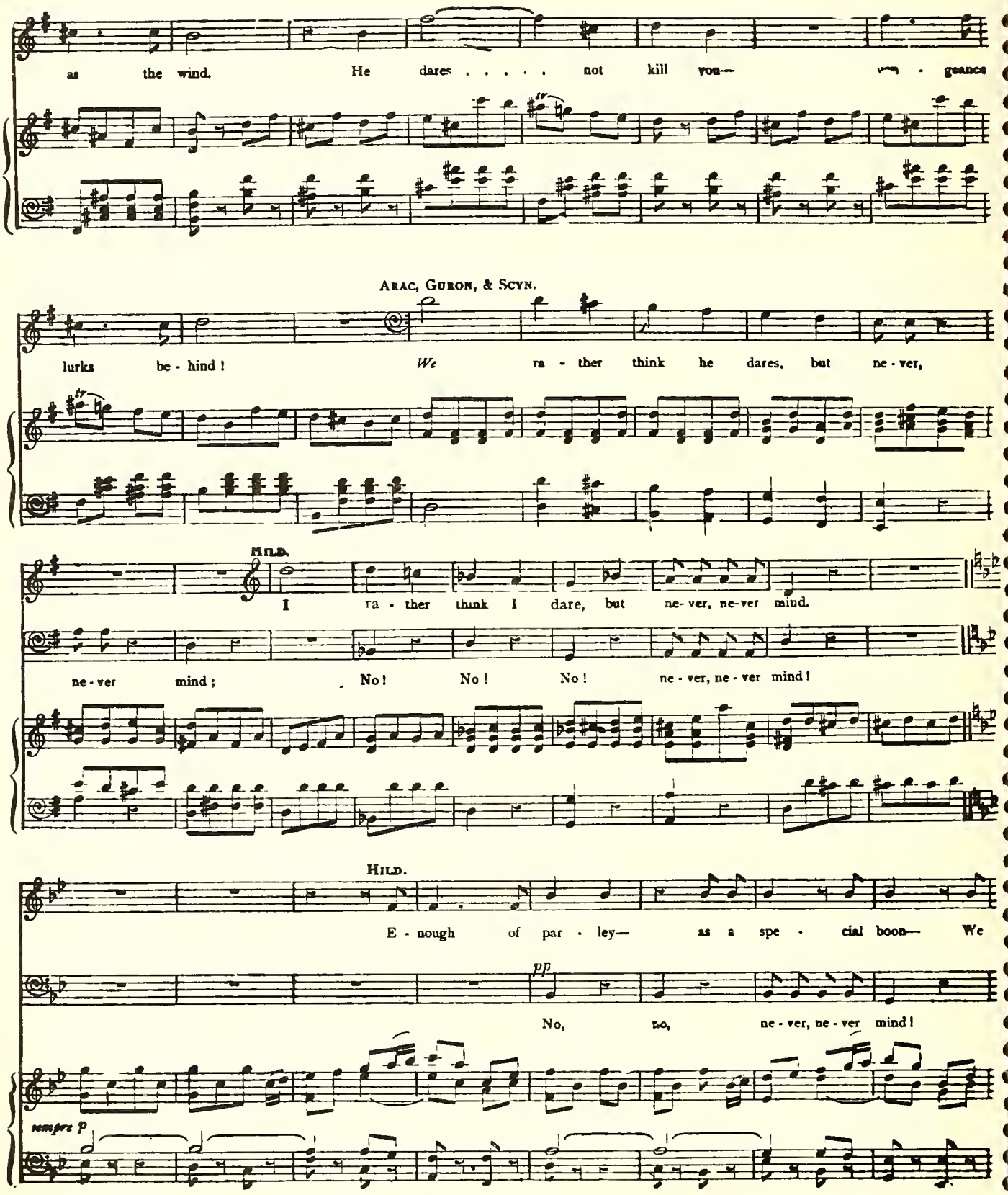

tell you so) You gave your troth Up - on your oath To Hi - la - ri - on my son. A vow you make You must not break (If you
think you may, it's a great mis - take,) For a bride's a bride Tho' the knot were tied At the ear - ly age of one! A
vow you make You must not break, (If you think you may, it's a great mistake,) For a bride's a bride Tho' the knot were tied At the ear - ly age of
one! And I'm a pepp'ry kind of King, Who s in - dis-pos'd for par-ley- ing To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And
that's the long and the short of it!
Chorus of Men.
For he's a pep - p'ry kind of King, Who's in - dis -pos'd for par - ley - ing To
For he's a pep - p'ry kind of King, Who's in - dis -pos'd for par - ley - ing To
f

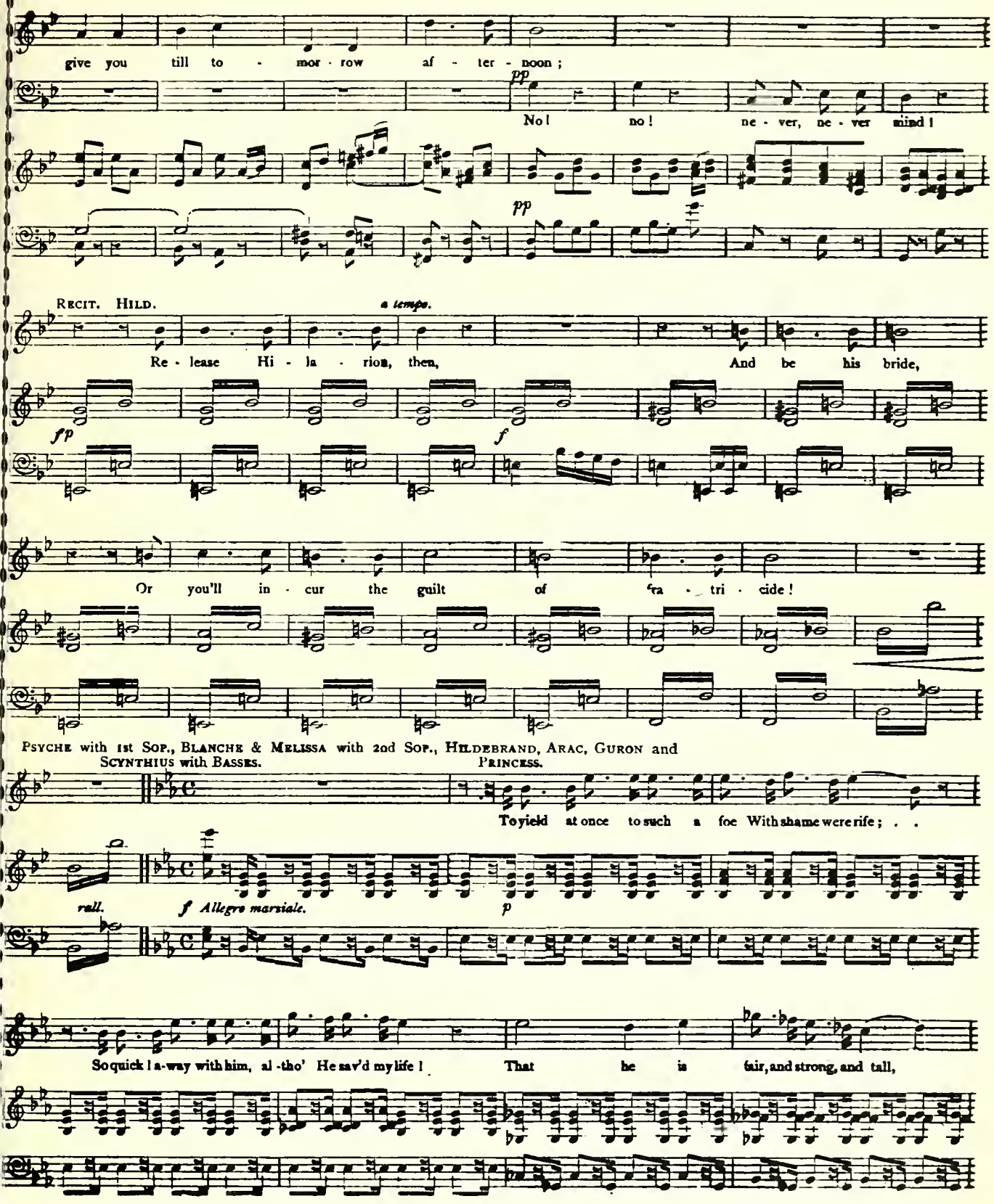

fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it!
fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it!
sf
ff
Hild.
2. If you de - cide To
p
pocket your pride And let Hi - la - rion claim his bride, Why, well and good, It's un-der-stood We'll let by-gones go by— But
if you choose To sulk in the blues I'll make the whole of you shake in your shoes. I'll storm your walls, And le-vel your halls, In the

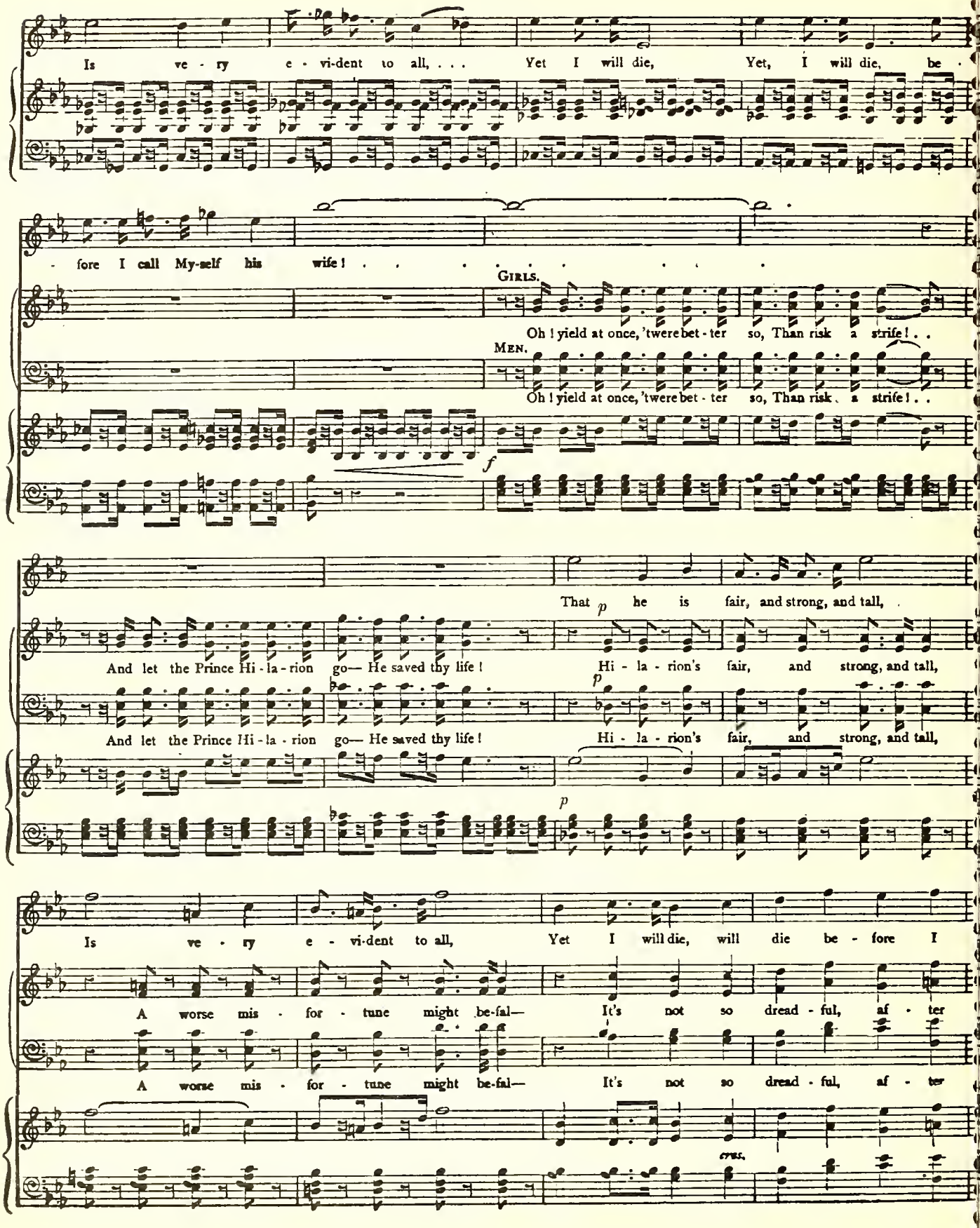

twink ling of an eye! But if you choose To sulk in the blues I'll make the whole of you shake to your shoes. I'll
storm your walls, And lev-el your halls, In the twinkling of an eye! For I'm a pep-p'ry Po - ten - tate, Who's lit-tle in - clin'd his
claim to bate, To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it.
MEN.
For he's a pep- p'ry Po-ten-tate, Who's
For he's a pep- p'ry Po-ten-tate, Who's
little inclin'd his claim to bate, To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it.
little inclin'd his claim to bate, To fit the wit of a bit of a chit, And that's the long and the short of it.
sf
ff

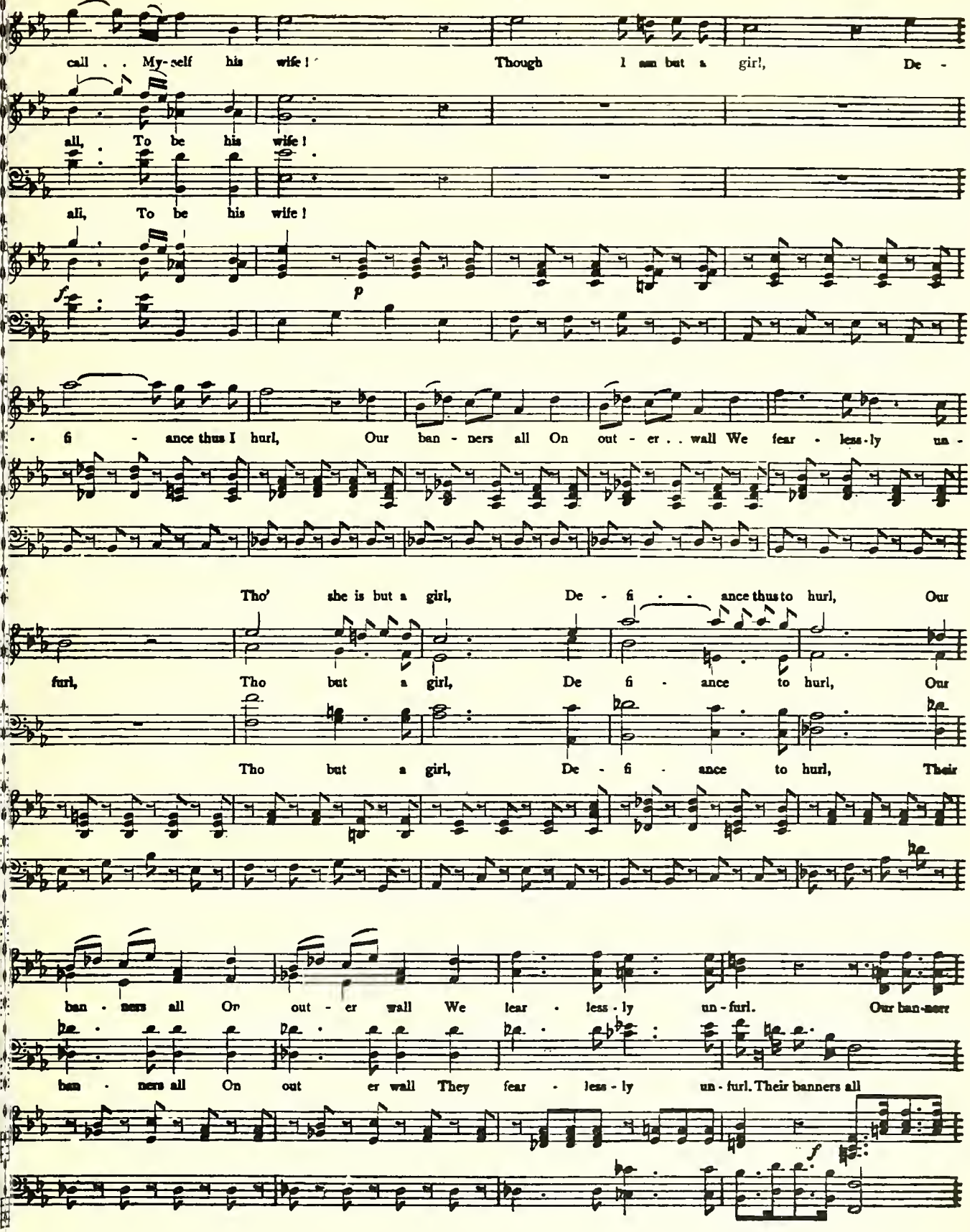

ARAC, GURON, & SCYN.
1. We may re - mark, tho' no - thing can Dis - may us, That if you thwart this
p
gen - tle - man, He'll slay us. We don't fear death, of course— we're taught To shame it;
SCYN. GURON. ARAC.
But still up on the whole we thought We'd name it. Yes! Yes! Yes!
TUTTI.
bet-ter p'r'aps to name it. Our in - ter - ests we would not press With chat-ter, Three
f
p

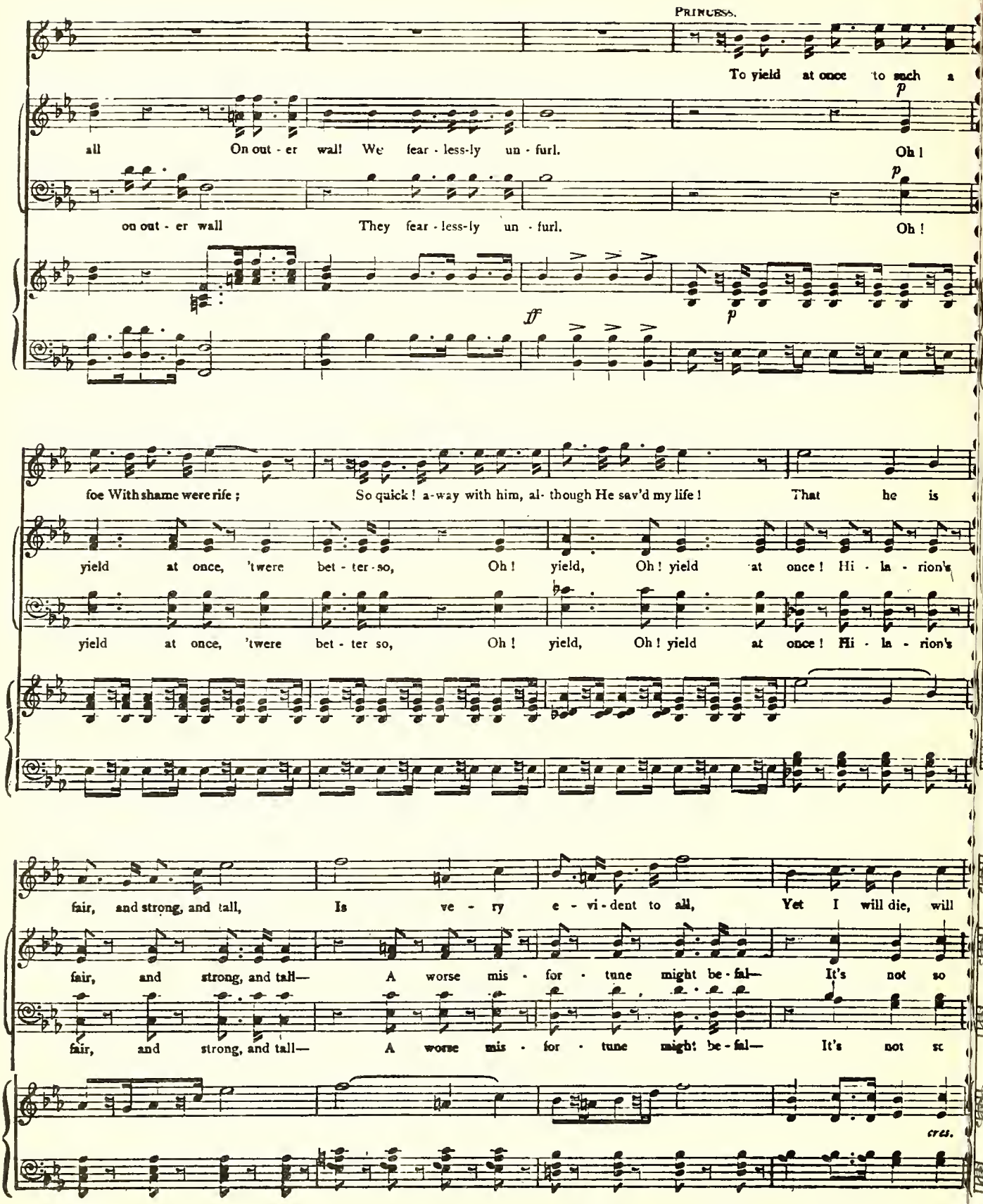

hulk - ing bro - thers more or less Don't mat - ter; If you'd poon - pooh this mon - arch's
plan, Pooh-pooh it, But when he says he'll hang a man, He'll do it.
Scyn. Guron. Arac. Tutti.
Yes! Yes! Yes! de- vil doubt he'll do it.
f
p
Princess.
Be re - as - sured,
nor fear his - an - ger blind, His me - na - ces are - die

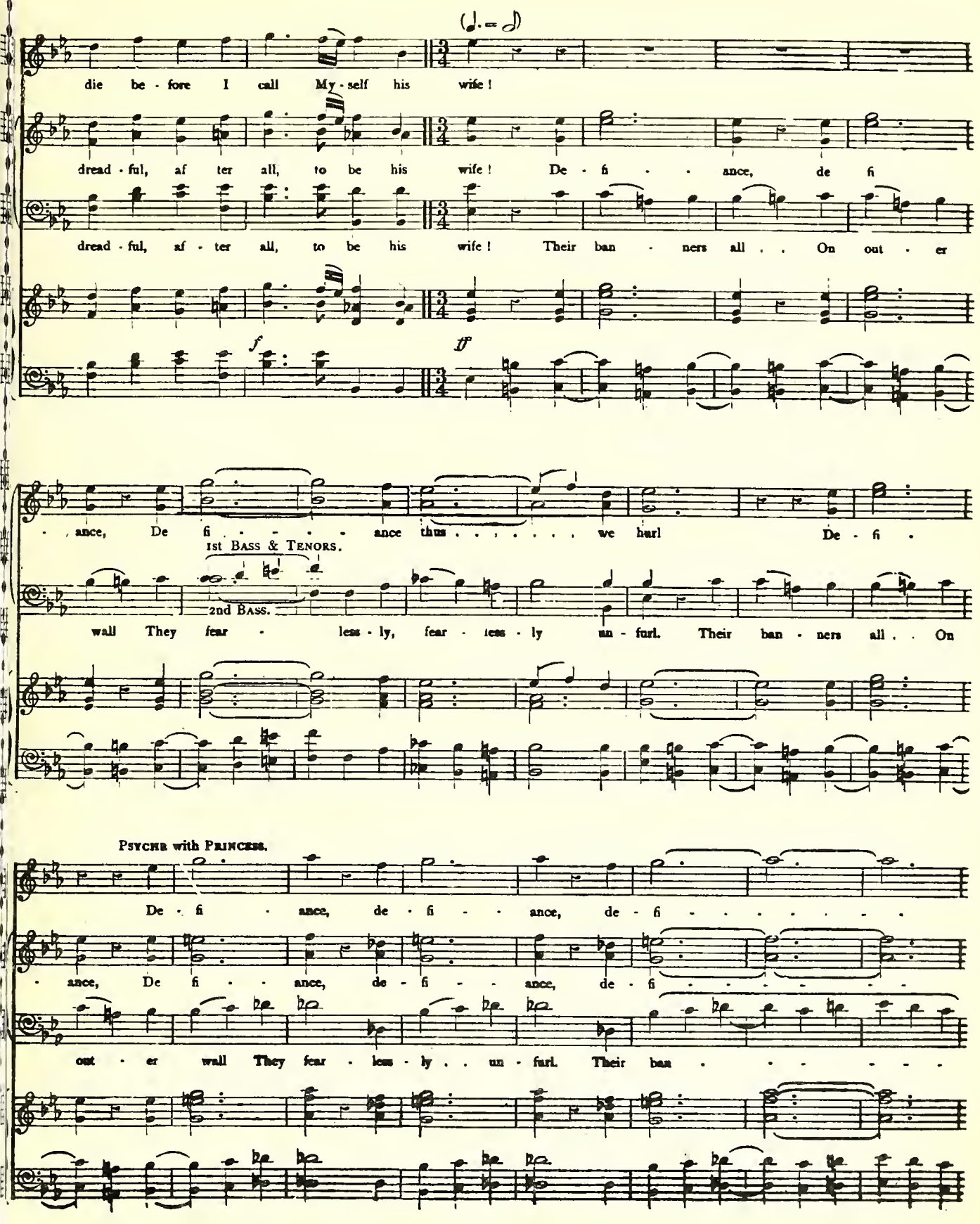

as the wind. He dares . . . . . not kill you— yeance
ARAC, GURON, & SCYN.
lurks be - hind! We ra - ther think he dares, but ne - ver,
HILD.
I ra - ther think I dare, but ne- ver, ne-ver mind.
ne - ver mind; No! No! No! ne - ver, ne - ver mind!
HILD.
E - nough of par - ley— as a spe - cial boon— We
pp
No, no, ne - ver, ne - ver mind!
sempre p

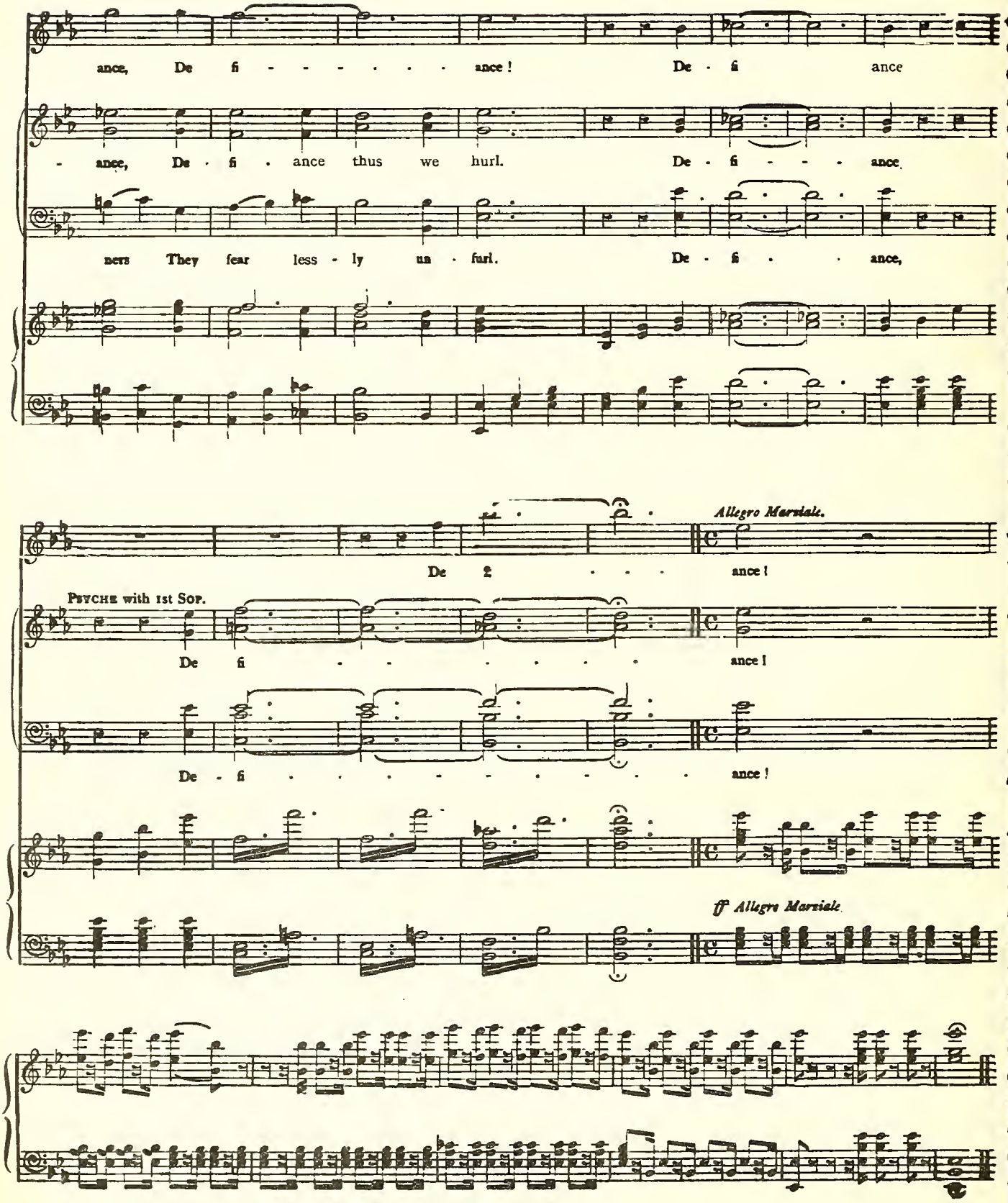

give you till to - mor - row af - ter - noon ;
pp
No! no! ne - ver, ne - ver mind!
pp
Recit. Hild.
a tempo.
Re - lease Hi - la - rion, then, And be his bride,
fp
f
Or you'll in - cur the guilt of 'ra - tri - cide!
Psyche with 1st Sop., Blanche & Melissa with 2nd Sop., Hildebrand, Arac, Guron and Scynthius with Basses.
Princess.
To yield at once to such a foe With shame were rife; . .
rall.
f Allegro marziale.
p
So quick I a-way with him, al-tho' He sav'd my life! That he is fair, and strong, and tall,


Is ve - ry e - vi-dent to all, . . . Yet I will die, Yet, I will die, be -
- fore I call My-self his wife! . . . . . .
GIRLS.
Oh! yield at once, 'twere bet - ter so, Than risk a strife! . .
MEN.
Oh! yield at once, 'twere bet - ter so, Than risk a strife! . .
f
That p he is fair, and strong, and tall,
And let the Prince Hi - la - rion go— He saved thy life! Hi - la - rion's fair, and strong, and tall,
p
And let the Prince Hi - la - rion go— He saved thy life! Hi - la - rion's fair, and strong, and tall,
p
Is ve - ry e - vi-dent to all, Yet I will die, will die be - fore I
A worse mis - for - tune might be-fal— It's not so dread - ful, af - ter
A worse mis - for - tune might be-fal— It's not so dread - ful, af - ter


call . . My-self his wife! Though I am but a girl, De -
all, To be his wife!
all, To be his wife!
f
p
- fi - ance thus I hurl, Our ban - ners all On out - er . . wall We fear - less - ly un -
Tho' she is but a girl, De - fi . . ance thus to hurl, Our
furl, Tho but a girl, De fi - ance to hurl, Our
Tho but a girl, De - fi - ance to hurl, Their
ban - ners all On out - er wall We fear - less - ly un - furl. Our ban-ners
ban - ners all On out er wall They fear - less - ly un - furl. Their banners all
f


PRINCESS.
To yield at once to such a
all On out - er wall We fear - less-ly un - furl. Oh!
on out - er wall They fear - less-ly un - furl. Oh!
p
ff
foe With shame were rife; So quick! a-way with him, al- though He sav'd my life! That he is
yield at once, 'twere bet - ter so, Oh! yield, Oh! yield at once! Hi - la - rion's
yield at once, 'twere bet - ter so, Oh! yield, Oh! yield at once! Hi - la - rion's
fair, and strong, and tall, Is ve - ry e - vi - dent to all, Yet I will die, will
fair, and strong, and tall— A worse mis - for - tune might be - fal— It's not so
fair, and strong, and tall— A worse mis - for - tune might be - fal— It's not so
cres.


(♩. = ♩)
die be - fore I call My - self his wife!
dread - ful, af ter all, to be his wife! De - fi - - ance, de fi
dread - ful, af - ter all, to be his wife! Their ban - ners all . . On out - er
f
ff
- ance, De fi - - - - - ance thus . . . . . we hurl De - fi -
1st Bass & Tenors.
2nd Bass.
wall They fear - less - ly, fear - less - ly un - furl. Their ban - ners all . . On
Psyche with Princess.
De - fi - ance, de - fi - - ance, de - fi - - - - - - -
- ance, De fi - - ance, de - fi - - ance, de - fi - - - - - - -
out - er wall They fear - less - ly . . un - furl. Their ban - - - - - -


ance, De fi - - - - - - ance! De - fi ance
- ance, De - fi - ance thus we hurl. De - fi - - - ance.
ners They fear less - ly un - furl. De - fi - - ance,
Allegro Marziale.
De fi - - - ance!
Psyche with 1st Sop.
De fi - - - - - - - ance!
De - fi - - - - - - - - - ance!
ff Allegro Marziale.

ACT III.

No. 21. CHORUS & SOLO—(Melissa).

Allegro moderato.

ff

ORCHESTRA.

1st SOPRANO.

Death to the in - va - der! Strike a dead - ly blow, As an old Cru -

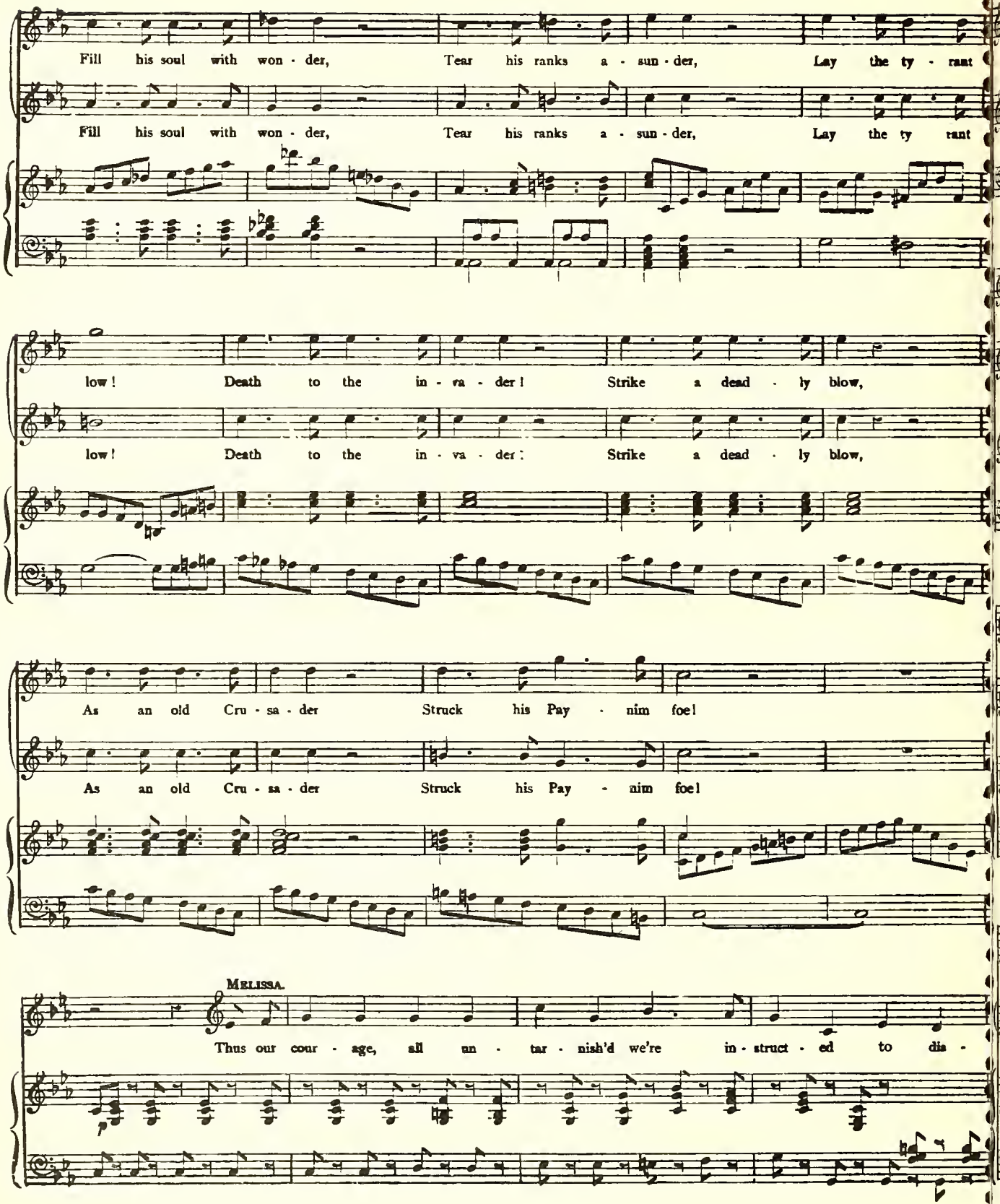
2nd SOPRANO.

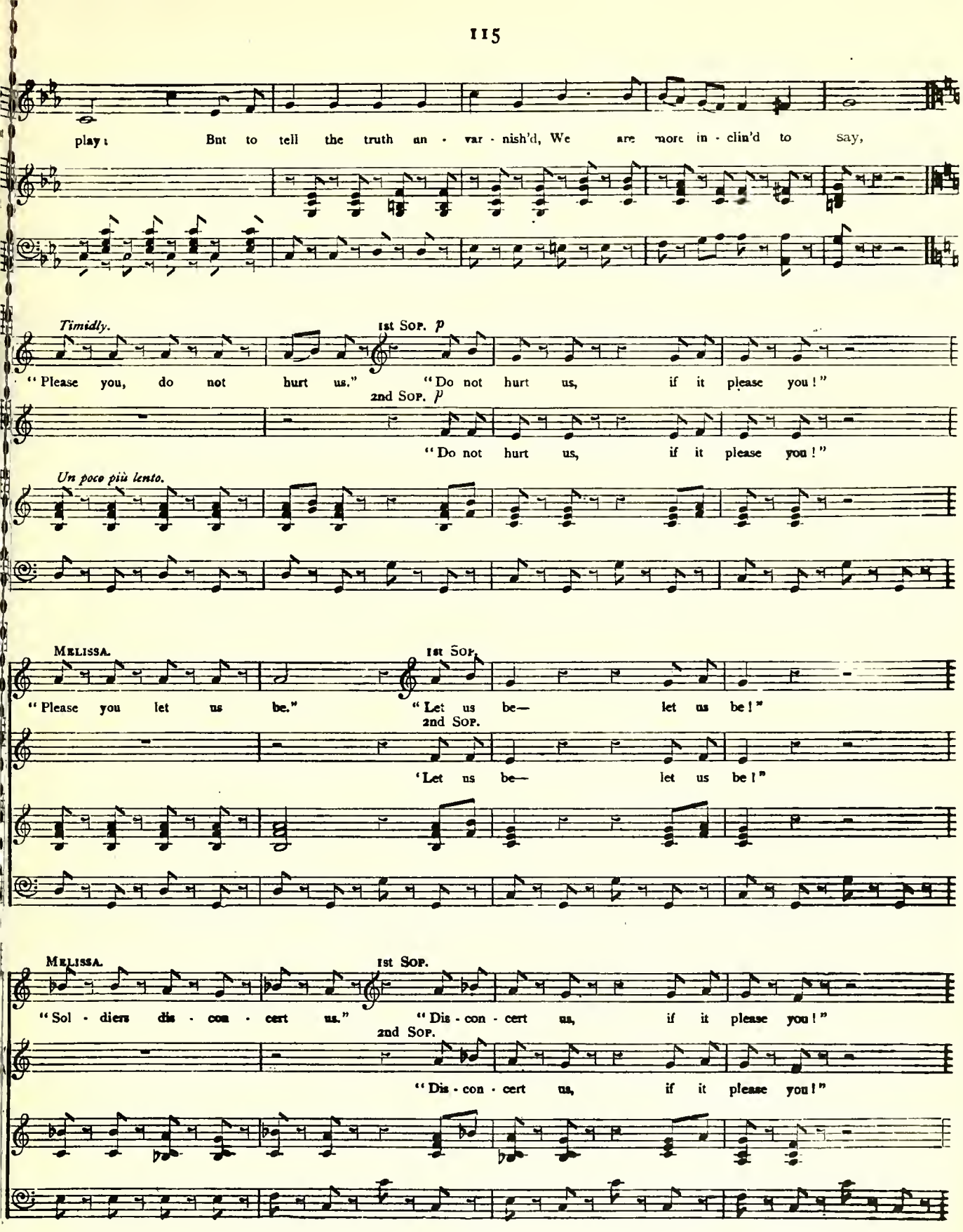
Death to the in - va - der! Strike a dead - ly blow, As an old Cru -

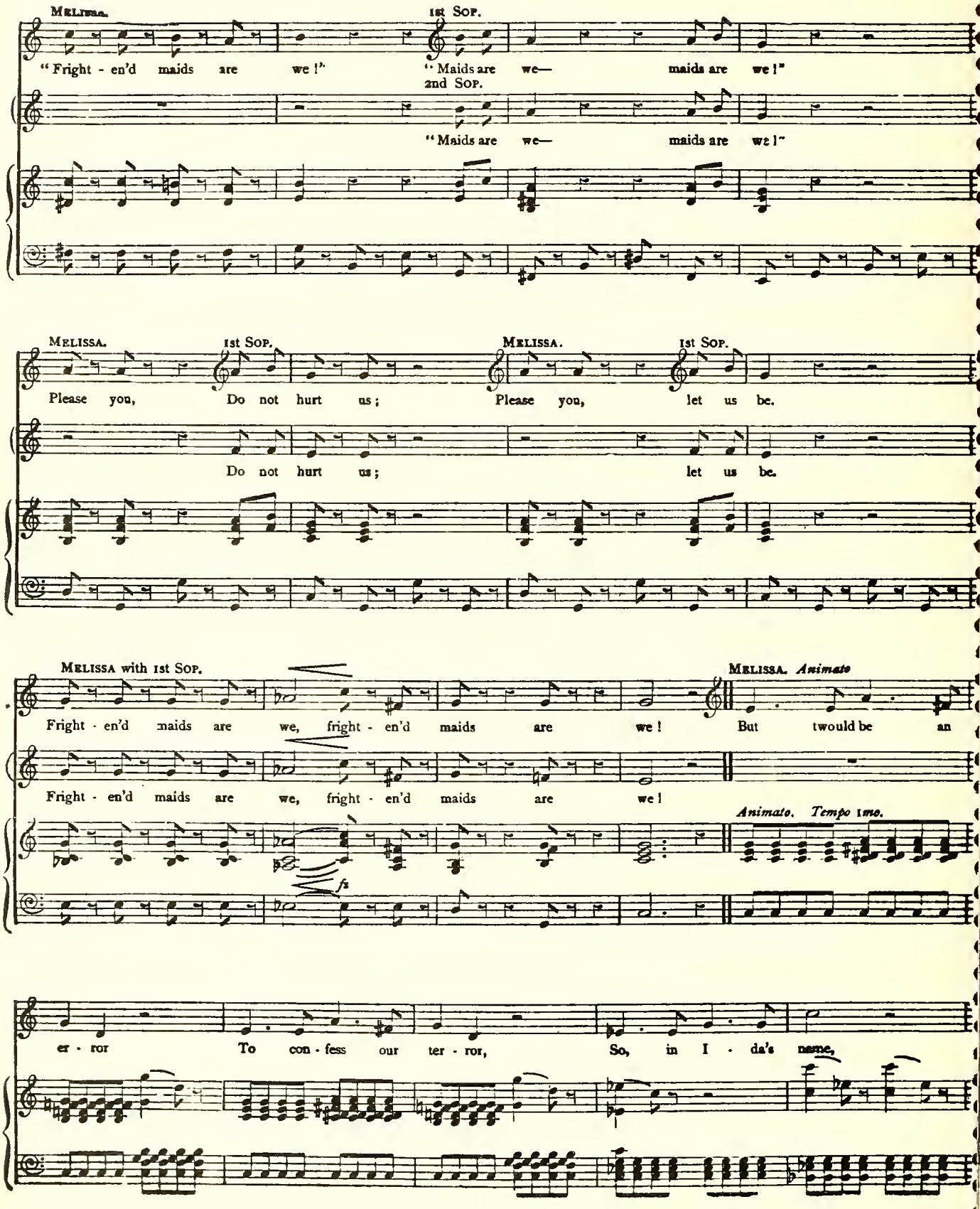
f

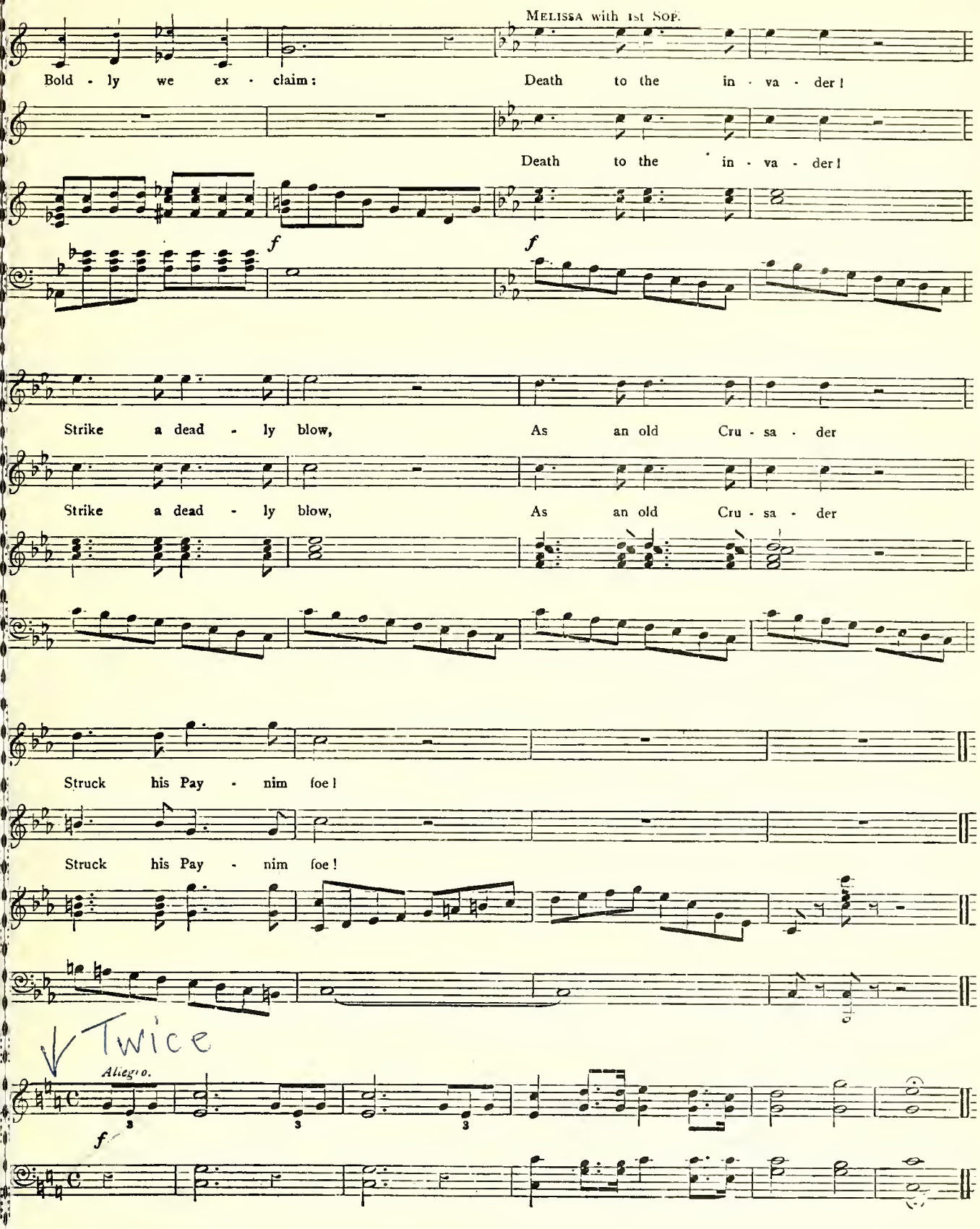
- der Struck his Pay - nim foe! Let our mar - tial thun - der

- der Struck his Pay - nim foe! Let our mar tial thun - der

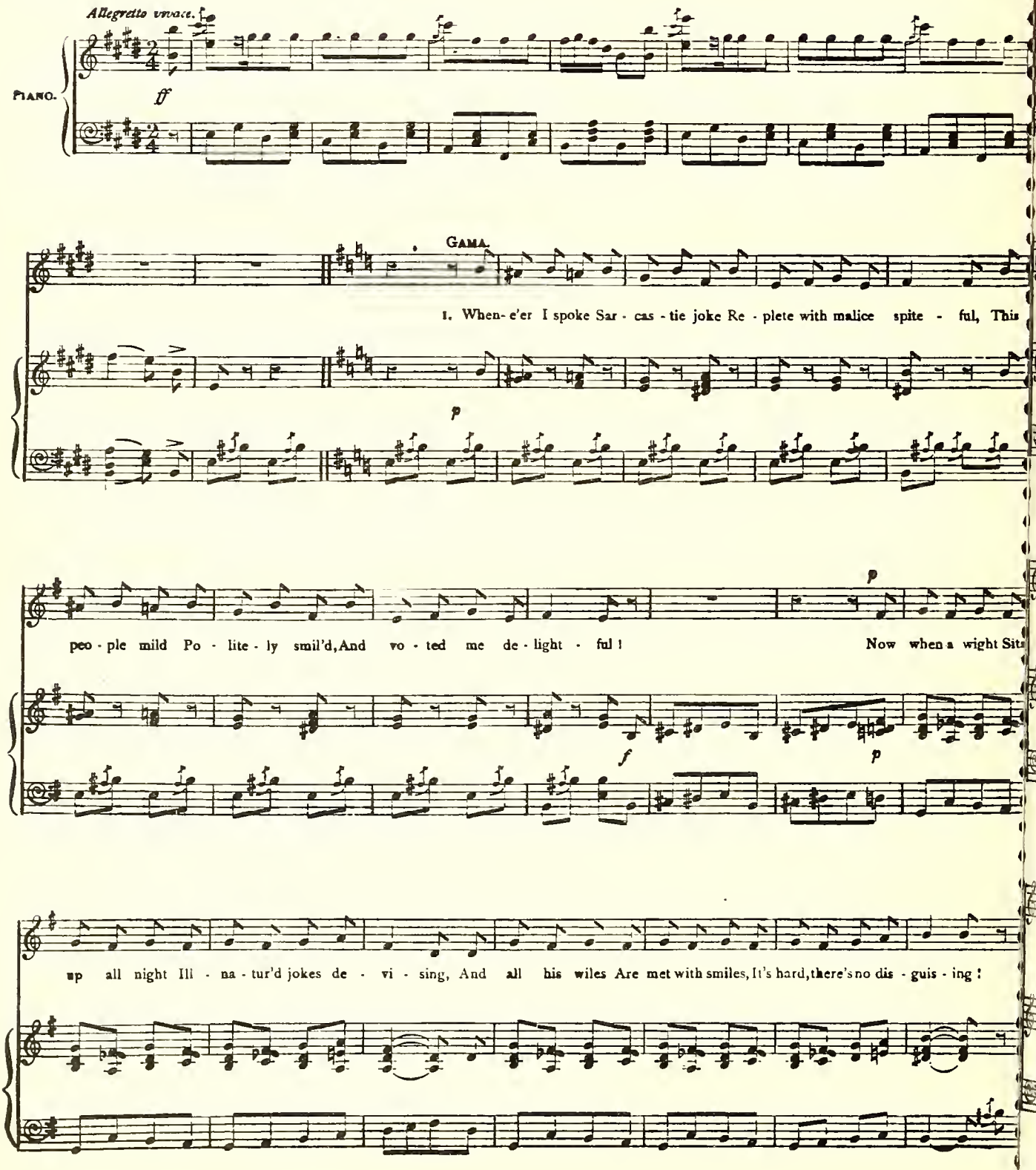

Fill his soul with won - der, Tear his ranks a - sun - der, Lay the ty - rant
Fill his soul with won - der, Tear his ranks a - sun - der, Lay the ty rant
low! Death to the in - va - der! Strike a dead - ly blow,
low! Death to the in - va - der! Strike a dead - ly blow,
As an old Cru - sa - der Struck his Pay - nim foe!
As an old Cru - sa - der Struck his Pay - nim foe!
MELISSA.
Thus our cour - age, all un - tar - nish'd we're in - struct - ed to dis -

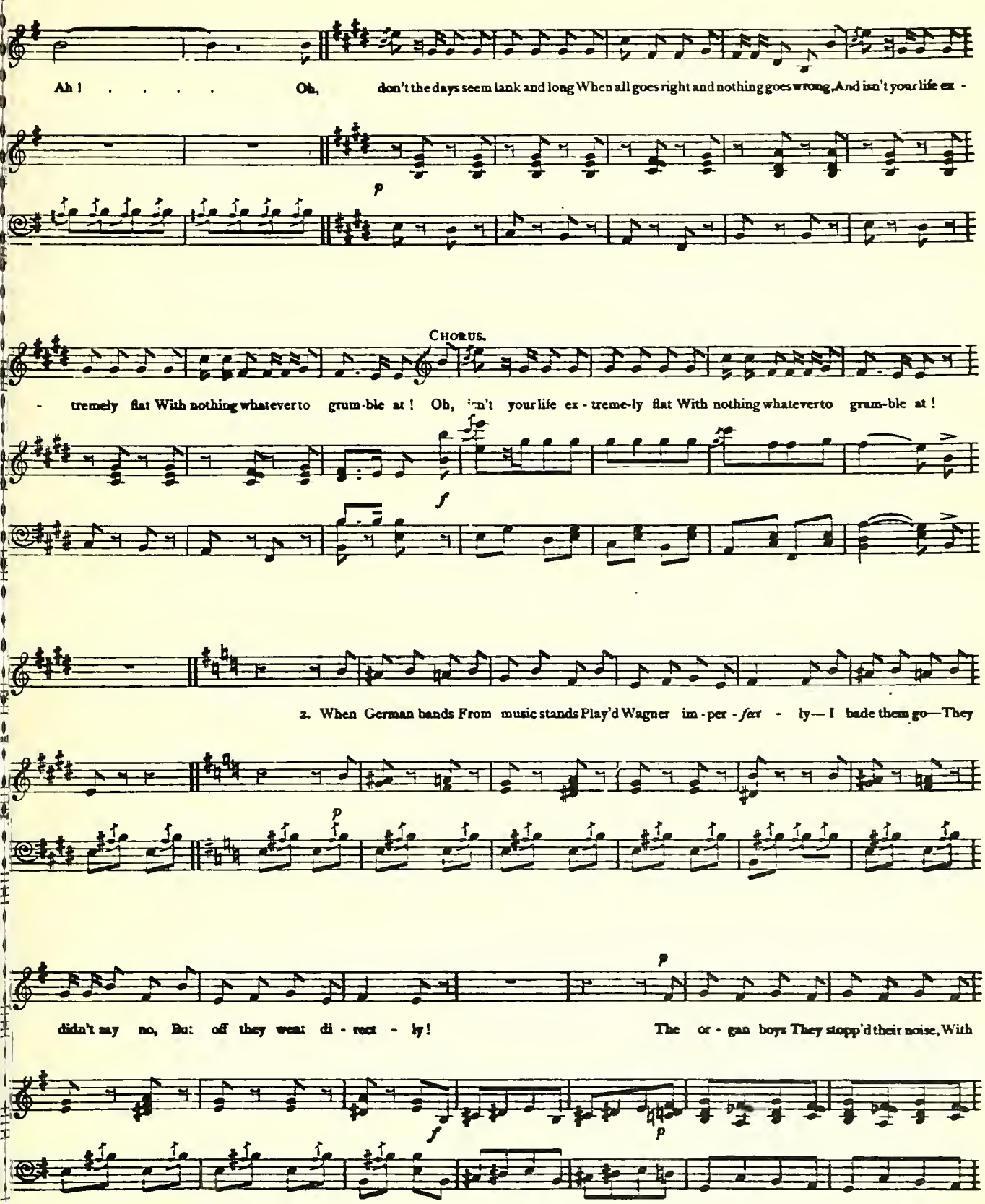

play : But to tell the truth un - var - nish'd, We are more in - clin'd to say,
Timidly.
1st Sop. p
"Please you, do not hurt us."
"Do not hurt us, if it please you!"
2nd Sop. p
"Do not hurt us, if it please you!"
Un poco più lento.
Melissa.
"Please you let us be."
1st Sop.
"Let us be— let us be!"
2nd Sop.
'Let us be— let us be!"
Melissa.
"Sol - diers dis - con - cert us."
1st Sop.
"Dis - con - cert us, if it please you!"
2nd Sop.
"Dis - con - cert us, if it please you!"

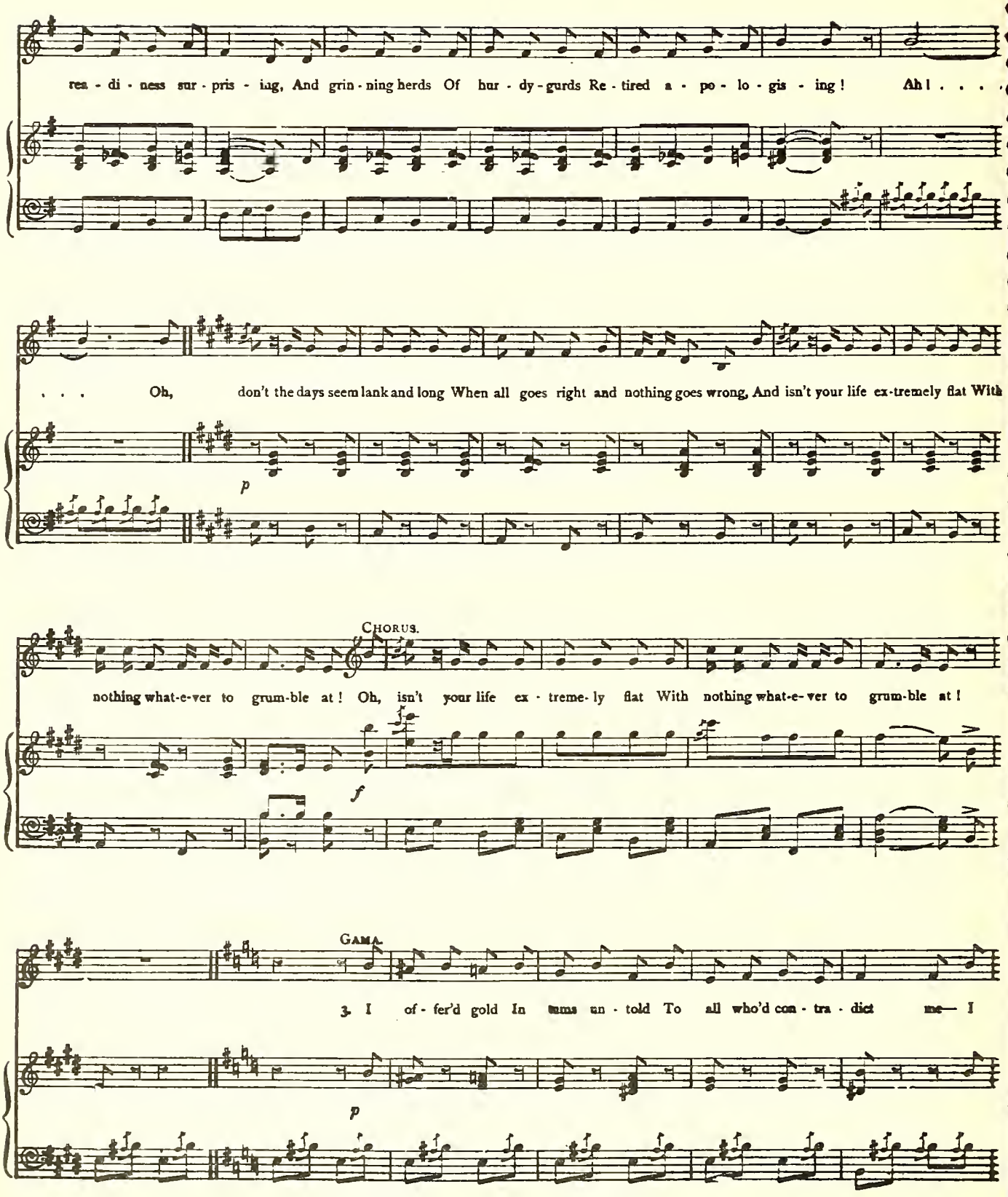

Melissa.
"Fright - en'd maids are we!"
1st Sop.
"Maids are we— maids are we!"
2nd Sop.
"Maids are we— maids are we!"
Melissa.
Please you, do not hurt us;
1st Sop.
Do not hurt us;
Melissa.
Please you, let us be.
1st Sop.
let us be.
Melissa with 1st Sop.
Fright - en'd maids are we, fright - en'd maids are we!
Fright - en'd maids are we, fright - en'd maids are we!
fz
Melissa. Animato
But twould be an
Animato. Tempo 1mo.
er - ror To con - fess our ter - ror, So, in I - da's name,

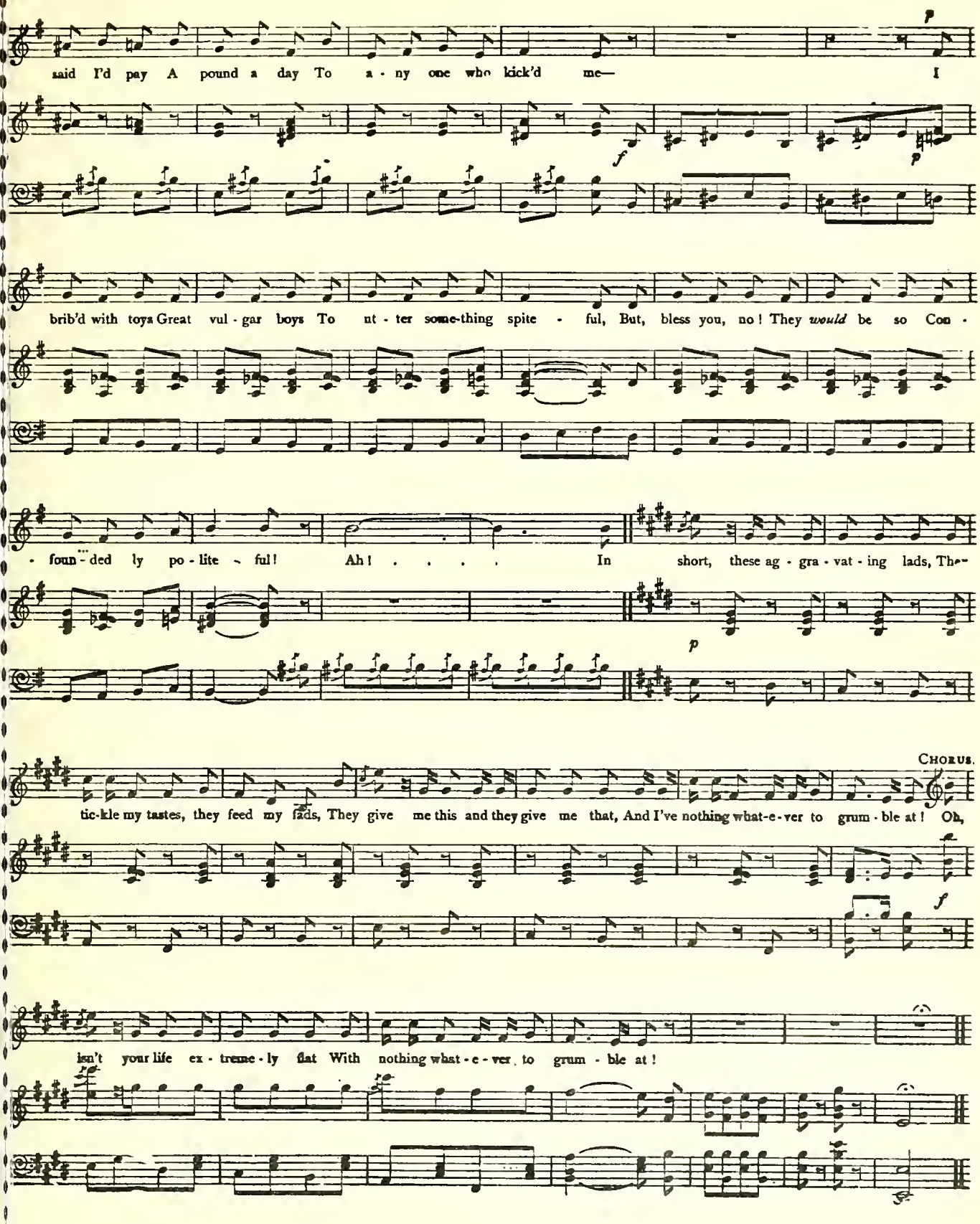

Melissa with 1st Sop.
Bold - ly we ex - claim:
Death to the in - va - der!
Death to the in - va - der!
f
f
Strike a dead - ly blow,
As an old Cru - sa - der
Strike a dead - ly blow,
As an old Cru - sa - der
Struck his Pay - nim foe!
Struck his Pay - nim foe!
Twice
Allegro.
f

No. 22. SONG—(King Gama) with Chorus of Girls.



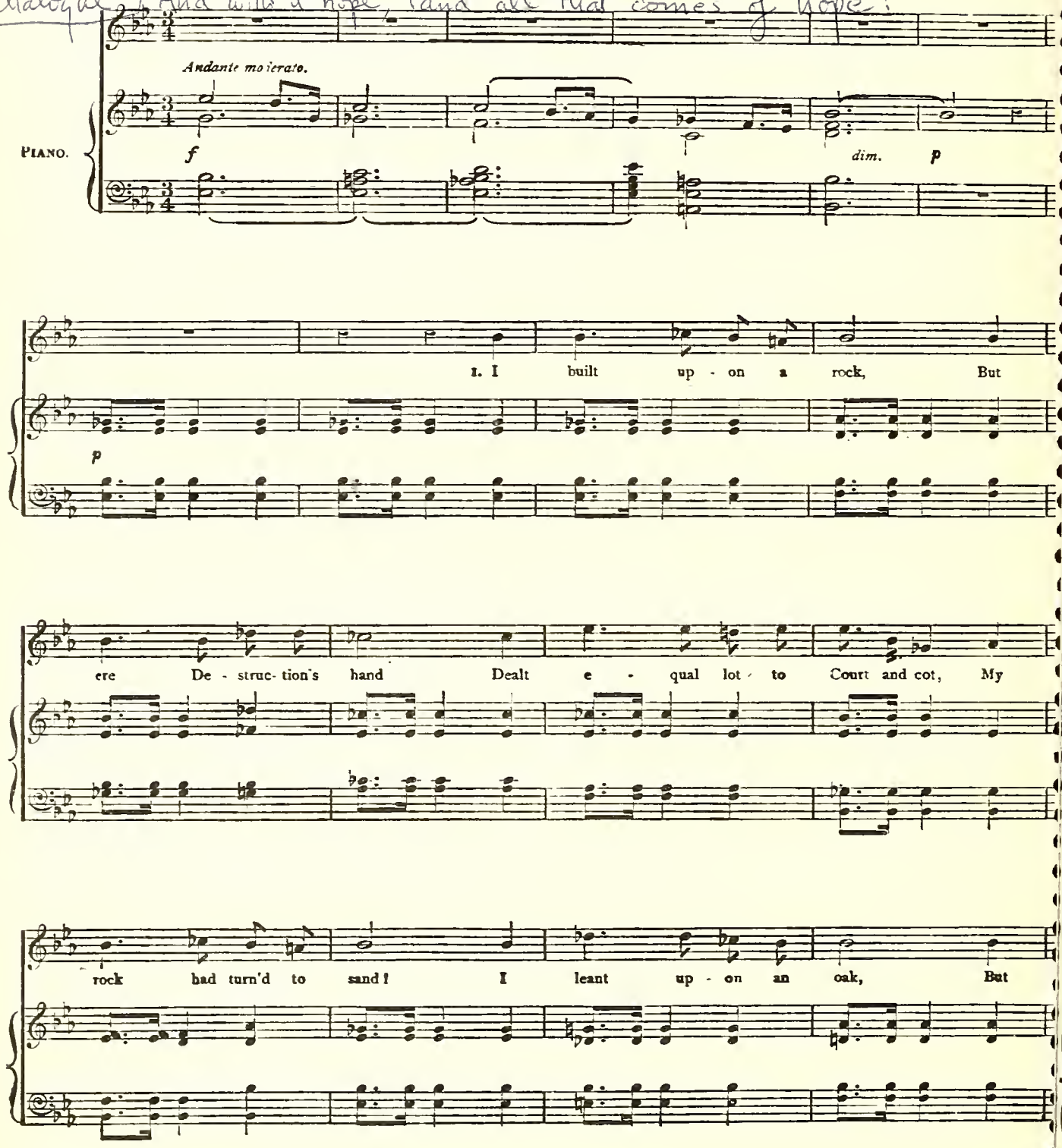

Ah! . . . . Oh, don't the days seem lank and long When all goes right and nothing goes wrong, And isn't your life ex -
p
Chorus.
- tremely flat With nothing whatever to grum-ble at! Oh, isn't your life ex - treme-ly flat With nothing whatever to grum-ble at!
f
2. When German bands From music stands Play'd Wagner im - per - fect - ly— I bade them go—They
p
didn't say no, But off they went di - rect - ly! The or - gan boys They stopp'd their noise, With
f
p

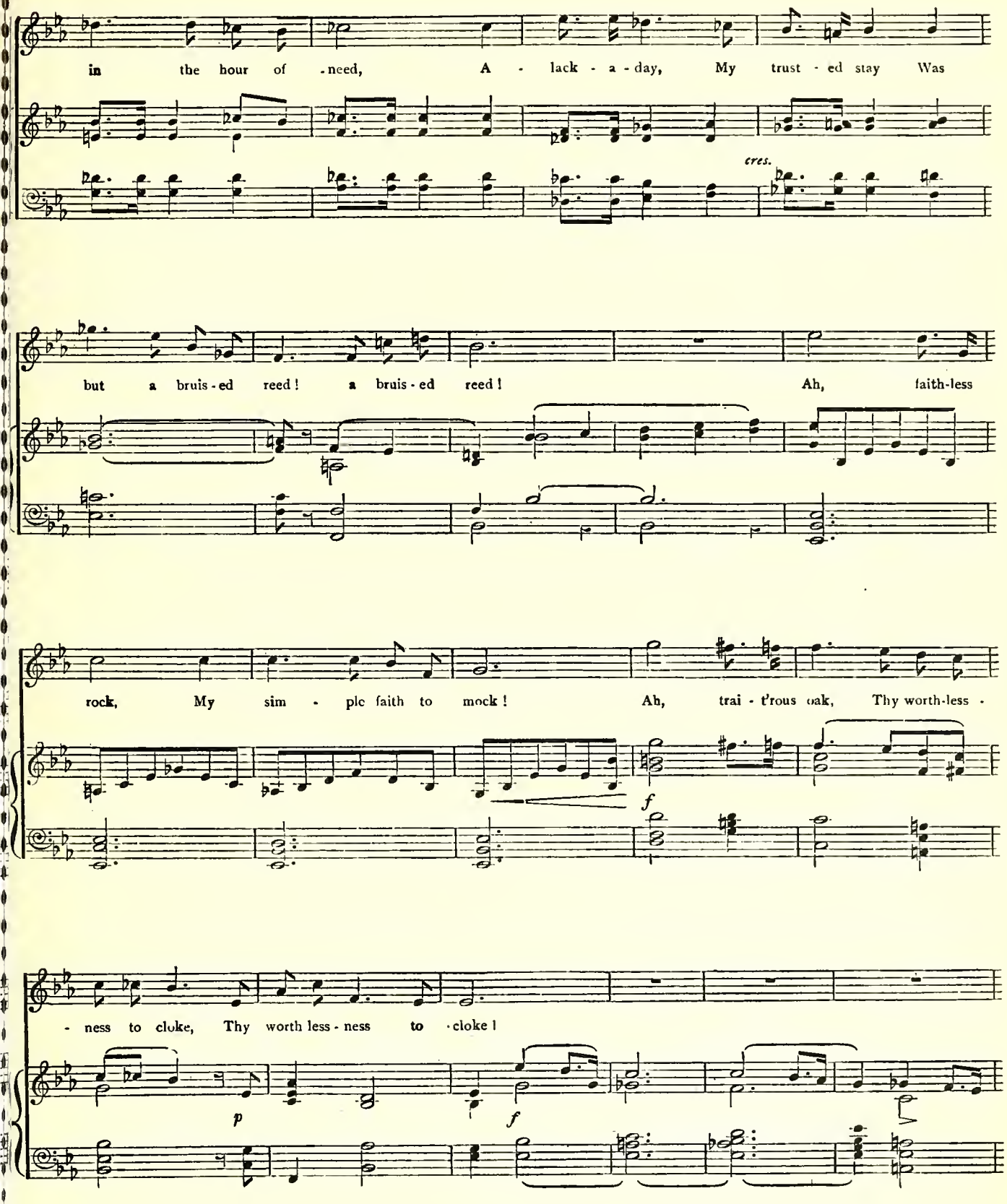

rea - di - ness sur - pris - ing, And grin - ning herds Of hur - dy - gurds Re - tired a - po - lo - gis - ing! Ah!
. . . Oh, don't the days seem lank and long When all goes right and nothing goes wrong, And isn't your life ex-tremely flat With
p
Chorus.
nothing what-e-ver to grum-ble at! Oh, isn't your life ex - treme-ly flat With nothing what-e-ver to grum-ble at!
f
Gama.
3. I of - fer'd gold In sums un - told To all who'd con - tra - dict me— I
p

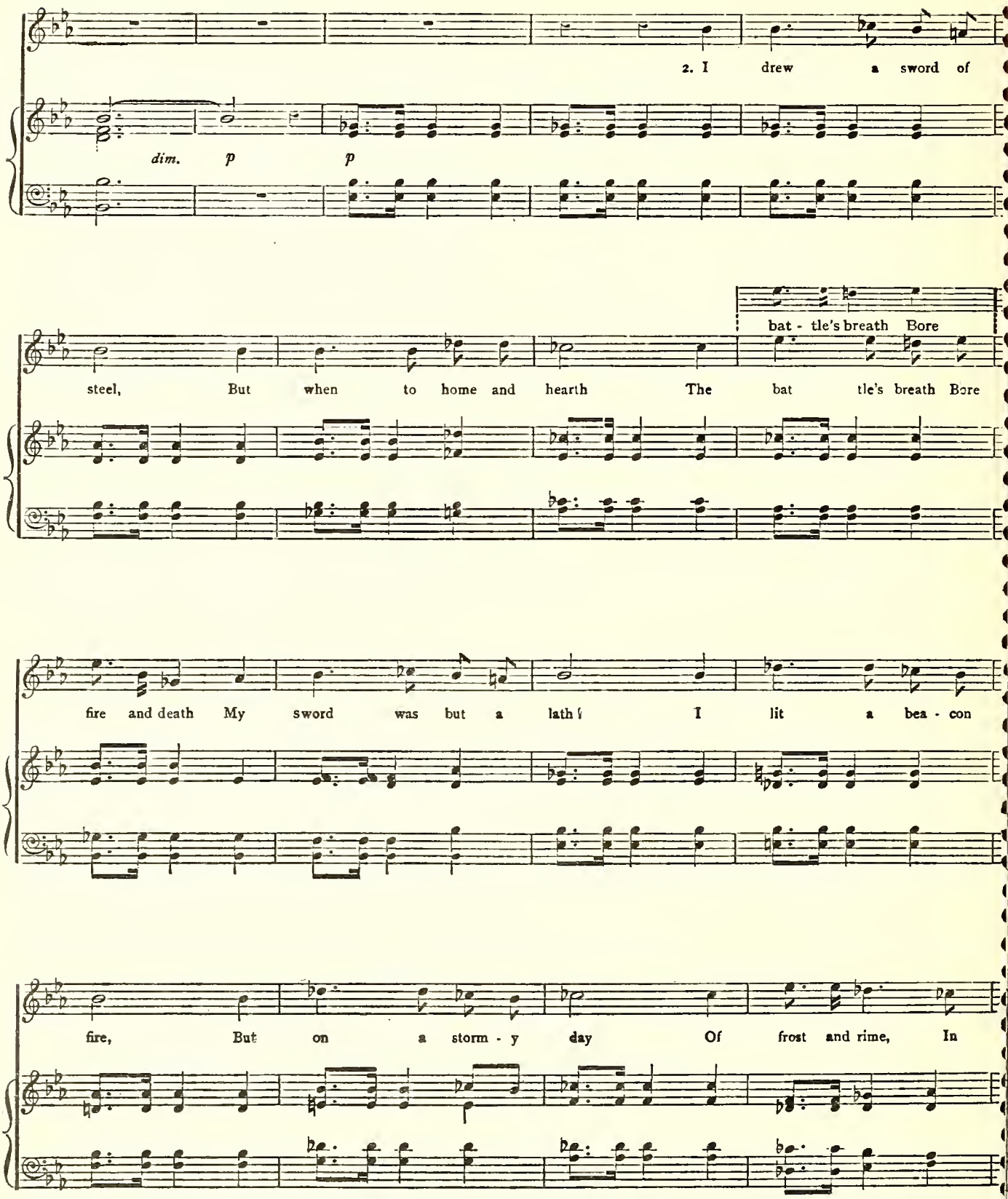

said I'd pay A pound a day To a - ny one who kick'd me— I
brib'd with toys Great vul - gar boys To nt - ter some-thing spite - ful, But, bless you, no! They would be so Con -
- foun - ded ly po - lite - ful! Ah! . . . . In short, these ag - gra - vat - ing lads, The-
Chorus.
tic-kle my tastes, they feed my fads, They give me this and they give me that, And I've nothing what-e-ver to grum - ble at! Oh,
isn't your life ex - treme - ly flat With nothing what - e - ver to grum - ble at!

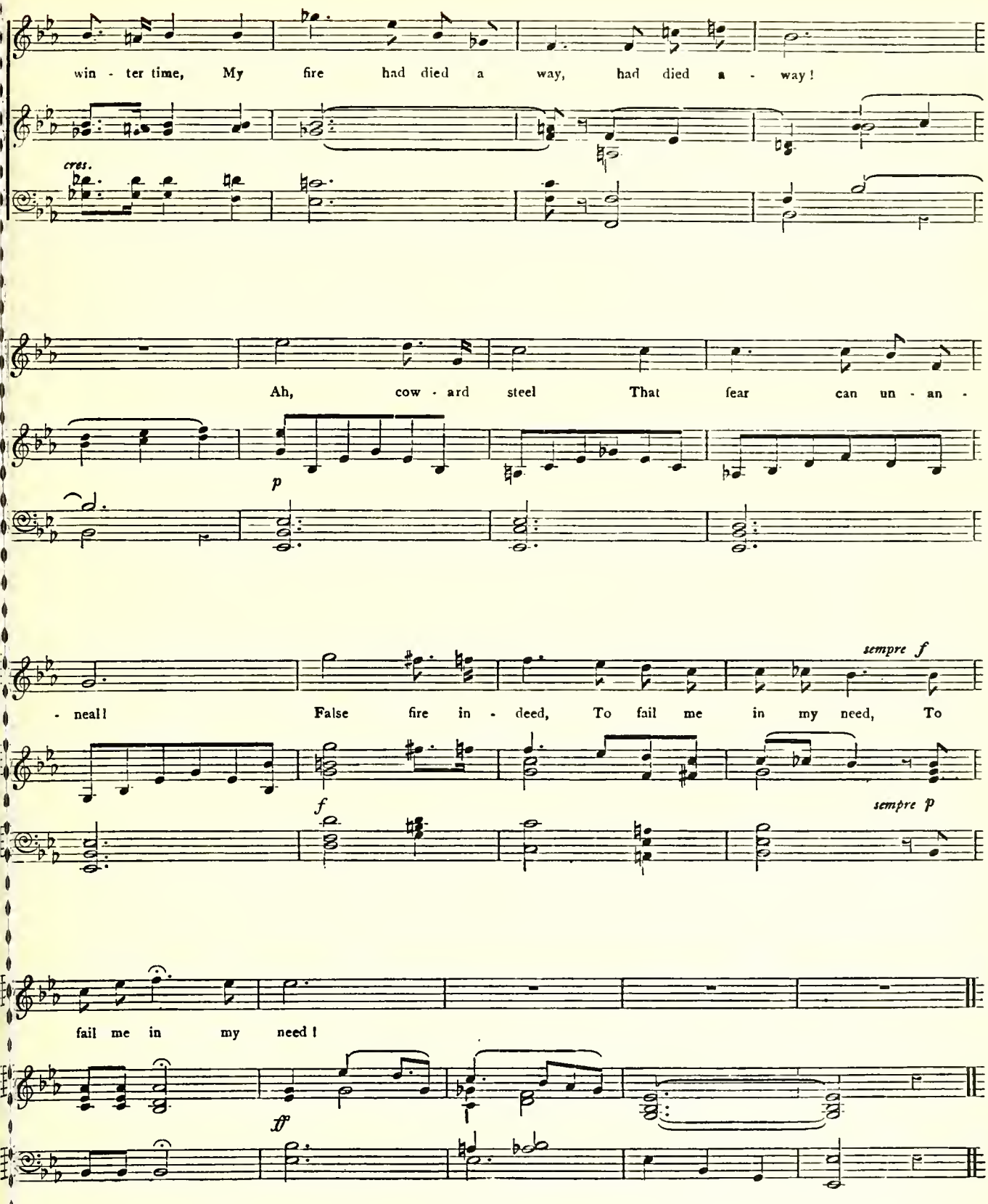
No. 23. SONG—(Princess)

Intro under dialogue — So fail my cherished plans – so fails my faith And with it hope, and all that comes of hope!

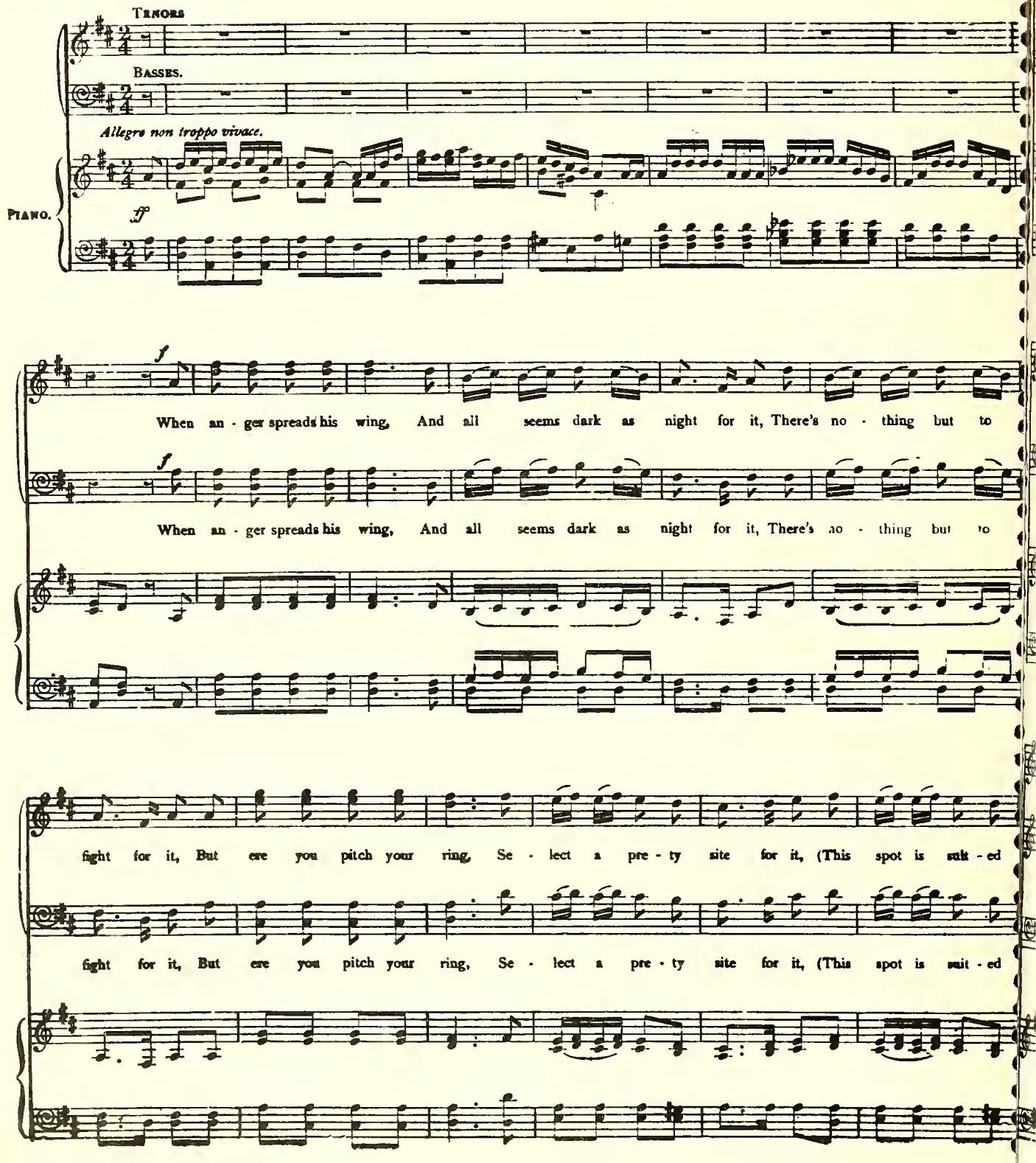


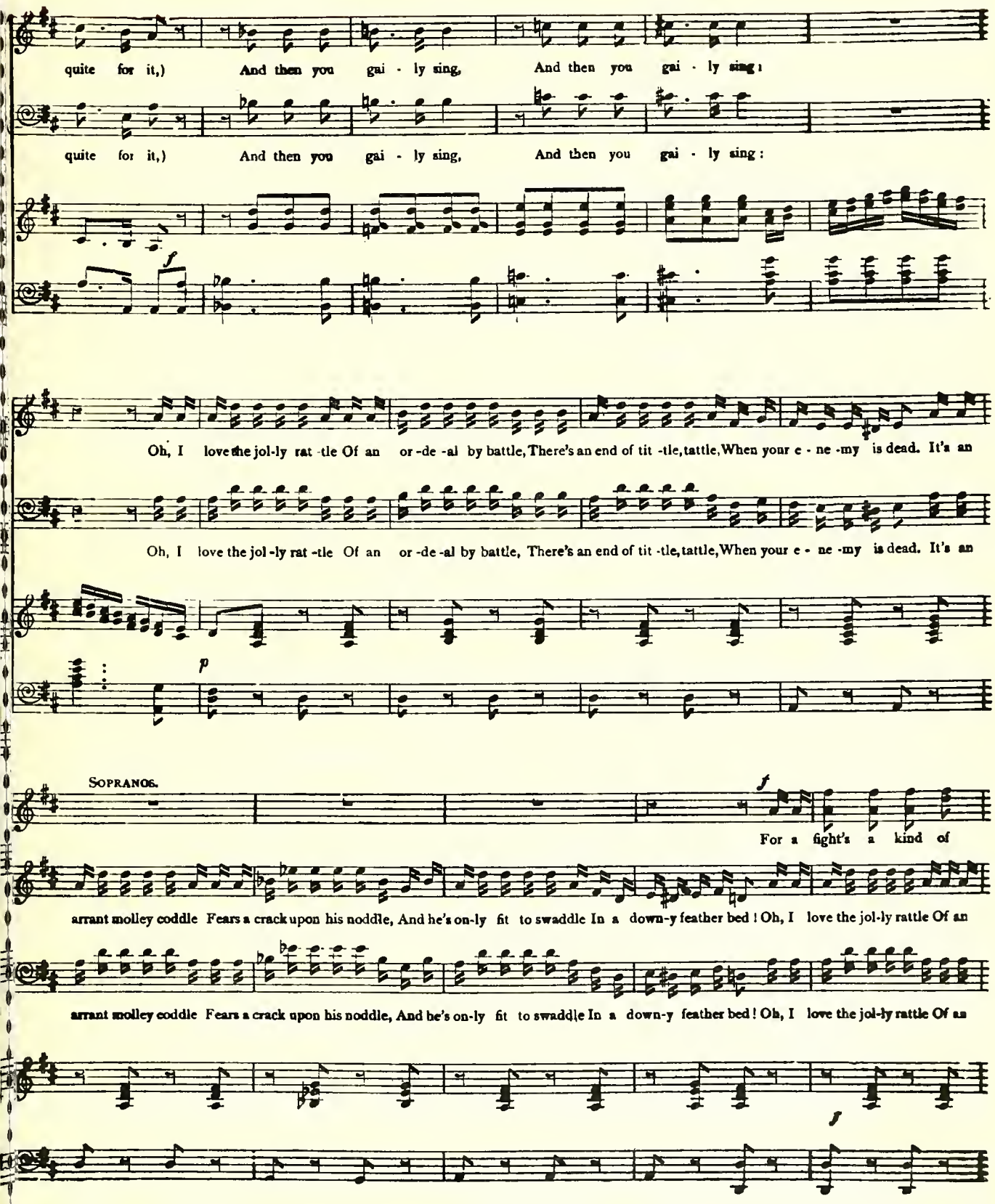

in the hour of need, A - lack - a - day, My trust - ed stay Was
cres.
but a bruis - ed reed! a bruis - ed reed! Ah, faith-less
rock, My sim - ple faith to mock! Ah, trai - t'rous oak, Thy worth-less -
f
- ness to cloke, Thy worth less - ness to cloke!
p
f

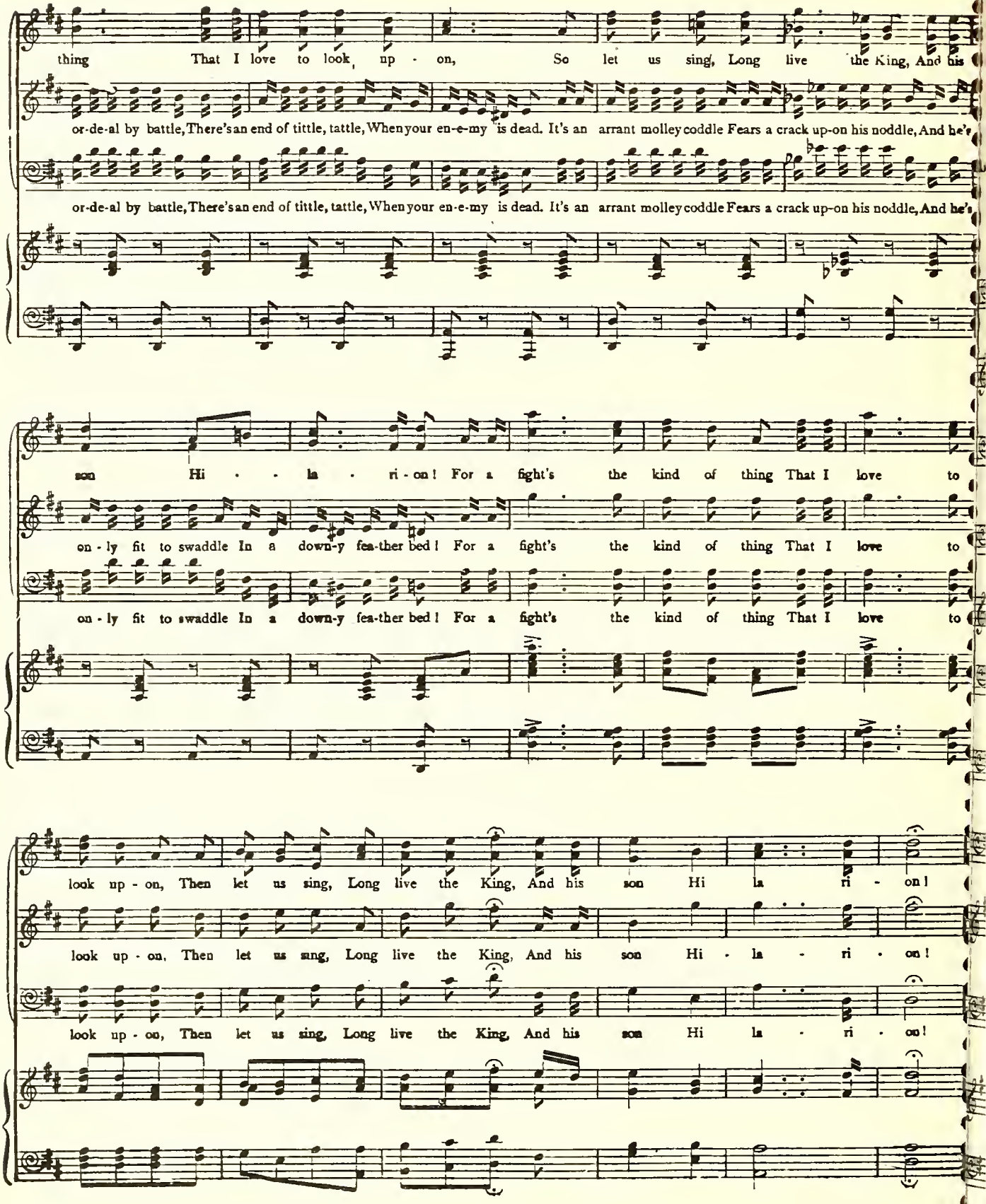

2. I drew a sword of
dim. p p
bat - tle's breath Bore
steel, But when to home and hearth The bat tle's breath Bore
fire and death My sword was but a lath; I lit a bea - con
fire, But on a storm - y day Of frost and rime, In


win - ter time, My fire had died a way, had died a - way!
cres.
Ah, cow - ard steel That fear can un - an -
p
- neal! False fire in - deed, To fail me in my need, To
sempre f
f
sempre p
fail me in my need!
ff

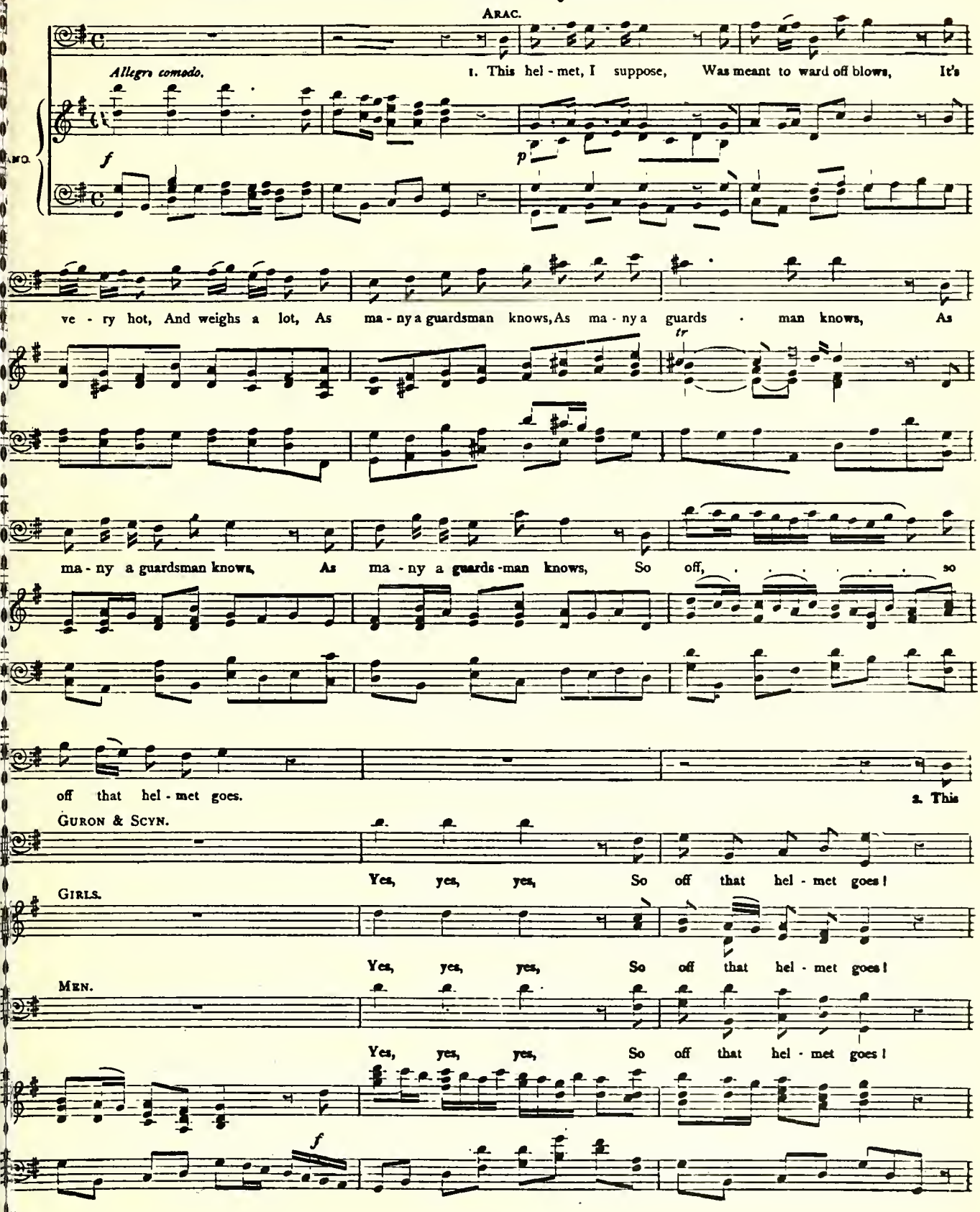
No. 24. CHORUS OF LADIES AND SOLDIERS.

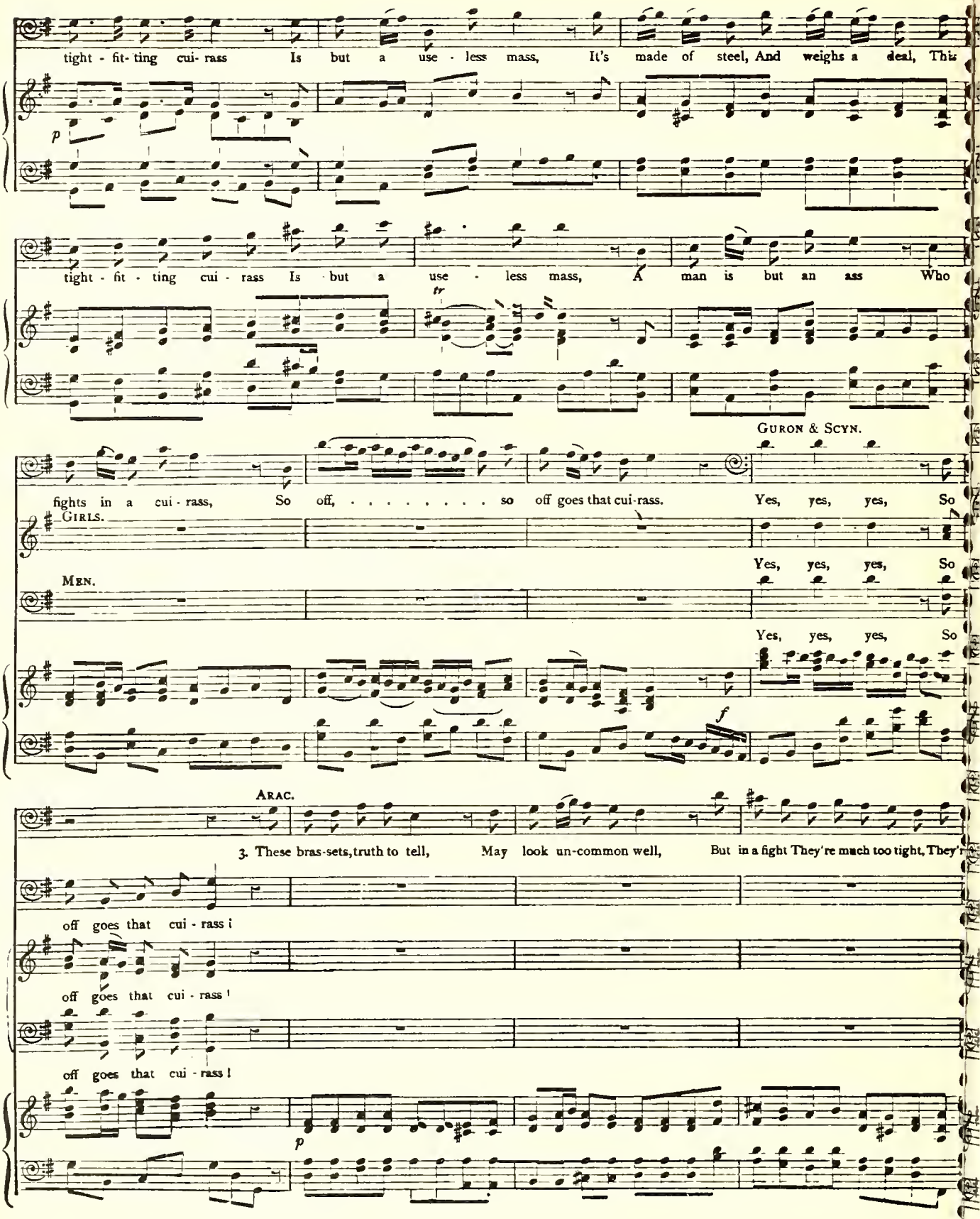


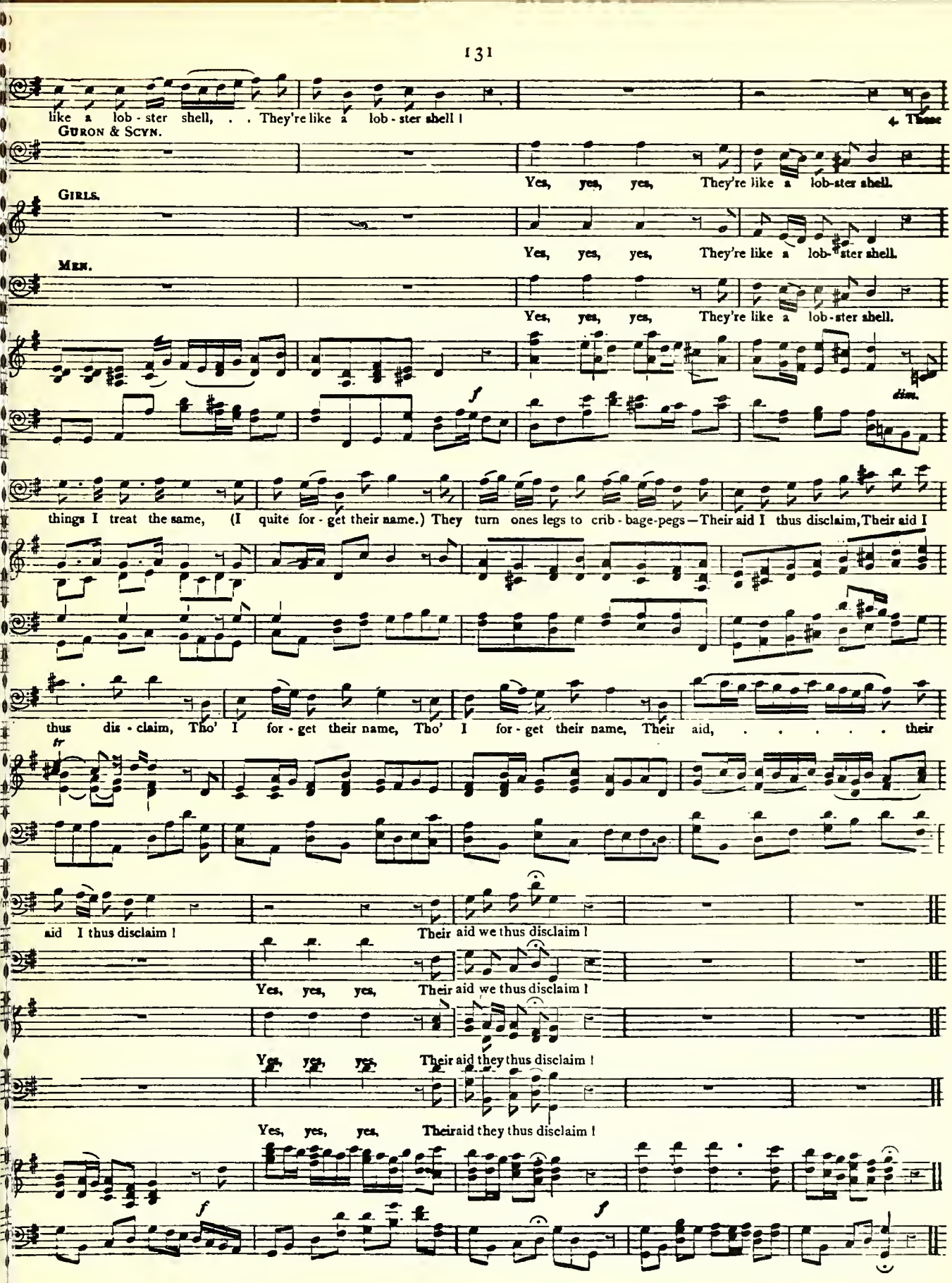

quite for it,) And then you gai - ly sing, And then you gai - ly sing:
quite for it,) And then you gai - ly sing, And then you gai - ly sing:
f
Oh, I love the jol-ly rat-tle Of an or-de-al by battle, There's an end of tit-tle, tattle, When your e - ne-my is dead. It's an
Oh, I love the jol-ly rat-tle Of an or-de-al by battle, There's an end of tit-tle, tattle, When your e - ne-my is dead. It's an
p
SOPRANOS.
f
For a fight's a kind of
arrant molley coddle Fears a crack upon his noddle, And he's on-ly fit to swaddle In a down-y feather bed! Oh, I love the jol-ly rattle Of an
arrant molley coddle Fears a crack upon his noddle, And he's on-ly fit to swaddle In a down-y feather bed! Oh, I love the jol-ly rattle Of an
f


thing That I love to look up - on, So let us sing, Long live the King, And his
or-de-al by battle, There's an end of tittle, tattle, When your en-e-my is dead. It's an arrant molley coddle Fears a crack up-on his noddle, And he's
or-de-al by battle, There's an end of tittle, tattle, When your en-e-my is dead. It's an arrant molley coddle Fears a crack up-on his noddle, And he's
son Hi - la - ri - on! For a fight's the kind of thing That I love to
on - ly fit to swaddle In a down-y fea-ther bed! For a fight's the kind of thing That I love to
on - ly fit to swaddle In a down-y fea-ther bed! For a fight's the kind of thing That I love to
look up - on, Then let us sing, Long live the King, And his son Hi la ri - on!
look up - on, Then let us sing, Long live the King, And his son Hi - la - ri - on!
look up - on, Then let us sing, Long live the King, And his son Hi la - ri - on!

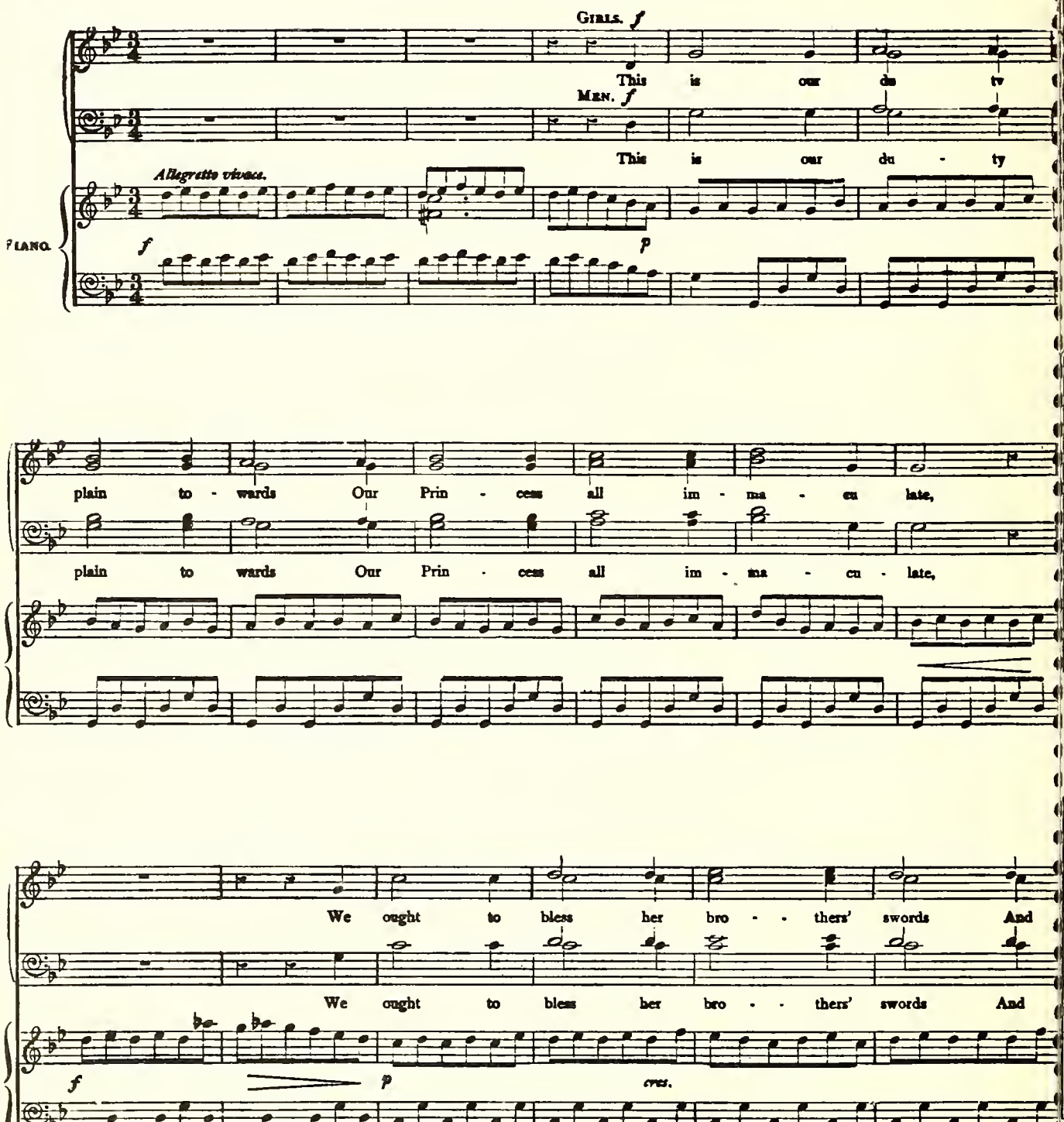
No. 25. SONG– (Arac, with Guron, Scynthius, & Chorus.)

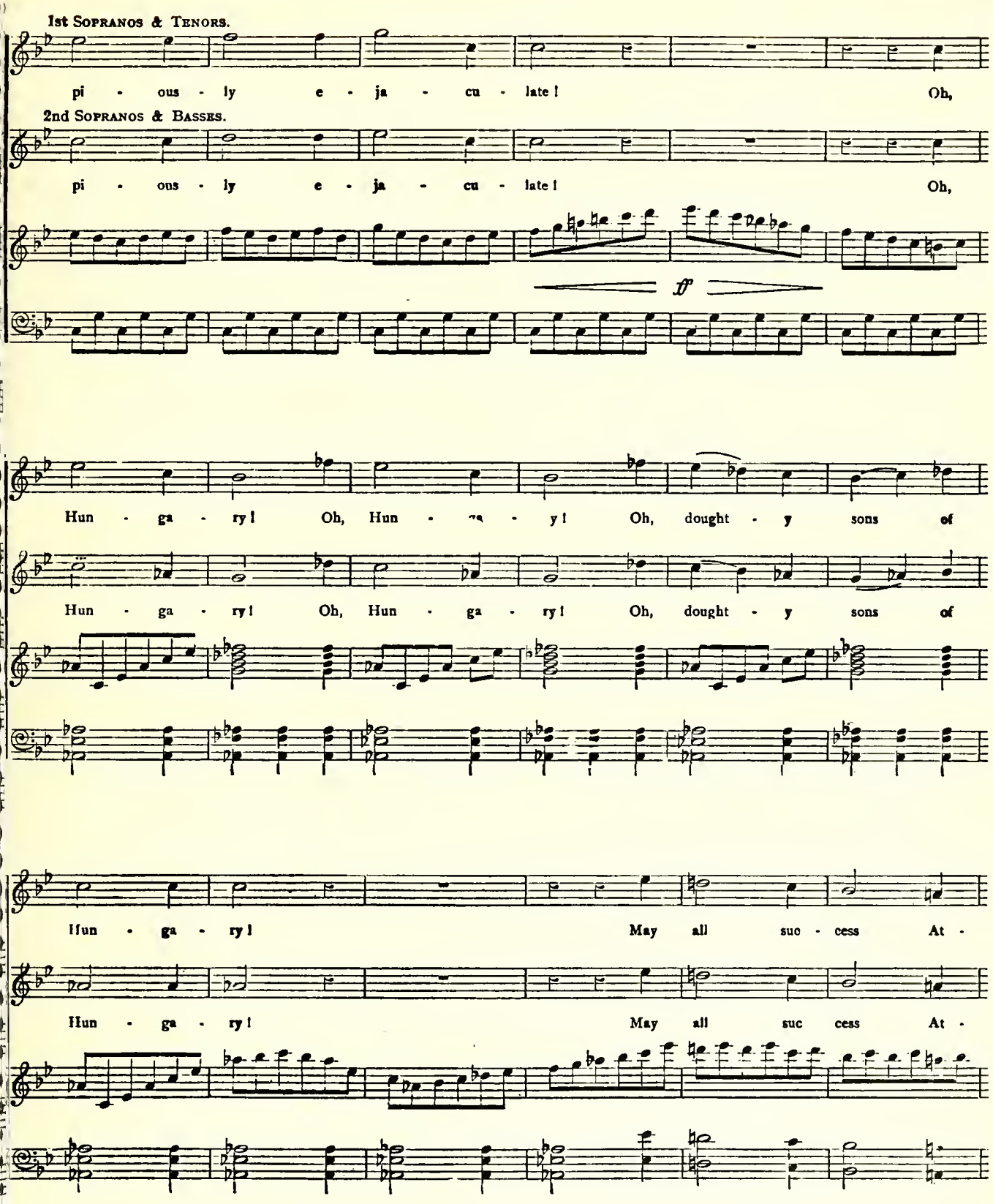


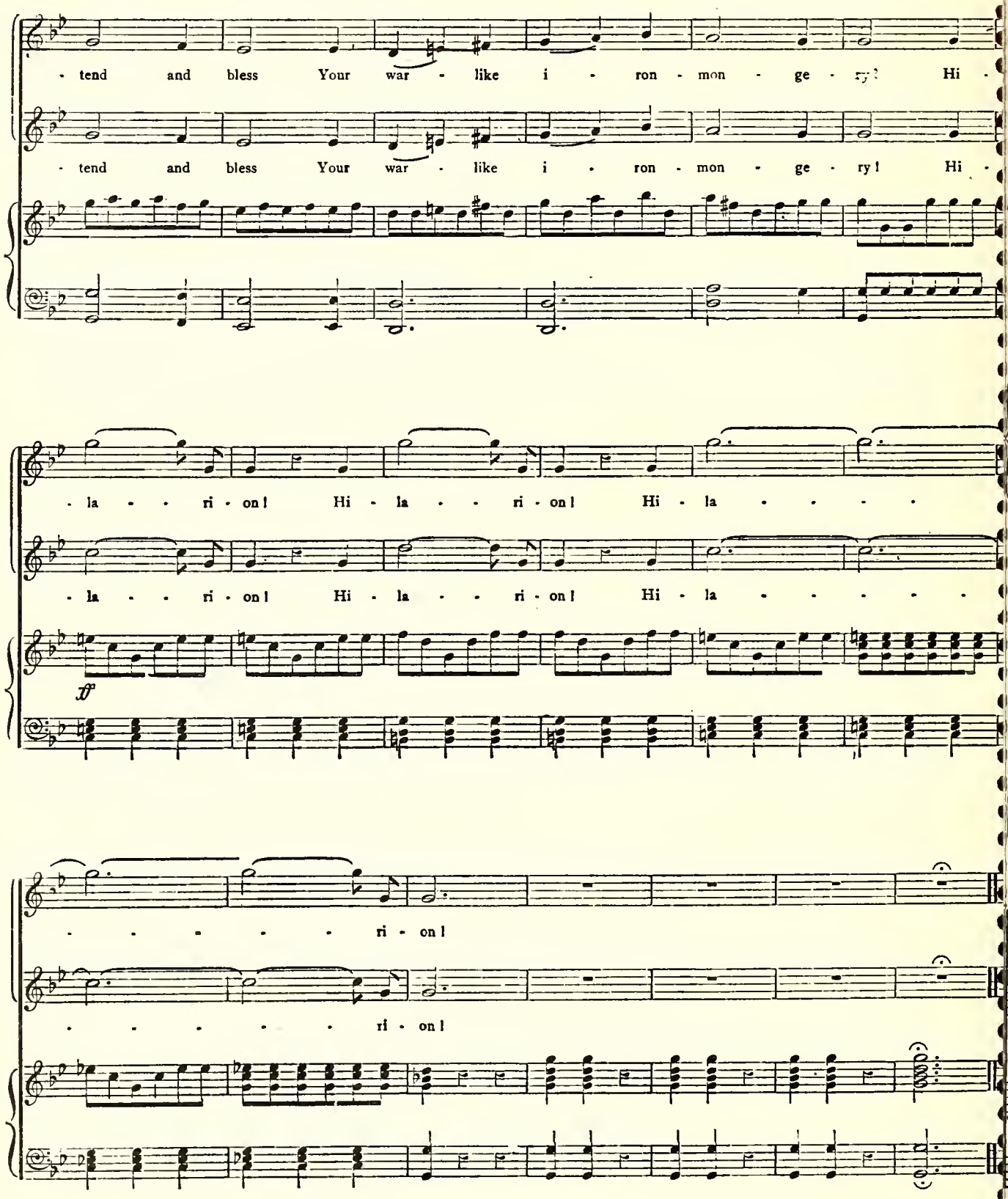

tight - fit- ting cui- rass Is but a use - less mass, It's made of steel, And weighs a deal, This
p
tight - fit - ting cui - rass Is but a use - less mass, A man is but an ass Who
tr
GURON & SCYN.
fights in a cui - rass, So off, ... so off goes that cui-rass. Yes, yes, yes, So
GIRLS.
Yes, yes, yes, So
MEN.
Yes, yes, yes, So
f
ARAC.
3. These bras-sets, truth to tell, May look un-common well, But in a fight They're much too tight, They'
off goes that cui - rass !
off goes that cui - rass !
off goes that cui - rass !
p


like a lob - ster shell, . . They're like a lob - ster shell !
4. These
Guron & Scyn.
Yes, yes, yes, They're like a lob-ster shell.
Girls.
Yes, yes, yes, They're like a lob-ster shell.
Men.
Yes, yes, yes, They're like a lob-ster shell.
f
dim.
things I treat the same, (I quite for - get their name.) They turn ones legs to crib - bage-pegs — Their aid I thus disclaim, Their aid I
thus dis - claim, Tho' I for - get their name, Tho' I for - get their name, Their aid, ... their
fr
aid I thus disclaim !
Their aid we thus disclaim !
Yes, yes, yes, Their aid we thus disclaim !
Yes, yes, yes, Their aid they thus disclaim !
Yes, yes, yes, Their aid they thus disclaim !
f
f

No. 26. CHORUS DURING THE FIGHT.




1st Sopranos & Tenors.
pi - ous - ly e - ja - cu - late! Oh,
2nd Sopranos & Basses.
pi - ous - ly e - ja - cu - late! Oh,
ff
Hun - ga - ry! Oh, Hun - ga - y! Oh, dought - y sons of
Hun - ga - ry! Oh, Hun - ga - ry! Oh, dought - y sons of
Hun - ga - ry! May all suc - cess At -
Hun - ga - ry! May all suc cess At -


- tend and bless Your war - like i - ron - mon - ge - ry! Hi -
- tend and bless Your war - like i - ron - mon - ge - ry! Hi -
- la - - ri - on! Hi - la - - ri - on! Hi - la - - - -
- la - - ri - on! Hi - la - - ri - on! Hi - la - - - - -
ff
- - - - - - ri - on!
- - - - - - ri - on!

To p. 73

No. 27. FINALE, ACT III.

PSYCHE with 1st SOP, BLANCHE & MELISSA with CONTRALTO. CYRIL with TENOR, FLORIAN, HILDEBRAND & ARAC, with 1st BASS, GURON & SCYNTHIUS with 2nd BASS.

PRINCESS.

With joy a - bi - ding, To - ge - ther gli - ding, Thro' life's va -

Allegretto grazioso.

PIANO.

p

ri - e - ty In sweet so - ci - e - ty, And thus en - thro - ning, The love I'm own - ing, On this a

- ton - ing I will re - ly! . .

CHORUS & ENSEMBLE.

It were pro - fa - ni - ty For poor hu - ma - ni - ty To treat as

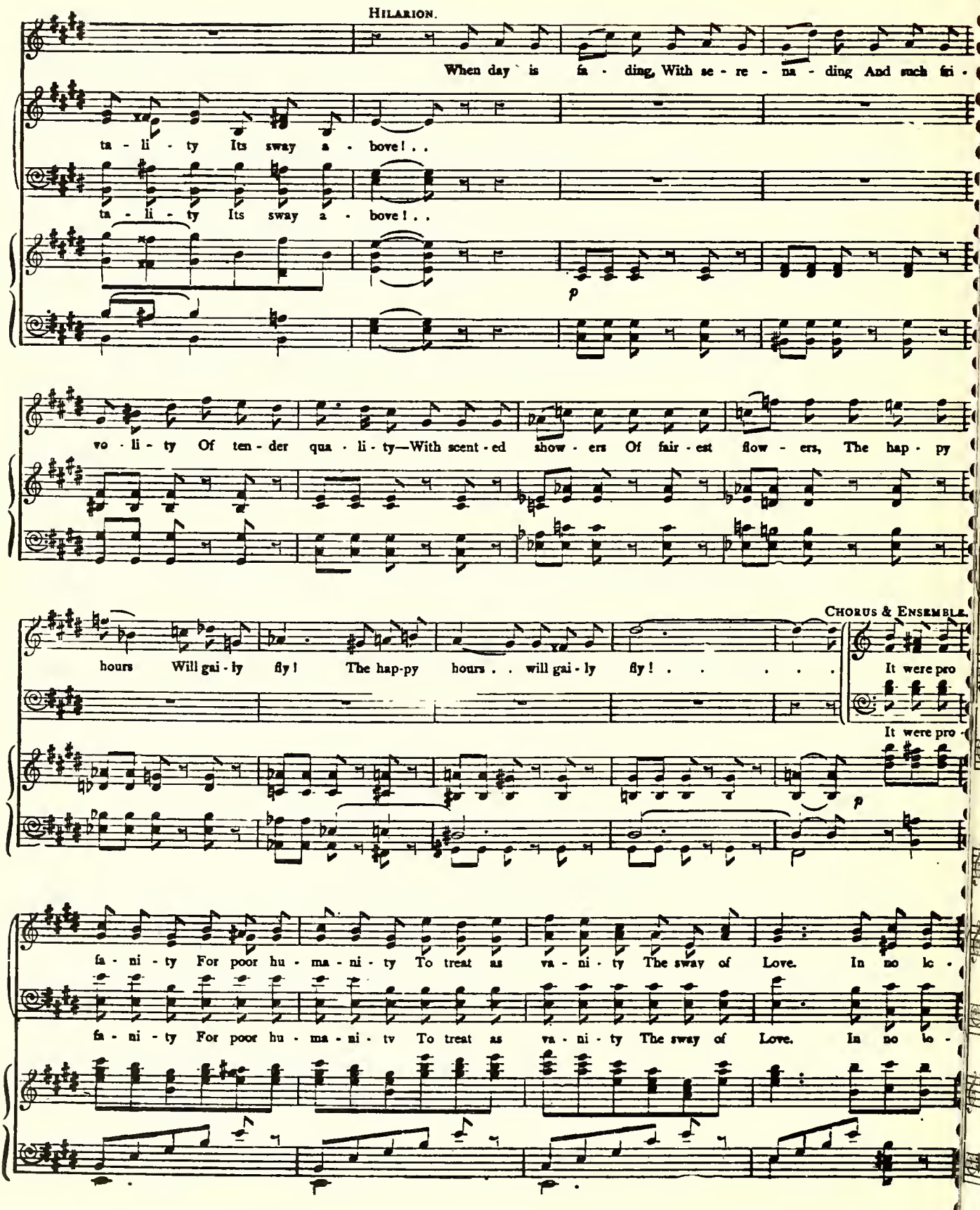
It were pro fa - ni - ty For poor hu - ma - ni - ty To treat as

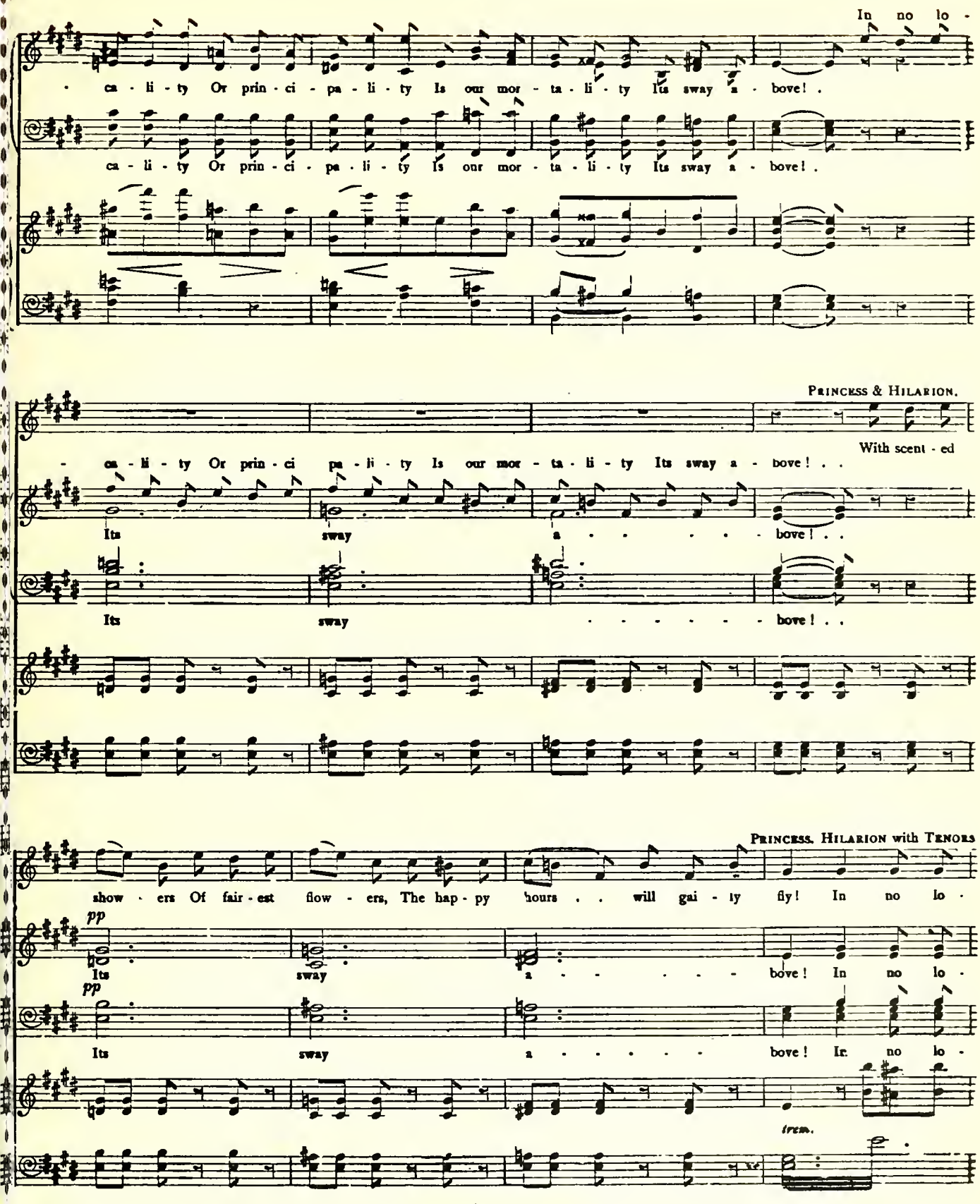
p

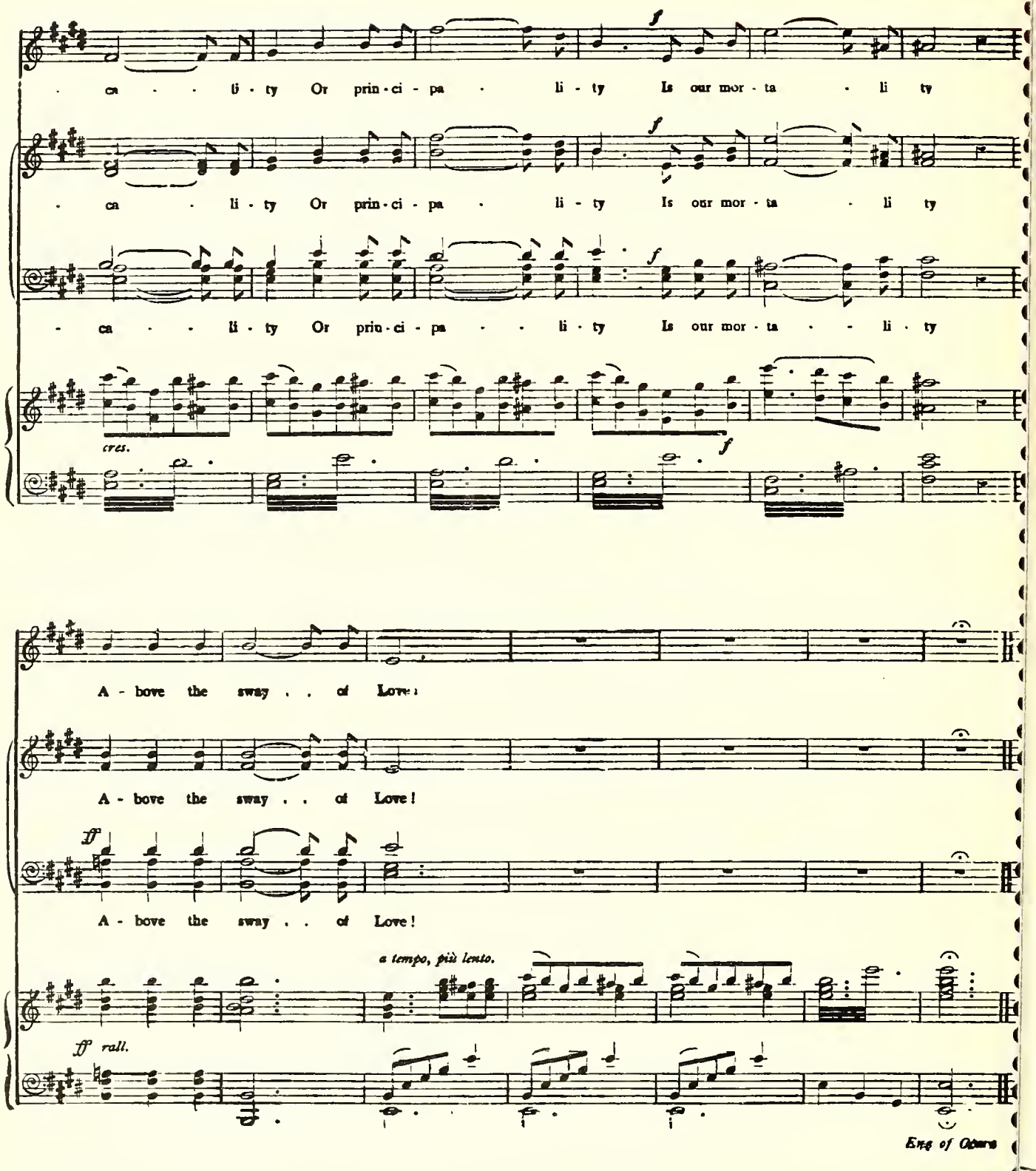
va - ni - ty The sway of Love. In no lo - ca - li - ty Or prin - ci - pa - li - ty Is our mor

va - ni ty The sway of Love. In no lo - ca - li - ty Or prin - ci - pa - li - ty Is our mor -

p


HILARION.
When day is fa - ding, With se - re - na - ding And such fri -
ta - li - ty Its sway a - bove! . .
ta - li - ty Its sway a - bove! . .
p
vo - li - ty Of ten - der qua - li - ty—With scent - ed show - ers Of fair - est flow - ers, The hap - py
CHORUS & ENSEMBLE.
hours Will gai - ly fly! The hap-py hours . . will gai - ly fly! . . . . .
It were pro
It were pro -
p
fa - ni - ty For poor hu - ma - ni - ty To treat as va - ni - ty The sway of Love. In no lo -
fa - ni - ty For poor hu - ma - ni - ty To treat as va - ni - ty The sway of Love. In no lo -


In no lo -
ca - li - ty Or prin - ci - pa - li - ty Is our mor - ta - li - ty Its sway a - bove! .
ca - li - ty Or prin - ci - pa - li - ty Is our mor - ta - li - ty Its sway a - bove! .
PRINCESS & HILARION.
With scent - ed
- ca - li - ty Or prin - ci pa - li - ty Is our mor - ta - li - ty Its sway a - bove! . .
Its sway a . . . . . bove! . .
Its sway . . . . . bove! . .
PRINCESS. HILARION with TENORS
show - ers Of fair - est flow - ers, The hap - py hours . . will gai - ty fly! In no lo -
pp
Its sway a . . . . . bove! In no lo -
pp
Its sway a . . . . . bove! In no lo -
trem.


ca - li - ty Or prin - ci - pa - li - ty Is our mor - ta - li - ty
ca - li - ty Or prin - ci - pa - li - ty Is our mor - ta - li - ty
ca - li - ty Or prin - ci - pa - li - ty Is our mor - ta - li - ty
cres.
A - bove the sway . . of Love!
A - bove the sway . . of Love!
A - bove the sway . . of Love!
a tempo, più lento.
ff rall.
End of Opera

AN ATTRACTIVE NEW SERIES OF

PIANOFORTE ALBUMS

The Savoy Opera Series

Each Album containing excerpts from the

FAVOURITE GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS

SIMPLY AND ARTISTICALLY
ARRANGED, FINGERED AND PHRASED

By THOMAS F. DUNHILL.

"THE MIKADO"

THE SUN WHOSE RAYS ARE ALL ABLAZE.
BEHOLD THE LORD HIGH EXECUTIONER.
THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.
WILLOW, TIT-WILLOW.
"A" IS HAPPY, "B" IS NOT.
THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.

"YEOMEN OF THE GUARD"

WHEN OUR GALLANT NORMAN FOES.
I HAVE A SONG TO SING, O!
WHEN A WOOER GOES A-WOOING.
STRANGE ADVENTURE.
WHAT A TALE OF COCK-AND-BULL.

"H.M.S. PINAFORE"

I AM THE CAPTAIN OF THE PINAFORE.
I'M CALLED LITTLE BUTTERCUP.
HE IS AN ENGLISHMAN.
SING HEY, THE MERRY MAIDEN.
THINGS ARE SELDOM WHAT THEY SEEM.
NEVER MIND THE WHY AND WHEREFORE.

"PATIENCE"

WHEN FIRST I PUT THIS UNIFORM ON.
PRITHEE, PRETTY MAIDEN.
I CANNOT TELL WHAT THIS LOVE MAY BE.
SING "HEY TO YOU, GOOD-DAY TO YOU."
SILVER'D IS THE RAVEN HAIR.
THE MAGNET AND THE CHURN.

"THE GONDOLIERS"

THE GAVOTTE.
THE MERRIEST FELLOWS ARE WE.
THERE LIVED A KING.
A REGULAR ROYAL QUEEN.
NO POSSIBLE DOUBT WHATEVER.

"PIRATES OF PENZANCE"

I AM A PIRATE KING.
CLIMBING OVER ROCKY MOUNTAINS.
WHEN FRED'RIC WAS A TINY LAD.
POOR WAND'RING ONE.
THE POLICEMAN'S SONG.
AH, LEAVE ME NOT TO PINE ALONE.

"THE SORCERER"

THE VICAR'S SONG.
WELCOME JOY, ADIEU TO SADNESS.
THE MINUET.
MY NAME IS JOHN WELLINGTON WELLS.
FOR LOVE ALONE.
SHE WILL TEND HIM.

"IOLANTHE"

THE SENTRY'S SONG.
FINAL CHORUS. ACT I.
WELCOME TO OUR HEARTS AGAIN.
WHEN BRITAIN REALLY RULED.
NOTHING VENTURE, NOTHING WIN.

EACH ALBUM, Price 2/- net. (By Post 2/2.)

CHAPPELL & CO., Ltd., 50, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

And may be obtained of all Music Sellers. NEW YORK AND SYDNEY.

THE GONDOLIERS

OR

THE KING OF BARATARIA

WRITTEN BY
W. S. GILBERT

COMPOSED BY
ARTHUR SULLIVAN

VOCAL SCORE
VOCAL SCORE (Bound in Cloth)
PIANOFORTE SOLO
LIBRETTO

TAKE A PAIR OF SPARKLING EYES. (In E flat and F.)
WHEN A MERRY MAIDEN MARRIES.
KIND SIR, YOU CANNOT HAVE THE HEART.
THERE LIVED A KING.
IN ENTERPRISE OF MARTIAL KIND.
NO POSSIBLE DOUBT WHATEVER.
A REGULAR ROYAL QUEEN. (Quartet.) Octavo.

VALSE (Solo or Duet) ... ... Arranged by P. BUCALOSSI
LANCERS (Solo or Duet) ... ... Arranged by P. BUCALOSSI
QUADRILLES (Solo or Duet) ... ... Arranged by P. BUCALOSSI
POLKA (Solo) ... ... Arranged by P. BUCALOSSI

GODFREY'S PIANOFORTE SELECTION (Solo or Duet).
KUHE'S FANTASIA.
BOYTON SMITH'S FANTASIA.
SMALLWOOD'S FANTASIA.

FARMER'S VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE SELECTION.

GODFREY'S SELECTION. For Full and Small Orchestra and Military Band.
VALSE, LANCERS, QUADRILLES, AND POLKA. For Full and Small Orchestra.

CHAPPELL & CO. Ltd. 50, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W. 1
NEW YORK — SYDNEY